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August 14, 1937

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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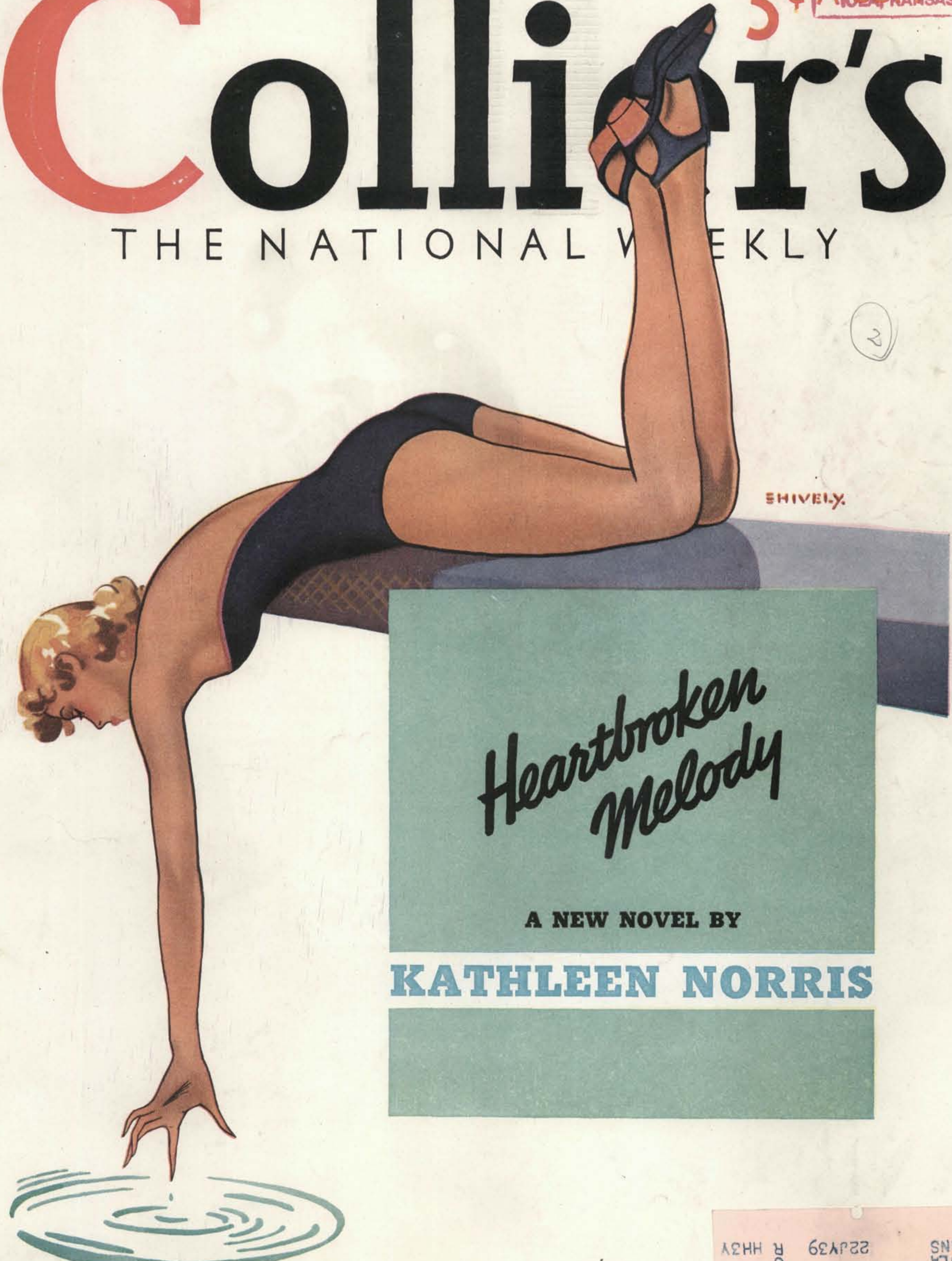


Heartbroken Melody

A NEW NOVEL BY

KATHLEEN NORRIS

NFORMATION
Cobbs Creek
Blended Whisky

"*The hotter it gets – the tougher my job...*

but after I RELAX

I stick to *pleasingly* MILD whisky"

Maybe you don't have to face the nightmare of impatient crowds. But *your* job has its tough spots, too. So when it's over, toss worry away—RELAX. If a tall, cool drink sounds tempting, take a tip from your cigarette, pick a MILD whisky... Cobbs Creek. Its rich smoothness and better taste fit right in with your leisure hours. Enjoy its goodness tonight.

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILA., PA.

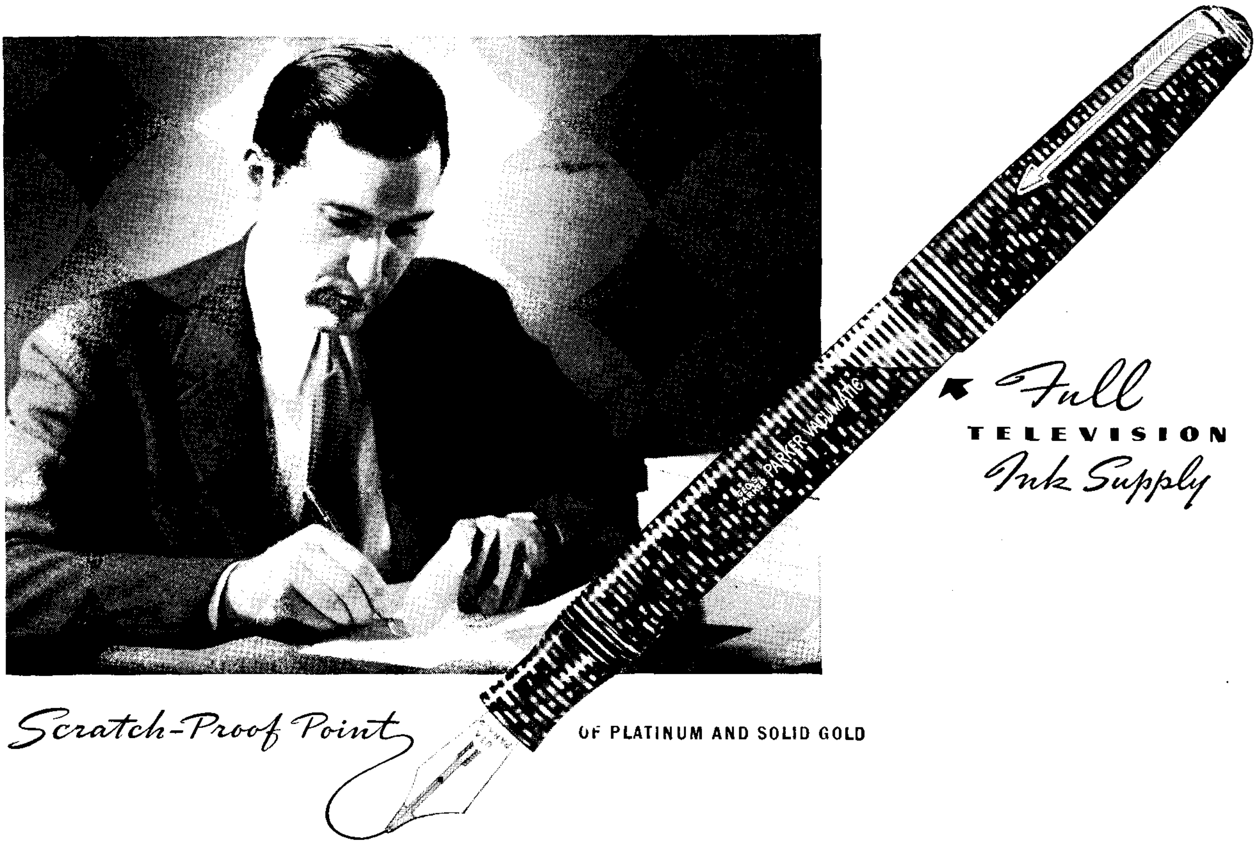
75% Grain Neutral Spirits

Cobbs Creek

90 Proof **BLENDED WHISKY**

LIKE YOUR CIGARETTE *it's Mild*

Mr. Bernard Abrams, handwriting specialist of New York City, makes a business of signing other people's names to as many as 800 letters an hour,—easily averages more than a million a year. These letters are mailed by the thousands in charity drives, political and sales campaigns, etc. Mr. Abrams duplicates noted signatures with such skill and exactitude that they easily pass for the originals. And he tells why, for the past four years, he has used the revolutionary Parker Vacumatic Pen to do it.

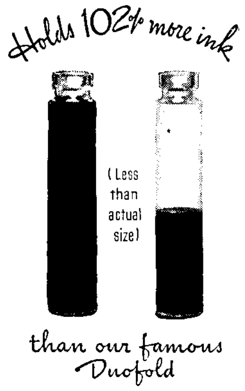

Full TELEVISION Ink Supply
Scratch-Proof Point OF PLATINUM AND SOLID GOLD
PARKER VACUMATIC

He Commits "Legal Forgery"

Often 5,000 Times a Day

"... and," says he, "to turn the trick, *it takes the Pen that Does Everything!*"

A pen that is utterly compliant to the hand and brain—hence writes one style as deftly as another—that never runs dry in the midst of your work, because it holds enough ink to write a book, and shows the *entire* supply



Yes, Bernard Abrams, "legal forger" of New York City, uses a fountain pen more in one week than the average person probably does in a month. For his job is to write the personal signatures of prominent people—people who haven't the time to sign their autographs to tens of thousands of letters in various direct-by-mail campaigns.

Hence he demands of a pen more different styles of writing than probably anyone else alive. More deft touches, more varied and exacting performance by far than demanded by 99 people in 100.

"I have used many makes of pens," volunteers Mr. Abrams, "but none can hold a candle to the Parker Vacumatic. I have been using my Vacumatic for four years now, so I ought to know what it will do—and believe me, it does everything!"

Thus has this expert conclusively affirmed that regardless of your style of writing or your kind of written work, the Parker Vacumatic will transform a sluggish chore into a job you love.

Holding 102% more ink than our famous Duofold, and showing the *entire* ink supply, it never deserts your hand or brain by going dead at some critical time.

On the "business end" is Parker's renowned Scratch-proof Point of Platinum and Solid Gold—the most inspiring and versatile point we have ever created. A point now having 33⅓% more gold than formerly, yet at no higher price to you.

Go and see this laminated Pearl and Jet Beauty today at any good pen counter. The smart ARROW clip tells the genuine Parker Vacumatic. Look for it. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis. COPR. 1937, THE PARKER PEN CO.

"No Need to Clean My Pen

—for I use Parker Qu*ink*, the new ink that cleans a pen as it writes," says Mr. Abrams. Yes, Parker Qu*ink* contains a secret ingredient that dissolves deposits left in a pen by pen-clogging inks. Also, Qu*ink* dries ON PAPER 31% quicker than average. Get it today at any store selling ink. 15¢, 25¢ and up.

Parker

VACUMATIC REG. T. M.

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

$7.50 8.75 10

Pens: $5, $7.50, $8.75, $10 • Pencils to match: $2.50, $3.50, $3.75, $5

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Collier's

August 14, 1937

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AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
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QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
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IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

NICELY-NICELY JONES is a horse player by trade. Eating is just a hobby with him, but he is undoubtedly a wonderful eater even when he is not hungry. Many citizens are prepared to wager all the money they can raise that he can outeat anything that walks on two legs. Horsey says he will take a chance on Nicely-Nicely against anything on four legs, except maybe an elephant, and at that he may give the elephant a photo finish.

It is this reputation of Nicely-Nicely's that starts the ten-grand eating contest between Boston and New York. Damon Runyon describes it in "A Piece of Pie."

WHEN the confident cohorts of John L. Lewis' CIO rolled into the steel-clad valley of the Mahoning, they met trouble. Nothing went according to schedule. Strikers, politicians, workers, soldiers, vigilantes, all combined to increase confusion. The CIO jolted to a stop. It discovered, among other things, that it had made the mistake of underestimating the steel worker, who, while he may regard unionism as a desirable thing, made it increasingly clear that he did not welcome dictation from a bunch of coal miners. And with these same coal miners making it equally clear that steel men needed a good bloody strike "to make men of them," the uncertainty became general. Into this supercharged atmosphere Collier's sent Walter Davenport. "Lewis Strikes Steel" is his report.

THE peach-blossom vase that Mrs. Race gave to the Van Cleves when they were married was a thing of exquisite beauty. It was also very valuable. Far too valuable for the Van Cleves to keep. Dolly said that they must return it at once. Mrs. Race had foreseen that. She was waiting for them—especially for him. And Mrs. Race was also a thing of exquisite beauty. Louise Kennedy Mabie writes about a "Work of Art."

GABBY HARTNETT is a solid gentleman who has been laughing his way around the big leagues for sixteen years, outtalking and outcatching everybody in sight. And everybody likes him—even Giant fans, which is something of a record in itself. One of his many admirers, Quentin Reynolds, brings you the story of his colorful career.

THE Short Short Story is by George Nash. Katherine Roberts, George Creel, Kathleen Norris, Phyllis Duganne, Freling Foster and George F. Worts very handsomely complete the picture.

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COVER PAUL SHIVELY

Any Week

THERE is no longer any doubt in the mind of Mrs. Ruth E. King of Atlanta, Georgia, about the danger of a "Communist outbreak" in our country. Says she: "If you wish to be convinced speak to the servants in any house you happen to be a guest at. Or listen to waitresses and waiters in restaurants. They are sullen, omit the old-fashioned 'Madam' and 'Sir' when replying to you or addressing you. They are ill-trained and do not take kindly to training and if you will take the trouble to listen to them when they are together in their own quarters you will hear yourself spoken of in most disrespectful terms."

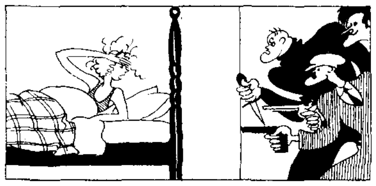
THIS leads us to suspect that matters are far more serious than we had thought. However, we should have known that the menace was growing. We were talking to a Communist friend of ours as he sat in his $2,200 car, about to take off for his lovely estate in the hills. We asked him about the swimming pool he had been building. "It's a mess," he told us. "I let the contract to a rotten Fascist who drives his men so hard that they refuse to do a decent job."

WE shouldn't be at all surprised to be told that there is quite a divergence of opinion about Red Menaces and White Defenders—who's who and how many. That piece that Mr. Winston Churchill wrote for us—"The Infernal Twins"—has stirred up no end of controversy. You know, it was about the common undesirability of Fascism and Communism, both being apt to give the Democracy addict a nasty pain in the neck. Mr. Arthur Sims of Los Angeles, California, whose business stationery gives us his motto—Snappy Service When You Need It—calls Mr. Churchill's piece a "vicious, lying conglomeration of spleen." And Mr. Hayden Cook of Palo Alto, California, who says that he is "neither a Marxist or a Nazi but a Master of Arts from Stanford University," tells us that he has never "encountered such gross inaccuracies." But the Rev. Mr. J. C. Traweek, Jr., of Devol, Oklahoma, tells us that Mr. Churchill's article, like our editorial "Hold on to the Prize," "are the two most constructive articles I have ever read in a modern magazine, book or what not. May God bless you."

THERE'S not much we can do for Mr. S. Charze of Eagle Mere, Pennsylvania, who is the justly proud possessor of one hundred one-dollar bills accumulated by him in the Coolidge-Hoover-Mellon pre-devaluation days. "They tell me that these bills, issued by the United States and earned by me before Roosevelt became President, are worth only fifty-nine cents. Is this justice? I would like to know how I was robbed without knowing it."

WE'VE received nearly two hundred requests for commercial information on contact lenses about which J. D. Ratcliff—"Help in Sight"—wrote. We can't very well give the information desired. The United States government gets very indignant if we do any advertising in this department. Makes us pay, too. But there's no law against consulting an oculist and letting him do the worrying. Mr. Ed. La Paz of Manchester, New Hampshire, wrote about that piece. All he wants to know is: "When you get all fitted up with those trick glasses, what's there to look at?"

BUT we have other problems. A Mrs. Lower of Vincennes, Indiana, wants us to give her the "address of a number of tourist homes in New York State where a body won't be murdered in their sleep." We've looked high and low for that list but it seems to have been mislaid.



A FRIEND of ours who plays a horn in a WPA symphony orchestra assures us that harmony is not always present in that branch of government activity either. By some process which involved very little musical art a "trick political fiddler" got himself appointed conductor of our friend's orchestra and proceeded immediately to demonstrate "how to ruin an already third-rate band." The quotes are our horn player's. One morning at rehearsal, after two futile onslaughts on Mr. Beethoven's Third Symphony, the new conductor demanded in a rage to know "what the hell they were thinking about." Whereat a first violin replied: "I can't speak for the rest of the boys but I think things would go better if you'd try conducting Beethoven's Third."

OR call out the National Guard.

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A BREATHLESS EVENING
DID YOU NOTICE HELEN'S BREATH AGAIN TONIGHT SICKENING!
HELEN'S! HELEN'S AND HERBERT'S. WOULDN'T YOU THINK THEY WOULD USE LISTERINE?
THEY'RE NOT THE ONLY OFFENDERS. IT'S EVERYBODY THESE DAYS. TOO MUCH SMOKING AND DRINKING.
WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT SUCH FRIENDS—BUT WITH ALL THEIR FAULTS I LOVE THEM STILL.
GRACE GETS AN IDEA AND CALLS THE CARPENTER
CAN YOU COME RIGHT UP, MR. THORPE? YES, I WANT MY BRIDGE TABLE ENLARGED
MAKE IT TWO FEET WIDER ALL AROUND—SO PEOPLE CAN'T GET THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.
O.K. LADY, BUT IT SOUNDS NUTS TO ME.
NOW LET THEM COME, HALITOSIS OR NO. IT'S SO WIDE WE'LL NEVER NOTICE THEIR BREATH!
CORKING, DARLING! MAYBE WE HAD BETTER MAKE THE FIRST PRIZE A BOTTLE OF LISTERINE
So she built her bridge table two feet wider

WHY OFFEND NEEDLESSLY? Modern habits explain why so many people have halitosis—(bad breath). The sad part of it is that you never know when you offend, but others do, and hence avoid you.

If you want to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times before social or business engagements.

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation in the mouth, the major cause of odors, and overcomes the odors themselves. Your mouth feels wonderfully fresh and clean and your breath is sweeter, wholesome and more agreeable.

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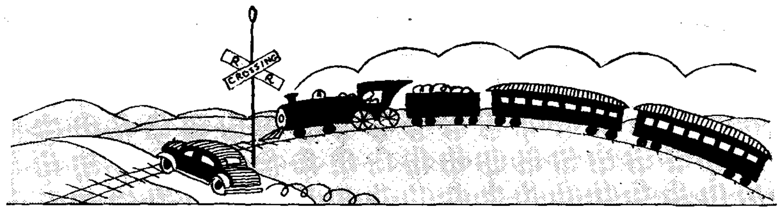
For Halitosis (BAD BREATH) *use* LISTERINE


R.R. CROSSING

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The Canadian National Railways, in the contention that its trains have the right of way, sues every financially responsible owner of a motor vehicle that strikes or is struck by its rolling stock. Moreover, it wins most of its cases.—*By William A. Rutledge III, Chicago, Illinois.*

British submarines are painted "to match" the oceans in which they serve in order to make them less visible to low-flying airplanes. Those operating in the Atlantic are blue, those in the Mediterranean are a light gray and those in the China Sea are black.—*By Mrs. Hazel Homan, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

Neither nature nor science has yet produced an absolutely black flower. Although it is called "black" for classification purposes, the color of the widely publicized black rose is really a very deep red.

Lloyd's of London will no longer insure property against damage by warfare in any part of the world except the United States and Canada.

Europeans in China had to give up the sport of snipe shooting several years ago because coolies, hidden in the marshes among the birds, became overly successful in getting shot "accidentally" and winning lawsuits for compensation.

The only place in the world where wives are courted by mistake is along the Gold Coast of West Africa. In a number of cases a king or tribal chief who had fallen in love with a dusky damsel discovered, upon seeking to marry her, that she had been his wife—and a member of his large harem—for several years.

On the Gilbert Islands in the South Pacific, a native rarely goes into battle without having two thick mats tied to his body, one in front to protect him from the hostile tribe and the other in back to protect him from his wife, who stands in the rear and hurls rocks at the enemy.—*By A. R. Bartholomew, Emporia, Kansas.*

Stretched high above the Mekong River in the Himalaya Mountains in Tibet is a single-rope bridge, which is crossed frequently by men and horses. With his animal securely trussed to the rope, the rider pulls himself and beast, hand over hand, across the great chasm.

In her novels Jane Austen (1775-1817) rarely wrote about anything that she herself had not witnessed. She did not even attempt to narrate a conversation between gentlemen alone, as she could not have been present, of course, in such a situation.—*By Justin Barrett, Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

Despite the world-wide use of petroleum products, at least 90 per cent of the composition of crude petroleum is still unknown.—*By Albert R. Allison and Fernando Badrena, Jr., State College, Pennsylvania.*

The time and talent required to create a fine perfume is exemplified by a well-known Parisian scent whose formula, calling for forty-eight different essences, took more than two years of painstaking experimentation.

Although America is famed for free speech and the freedom of the press, about twenty states have laws limiting these rights. Some statutes are so stringent that the mere possession of a radical pamphlet is considered a felony.—*By Russell Ramsey, Newark, Delaware.*

In 16th-century Europe, eyeglasses were worn by important men in the belief that they added the final touch of distinction to one's appearance. This idea became so widespread and ingrained that artists even painted portraits of St. Peter and the disciples of Christ wearing them.

Coffee beans vary tremendously in caffeine content, some possessing 31 times more than other beans from the same tree in the same season.—*By Charles E. Page, New York City.*

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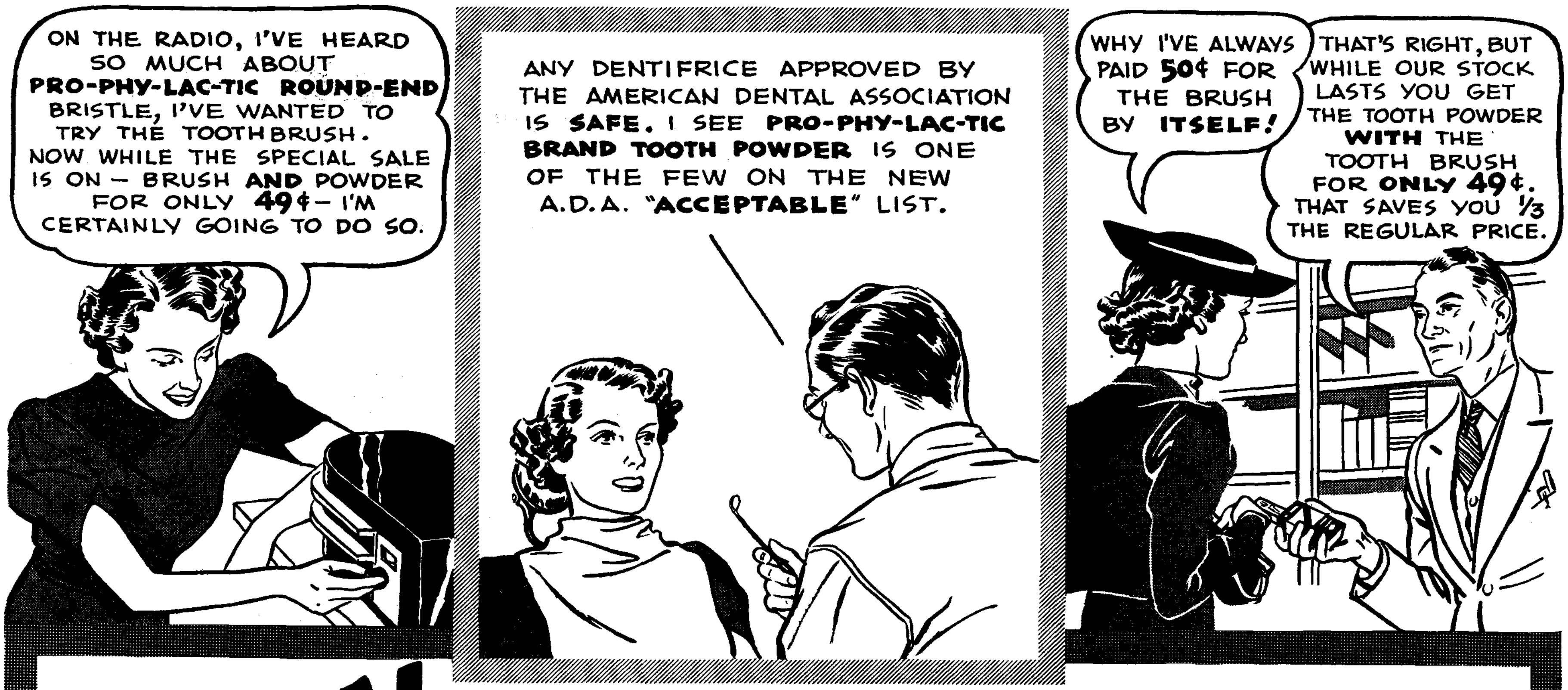
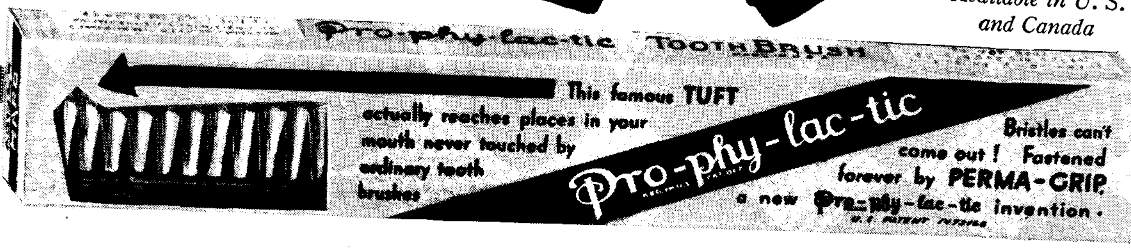
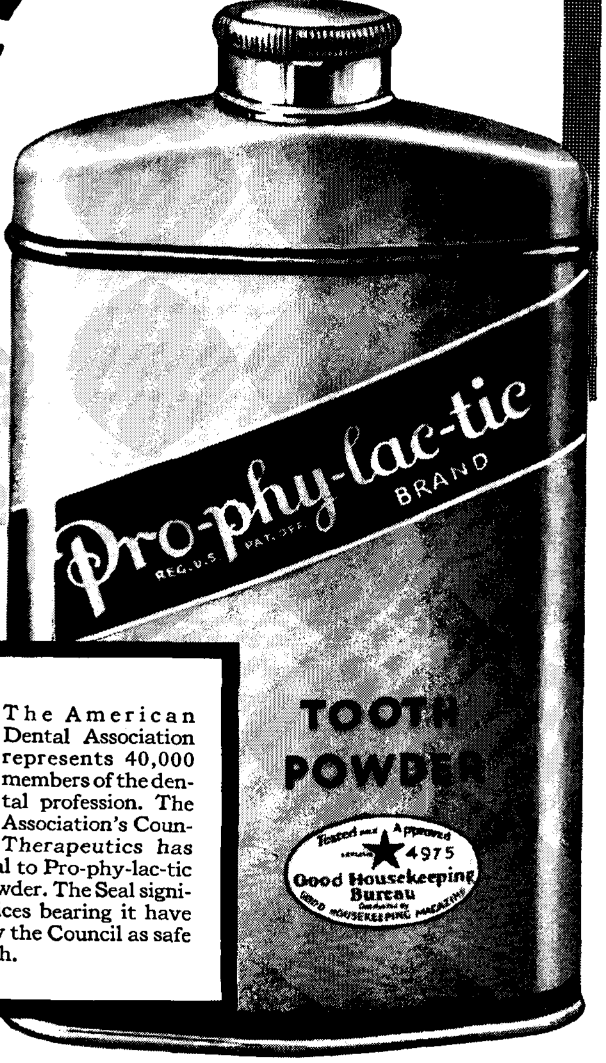

ON THE RADIO, I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC ROUND-END BRISTLE, I'VE WANTED TO TRY THE TOOTHBRUSH. NOW WHILE THE SPECIAL SALE IS ON — BRUSH AND POWDER FOR ONLY 49¢ — I'M CERTAINLY GOING TO DO SO.
ANY DENTIFRICE APPROVED BY THE AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION IS SAFE. I SEE PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRAND TOOTH POWDER IS ONE OF THE FEW ON THE NEW A.D.A. "ACCEPTABLE" LIST.
WHY I'VE ALWAYS PAID 50¢ FOR THE BRUSH BY ITSELF!
THAT'S RIGHT, BUT WHILE OUR STOCK LASTS YOU GET THE TOOTH POWDER WITH THE TOOTH BRUSH FOR ONLY 49¢. THAT SAVES YOU ⅓ THE REGULAR PRICE.

SPECIAL NEW Pro-phy-lac-tic POWDER AND BRUSH

BOTH FOR ~~75¢~~ 49¢

Available in U. S. and Canada


Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH
This famous TUFT actually reaches places in your mouth never touched by ordinary tooth brushes
Pro-phy-lac-tic
Bristles can't come out! Fastened forever by PERMA-GRIP a new Pro-phy-lac-tic invention.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You don't know . . . and we don't know . . . whether you'll like our new Pro-phy-lac-tic Brand Tooth Powder better than what you're using now. So we offer a 25¢ can, practically as a gift, to induce a trial.

You get the powder and a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush for the price you would ordinarily pay for the brush alone. And as you know, Pro-phy-lac-tic is the *only* tooth brush with Round-End bristles, the *double-action* bristles especially designed for both tooth cleaning and gum massage.

We make no claim for our new dentifrice that it is the powder your dentist uses. But we do believe it is the kind of powder which dentists would prefer you to use, because it has been awarded the seal of the American Dental Association, and "accepted" as SAFE FOR CLEANING TEETH by the Association's Council on Dental Therapeutics.

Don't pass up this opportunity to get two top-quality products at a saving. The supply is limited. The bargain is real. Stop today at any drug counter and get Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush and Powder for only 49¢. In fairness to other customers, please don't ask for more than two combinations at this special low price.

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The American Dental Association represents 40,000 members of the dental profession. The Association's Council on Dental Therapeutics has awarded this Seal to Pro-phy-lac-tic Brand Tooth Powder. The Seal signifies that dentifrices bearing it have been accepted by the Council as safe for cleaning teeth.

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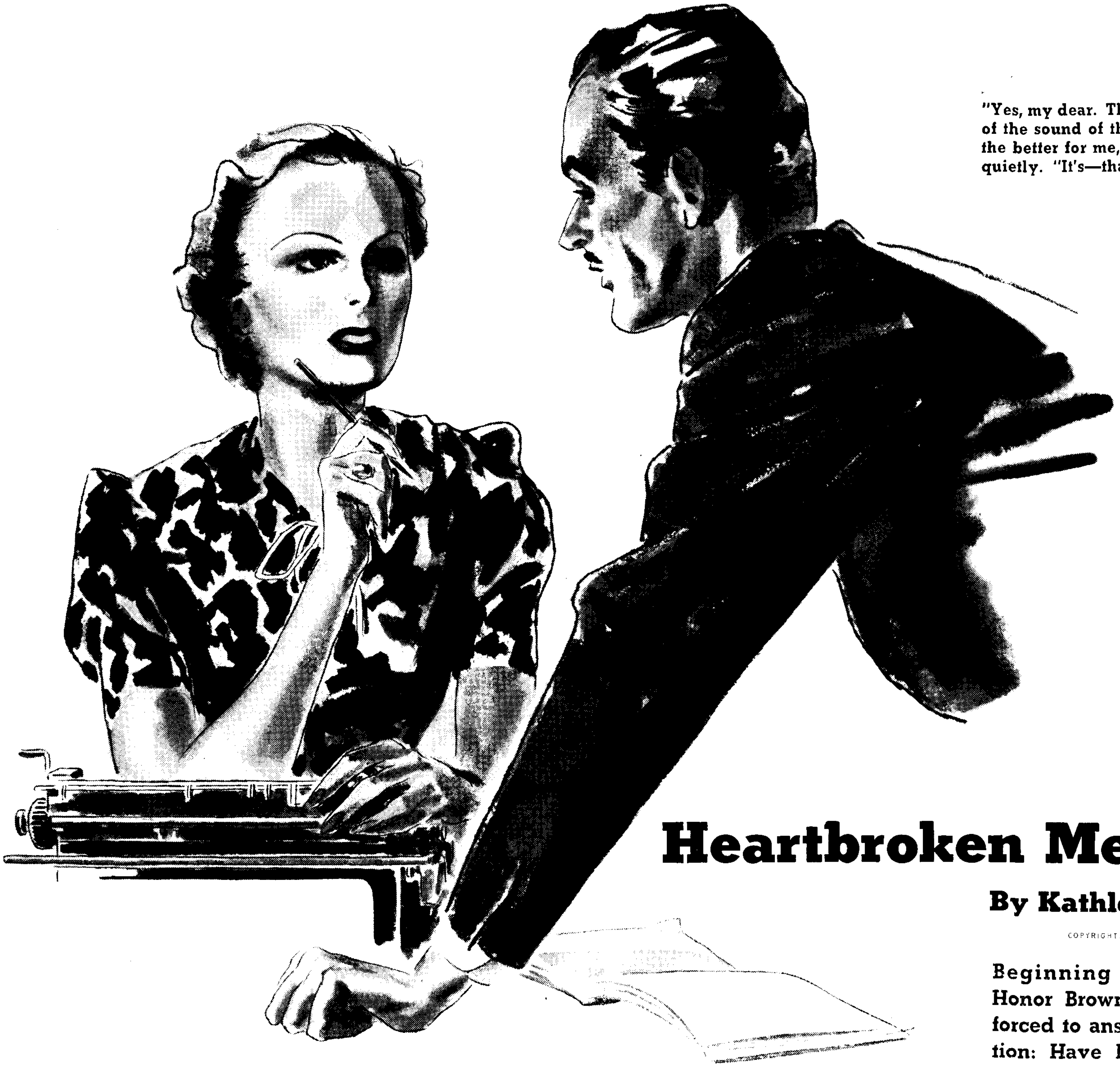

"Yes, my dear. The sooner I get out of the sound of that voice of yours the better for me," he had gone on quietly. "It's—that way—with me"

Heartbroken Melody

By Kathleen Norris

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Beginning the story of Honor Brownell, who was forced to answer the question: Have I the right to let the man I love divorce his wife and marry me?

"HONOR, have you fifteen cents?" A pause. Then Honor's voice, sleepy but cheerful: "I have fifty cents, if that'll do you any good!"

Adeline put her head into the bedroom.

"It's a boy with a *telegram*," she said in whispered italics, "and I want to tip him, and I've nothing but two silver *dollars!*"

Honor stirred in the half-darkness, reached for her purse.

"Here's a quarter, give him that and say 'Happy birthday!'" she whispered. Adeline's warm hand touched hers for a second; the younger sister disappeared. Honor, sinking back lazily in the pillows, heard the front door close. Presently Adeline returned, and sat on the foot of the bed, smiling at Honor.

"Who's it for, darling? Tom?"

"Oh, I forgot! It's for you."

"Well, open it and read it. Snap up that light."

"'Happy birthday!'" Adeline was echoing in amused scorn. "We don't know when his birthday is!" She ripped the envelope, flattened the yellow paper. "'I have the Gregory case papers; did not want you to worry. Paul Cartwright,'" she read. Her face clouded a little; she gave her sister a reproachful glance. "Oh, he's back, is he?" she asked, tone and manner suddenly going flat.

"Yes; he got in today," Honor said, a little too carelessly. She locked her hands behind her head, smiled lazily at her sister. "I came home early and had a nap."

"Are you dead?" Adeline asked sympathetically.

"Oh, no; not a bit. But Hugh and I were late at Aunt Mag's last night, and it seemed a good idea. Is Hugh here yet? What time is it?"

"Nearly six. No: Hugh's not here, but Tom's home. Honor, would you like to stay right there and have some supper in bed?"

"Heavens alive, no, angel. I'm going to get up immediately. It was so rainy and cold and blowy downtown that I didn't go out for lunch; then I had tea, and came home about four and went off like an infant."

"Where'd you have tea?"

Another slight pause.

"At the Hotel Fairlee, as it happens."

"With Paul Cartwright," Adeline stated rather than asked.

"As it happens," Honor said again, airily.

She had gotten up now and was at the dressing table, brushing her hair, creaming her face.

"IS IT almost six?" she demanded, very busy with cosmetics and brushes. "Heavens, I *must* have slept! Did I tell you that Hugh's staying for supper?"

"Honor, do you think you ought to?" Adeline diverged to ask reproachfully.

"Ought to what?" The soft tissue papers had wiped her glowing face clean now; her skin emerged as dewily fresh as the petals of a creamy-pink japonica. Honor ran a comb through soft thick honey-colored hair, pressed it into shape with both palms, coaxing it up into waves and ripples about a broad low forehead. "I ought to rouge," she murmured thoughtfully. "This Russian pallor of mine is all very *well*—"

"You know very well you oughtn't to have anything to do with Paul Cartwright," Adeline said, as the other girl's voice drifted into silence.

"He's my employer, Addy darling."

"Honor, don't put me off with that kind of nonsense. You know he likes you."

"For that matter I like him." Honor stood in the middle of the small bedroom, divested herself of her loose cotton kimono, stretched young bare arms. "Let's see—I'm going to a movie with Hugh and Natalie and Kane," she said reflectively. "My blue—I'll wear my old blue. No use getting anything decent drenched."

"Honor, is this Cartwright thing going to begin all over again?"

"D'you know," Honor said, fastening a belt, snapping wrist fasteners, glancing now and then briefly at her sister, "I'm sorry I ever told you anything about me or Mr. Cartwright. You take it too seriously, really you do. What happened? Nothing. He had to go to New York for six weeks, and before he left he broke down—like a fool, and he instantly said himself he was a fool to do it—and told me he liked me. That's all. He's thirty-seven and I'm twenty-three; he's extremely rich and popular and I'm one of forty stenographers in the office; he has a rich wife and two small boys—so what of it?"

"After all, you're engaged to Hugh," Adeline said, as if she were thinking aloud.

"I'm engaged to Hugh."

"And Hugh's a darling," Adeline offered hesitantly.

"HUGH'S a darling!" Honor was dressed now; she and Adeline went out to the sitting room together, Adeline's small thumb snapping off the light as they passed the door. Tom had come out of the bathroom in his dressing gown and was combing his wet hair; Hugh Braintree had arrived, and was hanging up a rain-sprinkled hat and coat. The small square entry hall was filled by the four young figures; Adeline put a small affectionate arm about her brother, Honor gave her hand to the other man and he stooped a little to kiss her on the cheek.

"Hello, Honor!"

"Hugh," said Honor sedately.

"Are you drowned?" Adeline asked.

"Not quite. It's holding up a little now. But Lord, what a storm!" Hugh walked between the two girls to the sitting room; Tom went back to his dressing. "It's a horrible night!" Hugh said. "I've been thinking since about eleven o'clock this morning how good it would be to get to this room and sit down by the fire!"

"Light the fire, Hugh." Adeline went through the swinging door that opened into the kitchen; Honor sank into a deep leather chair and smiled at the man. Hugh knelt suddenly beside her, caught a hand and held it against his shoulder.

"Do you realize how wonderful it's going to be to get home to you nights, when we have our own little place, Honor?"

She did not answer. She continued to smile mysteriously into his eyes. After a moment he kissed her suddenly again, this time full on her beautiful young mouth, and then got abruptly to his feet, and set about rekindling the fire. Honor watched him in silence, her body stretched comfortably in the chair, her eyes half closed.

THE old-fashioned room was spacious; its furniture fine in an old-fashioned way. There were large chairs, a good center table of plain mahogany; there were silver candlesticks and a pair of pink Sevres vases on the mantel; the rugs were rich and dark; handsome well-worn books were everywhere. Everything in the room had obviously once belonged to a larger establishment; a dining room, salon and library had all contributed to this sitting room's equipment. The effect was one of comfort and homeliness and of the elegance of an earlier day; Hugh Braintree thought it the most satisfying place in the world. But then any place that held Honor was heaven to Hugh.

"What did you do today, Honor?"

"Nothing. The same old thing. Oh, and Mr. Cartwright's back."

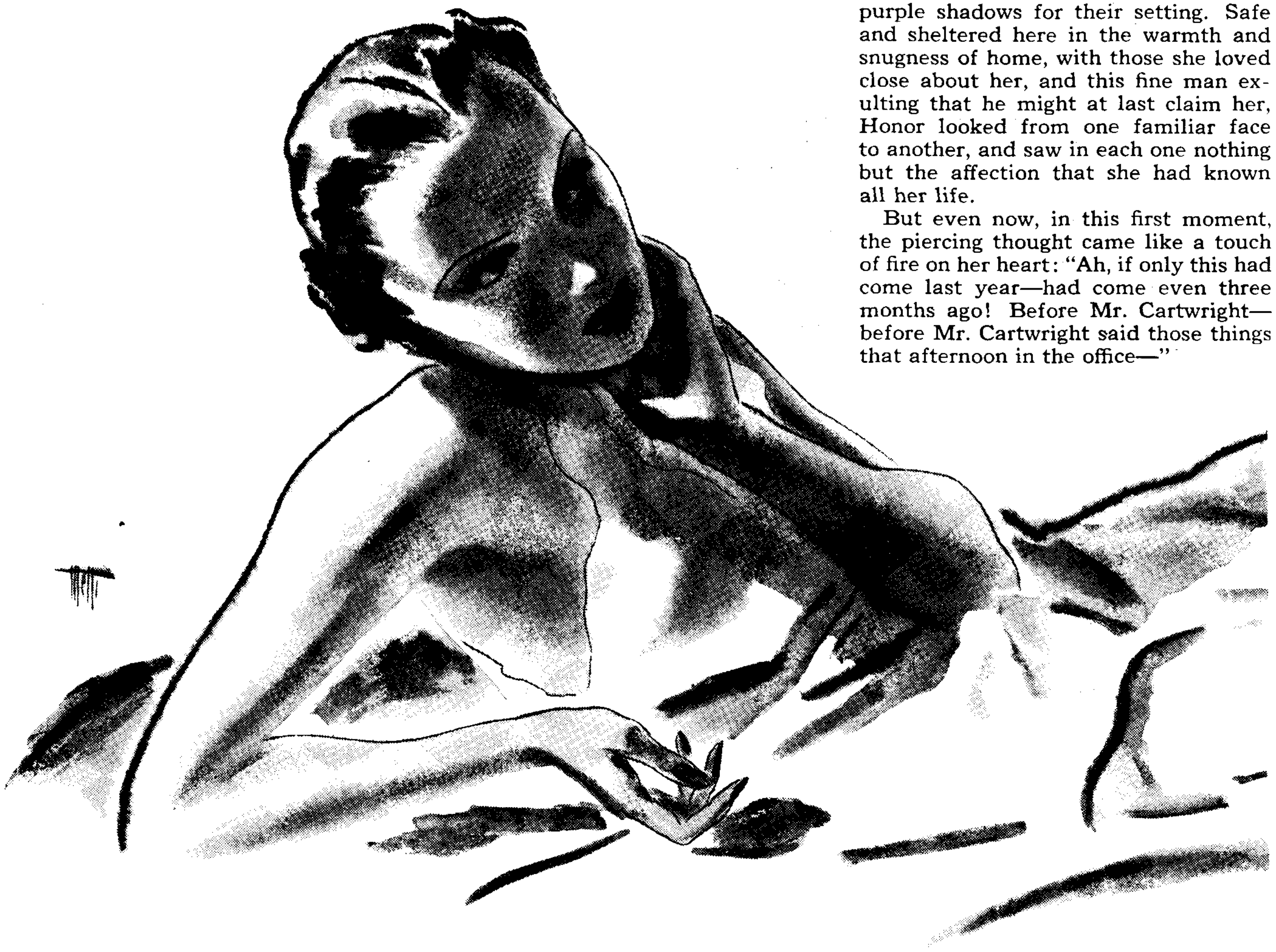
"What's the latest on the case?"

"It's a freak case. The Boone side claims that the property was on an old Yerba Buena map of San Francisco, and is now on two maps, the Mission Dolores map and the Yerba Buena one, and consequently—well, the ramifications are simply endless!"

Hugh looked at her amusedly, glancing over his shoulder as he knelt at the fireplace handling the tongs.

"You're interested in it, aren't you?"

"I always get interested, when they really let me in on a case. Old Judge Cooper is always so cautious and mysterious, but Mr. Cartwright isn't afraid to speak out—well, sometimes, anyway," Honor said lazily, studying the leaping flames with half-closed eyes. "Shall I go out and help Addy and Aunt Lucie or shan't I?" she mused aloud.



"Don't." Hugh had finished now, and had thrown himself into the opposite chair. "Lord, it feels good to get warm!" he said.

"I set the table," Honor said in self-defense. "I came in wet and frozen and staggered about setting the table—I *did* do that. And it's an easy dinner. Not to put too fine a point on it, it's Thursday's roast in a pie and baked potatoes."

"Sounds good!" Hugh said simply.

"And who made seven-layer cake but little Honor," Honor added.

"Oh, say now—when did you ever find time to make seven-layer cake!"

"Not today—heavens, no. I made the layers Wednesday, and frosted it Thursday night, when you telephoned that you couldn't come."

"Stale and old, hey?"

"It ought to be. It's ruined if it's mushy. The chocolate keeps it fresh. I didn't ask you—how'd your dinner go, Thursday night?"

"Engineers Club—same old thing. I was glad you didn't go."

"I was tired that night," Honor explained briefly. The serene, untroubled cadence of her exquisite deep voice made the words somehow thrilling; the man watched her, perfectly content to have her say anything or nothing, so long as he might be near her. "I was in that mood," she said, "when a woman doesn't want to dress up and powder her nose and go out somewhere, when she wants to put her bureau drawers in order, and write three notes, and cook something."

"HONOR, what luck for me, that, looking the way you do, you can cook!"

"We can all cook," Honor said. "Mother taught us all to cook. Tom's a marvelous cook."

"None of us can cook like you," Adeline said, coming in in time to catch the last word. "Did you set the table, Hon?"

"I did. I was literally tottering with sleepiness, and soaked to the bone, but I managed that much."

"I saw that you had, and you're a darling. We're all ready, but Aunt Lucie went in to wash her hands and take off her apron."

Tom came in, looking fresh and groomed; Aunt Lucie, small and fussy and flushed, returned; they all went into the little dining room for dinner. There were fine linen doilies on the dark wood of the table, and tall creamy candles. Hugh settled into his chair with a long sigh of pleasure.

"You people do things nicely," he said.

"It's not much more trouble," Adeline told him, pleased with his praise.

Tom served; he had taken the head of the table since his father's death, and when the soup was finished Honor was waitress, as she was on alternate evenings.

"Well, now I want to tell you some news," Hugh said, when they were loitering over the seven-layer cake and the little cups of coffee. Everyone looked at him quickly; a look almost like faint apprehension suddenly darkened Honor Brownell's beautiful eyes. The tone was exultant, triumphant. And she had promised to marry him just as soon as his income warranted it. "I think you're entertaining the superintendent of the Walburga," Hugh said.

"Hugh Braintree!" several voices said together.

"Well, my dear—look at that now—" Aunt Lucie murmured.

"Oh, Honor, wedding bells!" Adeline said.

"Wedding bells I hope," Hugh echoed seriously. He put out his big fine hand, and laid it over Honor's hand.

She sat there, smiling at them, a little stirred, tears dazzling in her eyes. In the soft candlelight her honey-colored hair took a soft shimmer of gold, and her eyes turned dark purple with faint purple shadows for their setting. Safe and sheltered here in the warmth and snugness of home, with those she loved close about her, and this fine man exulting that he might at last claim her, Honor looked from one familiar face to another, and saw in each one nothing but the affection that she had known all her life.

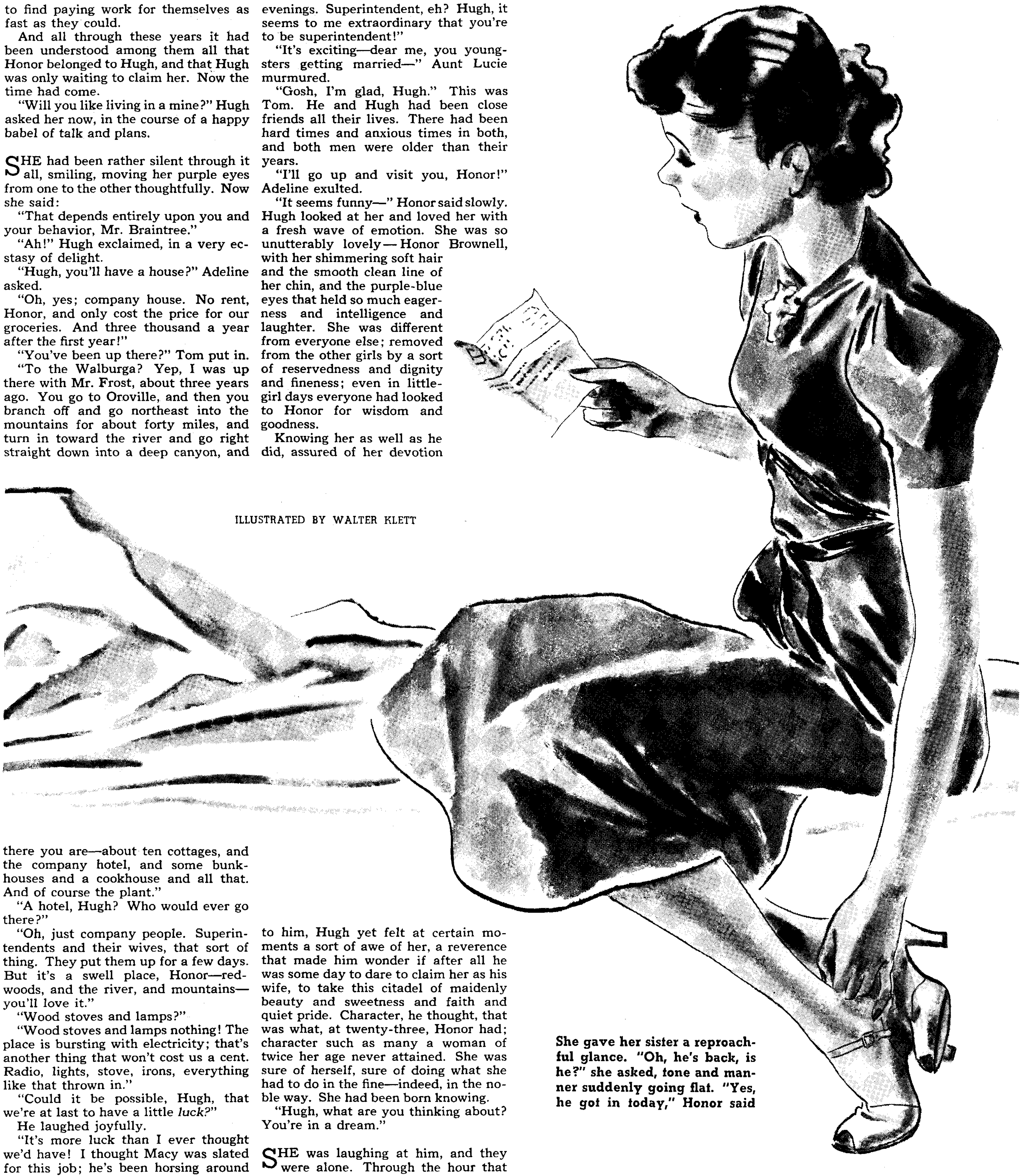
But even now, in this first moment, the piercing thought came like a touch of fire on her heart: "Ah, if only this had come last year—had come even three months ago! Before Mr. Cartwright—before Mr. Cartwright said those things that afternoon in the office—"

"Hugh, when did they tell you—when do you go?" Adeline was asking eagerly.

"Costa leaves in June; I ought to be up there late in March, or early April maybe, to get the hang of it before he goes."

HE WAS a big man, Hugh—squarely built, not tall, with a suggestion of his Irish blood in his pale blue eyes with their very black thick lashes, the broad roundness of his face, the disorderly thick black brows and heavy sleek mat of black satin hair. Across his short nose there were gold freckles on a browned skin; his hands were big and skillful. Hugh was known in the great engineering works where he had had his first job four years earlier as a "career man." One distinction, one promotion had followed another; the big men liked him, had noticed him and talked of him from the very beginning.

Honor had known him all her life; he belonged to her large family circle; their mothers had been distant cousins. Hugh's invalid mother had been his sole responsibility until very recently, when she had gone to live with a widowed daughter and grandchildren in New Jersey. Honor's mother had died only a few years earlier; her doctor father shortly following his wife. Then the family had moved from the rambling old Piedmont home, and had come to San Francisco, Tom to help support his sisters, the girls



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

She gave her sister a reproachful glance. "Oh, he's back, is he?" she asked, tone and manner suddenly going flat. "Yes, he got in today," Honor said

to find paying work for themselves as fast as they could.

And all through these years it had been understood among them all that Honor belonged to Hugh, and that Hugh was only waiting to claim her. Now the time had come.

"Will you like living in a mine?" Hugh asked her now, in the course of a happy babel of talk and plans.

SHE had been rather silent through it all, smiling, moving her purple eyes from one to the other thoughtfully. Now she said:

"That depends entirely upon you and your behavior, Mr. Braintree."

"Ah!" Hugh exclaimed, in a very ecstasy of delight.

"Hugh, you'll have a house?" Adeline asked.

"Oh, yes; company house. No rent, Honor, and only cost the price for our groceries. And three thousand a year after the first year!"

"You've been up there?" Tom put in.

"To the Walburga? Yep, I was up there with Mr. Frost, about three years ago. You go to Oroville, and then you branch off and go northeast into the mountains for about forty miles, and turn in toward the river and go right straight down into a deep canyon, and there you are—about ten cottages, and the company hotel, and some bunkhouses and a cookhouse and all that. And of course the plant."

"A hotel, Hugh? Who would ever go there?"

"Oh, just company people. Superintendents and their wives, that sort of thing. They put them up for a few days. But it's a swell place, Honor—redwoods, and the river, and mountains—you'll love it."

"Wood stoves and lamps?"

"Wood stoves and lamps nothing! The place is bursting with electricity; that's another thing that won't cost us a cent. Radio, lights, stove, irons, everything like that thrown in."

"Could it be possible, Hugh, that we're at last to have a little *luck?*"

He laughed joyfully.

"It's more luck than I ever thought we'd have! I thought Macy was slated for this job; he's been horsing around boasting about what they had asked him to do. But it seems he goes to Sierra Madre, and I get the Walburga! Listen, Honor," Hugh diverged to ask suddenly, "are we all going to see that picture tonight? If we are, we might get moving."

"Picture! No picture could be as exciting as this!" she said. "No; let's sit around the fire and talk. I'll telephone Natalie. I'm already beginning to feel that we shan't have too many of these evenings. Superintendent, eh? Hugh, it seems to me extraordinary that you're to be superintendent!"

"It's exciting—dear me, you youngsters getting married—" Aunt Lucie murmured.

"Gosh, I'm glad, Hugh." This was Tom. He and Hugh had been close friends all their lives. There had been hard times and anxious times in both, and both men were older than their years.

"I'll go up and visit you, Honor!" Adeline exulted.

"It seems funny—" Honor said slowly. Hugh looked at her and loved her with a fresh wave of emotion. She was so unutterably lovely—Honor Brownell, with her shimmering soft hair and the smooth clean line of her chin, and the purple-blue eyes that held so much eagerness and intelligence and laughter. She was different from everyone else; removed from the other girls by a sort of reservedness and dignity and fineness; even in little-girl days everyone had looked to Honor for wisdom and goodness.

Knowing her as well as he did, assured of her devotion to him, Hugh yet felt at certain moments a sort of awe of her, a reverence that made him wonder if after all he was some day to dare to claim her as his wife, to take this citadel of maidenly beauty and sweetness and faith and quiet pride. Character, he thought, that was what, at twenty-three, Honor had; character such as many a woman of twice her age never attained. She was sure of herself, sure of doing what she had to do in the fine—indeed, in the noble way. She had been born knowing.

"Hugh, what are you thinking about? You're in a dream."

SHE was laughing at him, and they were alone. Through the hour that had followed dinner he had been only vaguely conscious of what had been going on, partly because it had been just exactly the usual and expected routine, and partly because he had been wrapped in the absorbing thought of her—the vision of Honor Brownell as his wife, alone with him there in the great silent mountains, with the music of the river singing through pine-scented sunwashed hours, and the singing of the wind high over the little cabin roof at night. He came out of his musings with a start.

"Dishes all done?"

"Kanaki is here. He appeared this morning and said that he repented his rebellion. He explained that his uncle was Baron Musati, and that he naturally felt degraded at working as a mere dishwasher. But he's back doing the dishes, and Aunt Lucie's gone to bed, and Tom's taken Adeline to Natalie's. And you said goodby to them all nicely, and acted as if you were awake, and now you're apparently under the influence of some drug."

Hugh laughed his joyous laugh, sat down beside her on the old davenport before the fire, and put his arm about her. Honor dropped her head to his shoulder, slid a soft hand into his big hard one, and they remained so for a full minute without speaking.

"I guess I'm just kind of dazzled by

(Continued on page 63)

They wrote each other and met in lunchrooms and art galleries, and when they were together she wore Paul's ring

Chains May Break

By Harry Klingsberg

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

Brian Harris, captain of industry, who took from life what he wanted, including a woman. The story of a ruthless man who learned, too late, that you can't buy happiness with a lie

THE thin man in the gray overcoat did not understand when he walked into the Seeger Department Store *that this had anything to do with the* thing that happened there an hour later. He really did not understand that he walked into the Seeger Department Store. And all he did there was fill his fountain pen.

It was three o'clock on a chilly afternoon in November, and Paul Webb, which was supposed to be his name, but wasn't, stepped off a Boston train in Grand Central Station and understood that he had one hour and ten minutes to take the train to Chicago. This meant that he had plenty of time to walk to the other station and even to loiter a little; it was according to things as he remembered them and moreover the man with rimless glasses, the one in the booth marked "Information," had so assured him. So Paul Webb walked out to Forty-second Street and then west to Fifth Avenue, where he turned south, and a little later he came to the Seeger Department Store, its six-storied, pillared entrance gay with bunting and flags and the great red sign about the new half-million-dollar escalator. It was the largest escalator in the world, said the sign (though Paul never looked at it), and this was the day of its dedication. The public was invited, said the sign, and there would be ceremonies suitable to the occasion: speeches and singing and music and also a variety of favors on the mezzanine floor.

So it happened that Paul Webb, looking a little lost now, was swept into the Seeger Department Store with the multitudes who, like ants to dinner, were already pouring in for greater proximity to everything and first choice of souvenirs.

There were things in his mind that troubled Paul Webb. Certain facts were clear enough, such as today's date and his true name, and the names of Lorna Wynne (whom he was going to Chicago to find) and Brian Harris (who must not learn this or he would never allow it), but there was something not quite right about this trip he was making. He was late; that was the trouble. Still, Lorna would understand. For some reason the idea of going had not occurred to him for a long time, not until a few days ago, when he happened to hunt for some old sketches at the top of the closet and found the wooden box with the ring in it and Lorna's letters, which proved conclusively that she loved him and anything to the contrary was a lie; and another trouble was the gate. But this morning the gate was open, and after walking through it he had taken a streetcar to Back Bay Station, and now he was in New York with plenty of time to change provided he got out of this crush of people: women and children streaming toward some stage near a chromium-plated structure in the center of this vast enclosure of counters and merchandise.

THE crowd swept on, making a shambles of the dignity of the jewelry department, but Paul wriggled away from them to an aisle out of traffic, to the pen shop. It was a shop devoted to fountain pens, and for the convenience of its patrons the Seeger Store maintained a free service, namely, free ink for their fountain pens to all who might desire it. And when Paul Webb, hat and overcoat askew, saw the offer of gratuity he recalled his own pen and took the occasion to fill it and get his breath at the same time.

He took out his pen and unscrewed it and made the proper immersion; and then he dried it with a square of green felt and tested his pen on a white pad provided for the purpose, after which he tore off the page and crumpled it and began his battle to get out of there, for by this time he was certain that he must not delay any longer or he would be late—late for the train, late for Lorna, irrevocably late for everything.

Consequently he could not hear what the girl at the pen shop and the girl at the next counter, who presided over costume jewelry, had to say about him.

Teresa, the blond one, taking advantage of the day to relax and chew gum contrary to regulations, said, "Gee, I guess that guy don't care about the escalator!"

The dark one, Bernice, answered, "He looked like he thought we was nuts."

"If you ask me," began Teresa, "this crowd—" and then she pushed her gum back of her teeth and hissed, "Shut up! Here comes Vacuum Cleaner!"

UP ON the fifth floor Brian Harris, correct in morning clothes, stood and stared into the blaze in the great paneled fireplace that took up half the wall in his carpeted and mahogany office. This fireplace was a great pride to him, because it was a real old Boston fireplace and a fitting detail in his firmament; and because its installation was contrary to fire regulations and so stood as a testimonial to his power of doing things as he wanted. But despite all this Brian Harris wished he didn't have to make that speech this afternoon.

In his hand he held a typed memorandum of the exercises: Singing of America, 1 min.; Invocation, 1 min.; Introduction by Chairman, ½ min. (that was Herman Seeger, who was supposed to say simply, "Ladies and Gentlemen, on this great occasion, I welcome you all to the Seeger Department Store and I will now introduce our beloved general manager, Mr. Brian Harris"), and then came Dedicatory Remarks by Brian Harris, followed by the soprano and the senator, and so on, which didn't interest him because by then his part would be over and all he would have to do would be to sit on the stage with Lorna. Why wasn't she here? He had asked her particularly to come at three o'clock and it was three-twenty already.

Maybe, in his condition, he should not have consented to make the speech at all. His doctors had warned him about excitement, about tension. But the board had tendered the privilege in honor of his third anniversary with the store and not a year in the red. Of course, it was probably a ruse, on the theory that the honor might make him forgo an increase in his new contract; but that would come later.

And why shouldn't he have more money—ten thousand more if he wanted it? But for him, where would the Seeger Department Store be today?

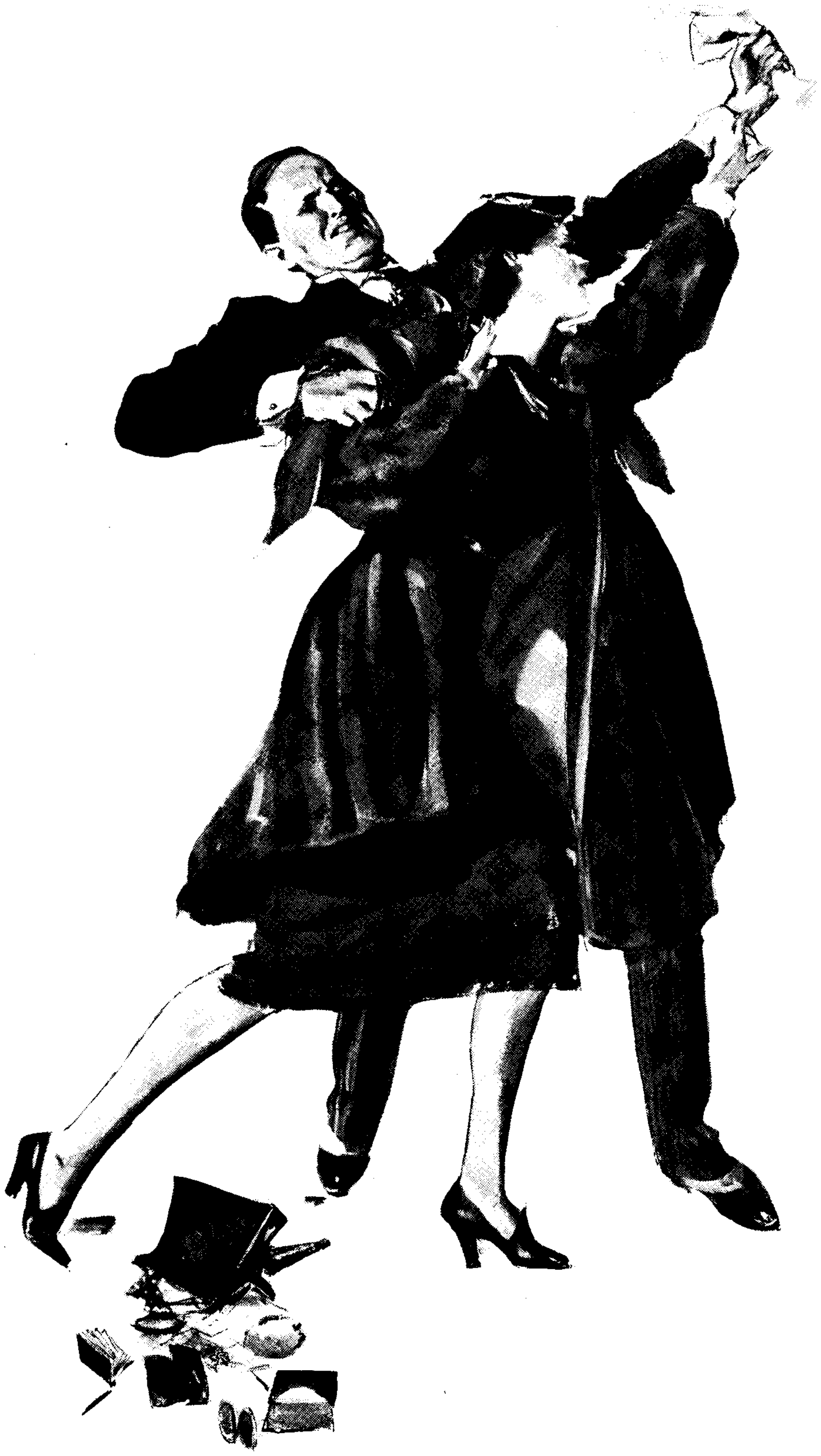
For it was indisputable that three years ago this store was not merely in the red, but on the rocks; and he was the man who floated it on black ink again. He did it by removing all barnacles and plugging all leaks and throwing all dead weight overboard, heeding neither the wails of the weak nor the pleas of the aged, and then, invincibly, revamping the entire craft according to his own pattern. Brian Harris had a passion for order and a deep loathing of litter, whether an excrescence in the overhead or a pin on the floor. Even in childhood he could not abide things out of place, and as he grew older he acquired a fixed habit of picking things up off the floor—automatically, without realizing it. And so employees trembled when he passed and secretly called him Vacuum Cleaner; but stockholders counted their dividends and secretly called him great.

BUT even the great can suffer stage fright, and perhaps the Creator himself felt that way on opening day. Brian Harris was nervous. It was the strangers. Brian had no trouble addressing directors or employees, because they knew who he was, but to that staring crowd he would be just a paunchy, fortyish man with hardly any neck, and to thousands more on the radio—for the proceedings were being broadcast—he would be just a voice, an unknown, thinnish voice. And yet it wasn't that, either. Why did he have that tight, awful feeling as though some disaster were going to happen to him?

Suddenly his head ached and he felt warm. It was these clothes, and the fire. Brian crossed his office and opened the door to the anteroom. He said to his secretary, the one he'd brought here from Boston: "Miss Leeds, let this door be open. When Mrs. Harris arrives, have her come right in."

"Yes, Mr. Harris."

Brian went back. Late, always late. She seemed to make a point of it. He thought, "What's the matter with you? It's only a speech." Nevertheless, he wished something would happen so that he would not have to make his speech today.



"Brian, give me that paper!" she cried. No, he wouldn't give her that paper

IN AN adjacent office, fat, cherubic little Herman Seeger was not smiling, which was an event of importance, because smiling was a religion to him. It was his firm belief that no Seeger employee should have a waking thought except about the store, happy thoughts; and sometimes he complained to other directors that the girls in such and such a department did not smile adequately. There was really not much else for him to do, because it was years since he had any active voice in the business; his son Louis was president of the corporation and he was chairman of the board and more or less in everyone's way.

But Herman was a sensitive soul and he said to Miss Polis, who functioned as his secretary: "I just came by Mr. Harris' office and something is wrong. He don't smile."

"But Mr. Harris never smiles," said Miss Polis. "It's not his nature."

"Today he should smile," declared Herman. "On a day like this he should be happy."

"Maybe he is happy inside," said Miss Polis, who learned the mechanics of such things from the movies and suspected that sometimes they worked in reverse.

"He cannot be happy if he don't smile," insisted Herman, "and it hurts me, because he is the best general manager we ever had. Three years ago, Miss Polis, we brought that man here when everything was black before our eyes. I don't have to tell you what the depression did to us. But he brought back our prosperity. He put us on our feet."

"Yes, yes," said Miss Polis, to whom this was an old story. "Why don't you," she suggested, to get rid of him, "go over there and cheer him up? He might appreciate it."

"That's a very good idea," said Herman. "I believe I'll do it."

So Herman Seeger walked into Brian's office and found him staring out of a window. "Ah, good afternoon," said Herman. "I see you made a fire today. Such a cheerful thing, a fire. And a wonderful day. A wonderful day for the Seeger Department Store."

"Yes, indeed," said Brian patiently.

Herman Seeger beamed. "I just came from downstairs. A wonderful crowd. Ten thousand people, maybe more. That's why Sarah—my wife, you know—wouldn't come. She don't like crowds. . . . Mrs. Harris ain't here yet?"

"She's a little late," said Brian, and thought: "The pest. Why doesn't he go away?"

"Women are always late," said Herman. "You shouldn't let it bother you. Or maybe your speech bothers you? Ha, ha! You should have a speech like mine—one line and I'm through. I tell you what, Mr. Harris. I'll bet she won't be here for fifteen minutes yet. Let's go downstairs and look at the crowd. It will positively inspire you."

Brian thought: "That's what I need. A little diversion."

They went out, past the other executive offices, down an elevator to the main floor. "Look at them," said Herman. "Every entrance is jammed with them."

Brian thought: "It's not a question of the extra money. Thirty or forty thousand, it amounts to the same thing. It's a question of recognition."

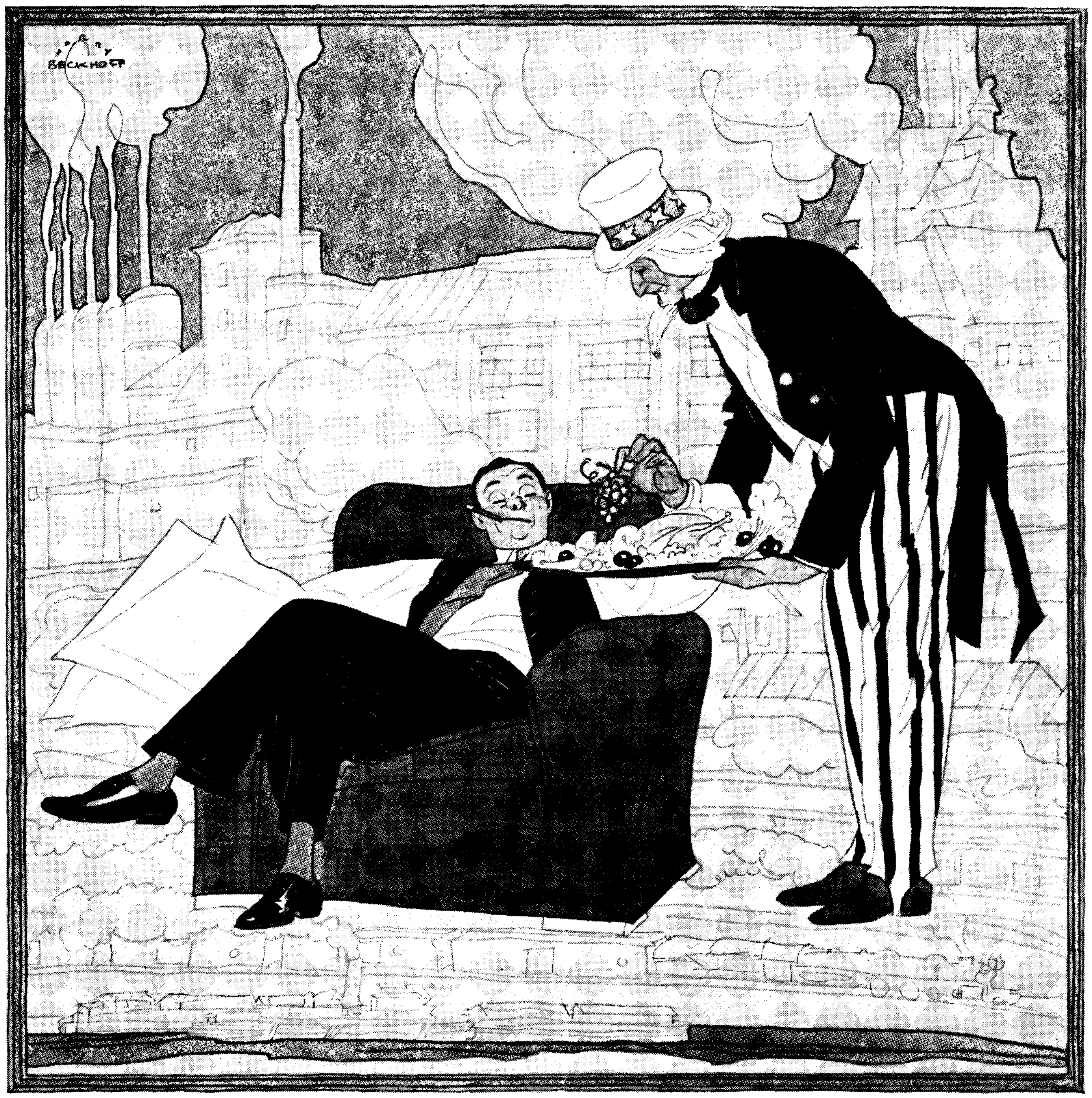
Walking through the store, recalling

(Continued on page 50)

What a Relief!

By Carl Norcross and Harold F. Clark

More people want to work during a depression than during good times. That's natural and inevitable. But it swells the unemployment figures, and the figures are likely to stay swollen when times improve. Dr. Norcross shows you how this leads to a misunderstanding which lies at the heart of our present confusion about unemployment



HARRY BECKHOFF

Four or five years of being on relief have given some folks the habits of the leisure class

THE government has been criticized for a lot of things, but nobody can say it isn't polite. It's the politest government we've ever had.

Do you ever hear it talk about lazy rascals, loafers and good-for-nothings? Not on your life. That might hurt somebody's feelings. They're all members of the "unemployed." Is that courtesy or isn't it?

During a depression there are a lot more people who say they want to work than you can find during a boom. When the factories need men you can't find them and even if you could they wouldn't work. Most of them never have worked steadily and never will. Home Relief is the greatest thing that ever came into their lives. And these are the men who are included in the "unemployed."

The depression is over—definitely and conclusively over. The only people who won't admit it are the federal government and those on relief.

But what about the figures on unemployment? Well, seventh-grade arithmetic will help us there. In the good old years, 1928 and 1929, about 49 million people had jobs. Today there are about 50 million.

But meanwhile the population has been growing, so if you want to find out what normal employment today would be you have to take into account the present population—about 129 million. Forty per cent of that is about 52 million.

You don't have to go even as far as the seventh grade to see that 50 subtracted from 52 leaves two—two million unemployed. Then where does the figure eight or nine million come from?

There you are running into a problem that Miss Perkins and Senator Vandenberg fought over last spring. The senator insisted that there couldn't be eight or nine million unemployed because employment was too close to 1929 levels. Miss Perkins replied that relief rolls were nearly as large as ever, that the government was still having to feed millions on relief and that the government ought to know how many there were.

But the government statisticians, with their college mathematics, want to add 50 million people working and eight million so-called unemployed and thereby prove that it will take 58 million jobs to end the depression. It doesn't make sense. This country, even in its greatest booms, has never had anywhere near that proportion of people working. With our present population, we can't possibly get more than 52 million people to take jobs. It never has happened. It can't happen here!

Mr. Harry Hopkins, among others, must have skipped his seventh-grade arithmetic, because when he adds small numbers to large numbers he often gets strange answers. A lot of other people never passed their arithmetic courses either—or if they did they must have brought plenty of red apples for teacher. Because there is a surprising amount of loose talk on the subject of unemployment.

Suppose we check over the figures.

First, an easy question for all who can read the census reports: What is normal employment?

In 1900, according to the census, 38.3 per cent of the total population of the country was gainfully employed. In 1910 it was 40.5 per cent, in 1920 it was 39.9 per cent and in 1930 it was 39.8 per cent. The average for these four census years was 39.6 per cent, with the trend slightly down. In 1916, the peak year for production, the percentage went up to only 41.5 and that is the highest it has ever been. If no depression had occurred, normal employment today would be about forty per cent, which is 52 million people.

The Tired Are Always with Us

In boom times only a certain number of people will take jobs. No matter what incentives you offer, only so many will work. That may sound strange but it's been true ever since we started counting noses in our census taking. In 1916 we were busy turning out every conceivable kind of manufactured article. Our factories, stores, lumber mills, railroads—all were up to their necks in orders. We were not yet in the war and we had all our man power. Yet with all the work to be done, and with high wages prevailing, our factories and farms couldn't get enough men.

The old New York World, which was the big paper for employment advertising, used to run 12 full pages of "Help Wanted" advertising in the Sunday editions in 1916. There was one advertisement in October, 1916, which hopefully asked for 500 engineers. Yet with all these jobs crying for men, why wouldn't more people work?

Ask the colored porter of a Southern railroad station. A Northern woman, not accustomed to Southern wage scales, gave a porter a fifty-cent tip for being so obliging with two heavy bags. He looked at the silver piece and grinned.

(Continued on page 46)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Marked Money

By William MacHarg

The case that had O'Malley going till he called on the spirits. The world's best cop demonstrating the ouija board in the best interest of law and order

"THIS is one of them cases," O'Malley said, "that gets a cop nothing. A girl got found dead in a tenement house hallway. I might work harder on this than if some millionaire got knocked off, but the case probably won't get mentioned in the newspapers. It's a routine case."

"Who was the girl?" I asked.

"Her name was Reden. She clerked in a store. She lived alone in a room in that building. That's all they told me at headquarters. Well, here's where it happened."

We were on the East Side. It was a poor sort of building. There were a lot of children in the street and women in the hallways. The girl had lived on the third floor and her one room was crowded with precinct and headquarters cops. We looked the place over. The bed was in a sort of alcove. There were a table and chairs and a gas griddle for cooking. Somebody had been having coffee and scrambled eggs. There were two plates on the table and two cups. On each plate was some egg and a broken piece of toast. The girl was on the bed covered with a sheet. She was slight and good-looking, and she had been beaten and then choked. There were scratches on her fingers.

"No need of you," one of the precinct cops informed O'Malley. "You can go back to headquarters."

"You talk like you had solved the case."

"You said something. Some lads on the first floor gave a party here last night and this dame went to it. Her and a guy on the floor above, named Nesselt, came up here together afterward and she fixed up some supper. They quarreled while they were eating and he beat her up with a milk bottle. He went out and she followed him and he choked her to death on the stairs. She got found this morning on the stairs leading up, and blood spots on the stairs go up to Nesselt's door."

"You got the guy?"

"You're right. He's upstairs."

"His fingerprints on the milk bottle?"

"We don't know. It looks like he wiped 'em off."

"What's the matter with the dame's fingers?"

"He pulled off her rings. A detective ought to know that. They were cheap rings. We didn't find 'em, but it don't amount to anything."

THEY were putting the milk bottle and the plates and cups into containers to send them to the police laboratory. They threw away the toast. O'Malley picked it up and put it in an envelope.

"You hungry?" one of the cops asked him.

"I might be later."

We went up another flight and talked with Nesselt. A cop was guarding him. He was a pale youth, and worried, and he thought carefully before he answered questions.

"What was the reason you knocked the girl off?" O'Malley asked him.

"You police have got this all wrong," Nesselt told us watchfully. "I didn't even know her."

"Boy, you can't get away with that. We know the story. All we don't know is why you had the quarrel with her."

"You are mistaken. I met her at the party. I'd seen her in the hall before but never spoken to her. Afterward, we walked upstairs together and at her door I said good night to her and came on up here and went to bed. This morning I heard people making a disturbance in the hall and they told me she'd been killed."

"Sure; but you was the last one with her. What did you do with her rings?"

"I don't know anything about her rings."

"Gee, you're a cagey guy!"

We talked with the two young men who gave the party. They were sheikish, and wore extreme but inexpensive clothes. The blond one was named Manners and the dark one Willing.

"What was the trouble at the party

(Continued on page 68)

The Seven Skies

By W. B. Courtney

A twentieth-century dream that has become a working reality—that's the achievement for which Juan Terry Trippe and Pan American Airways receive the Collier Trophy. Their story is a modern romance in which science, diplomacy, imagination and romance co-operate to tie the world together

CHINA CLIPPER

IFOR THOMAS

The man behind Pan American and its world air lines is Juan Terry Trippe

THE blue ribbon of aeronautics, the Collier Trophy, conferring the highest distinction which may come to a man of the air, will be handed by President Roosevelt to Mr. Juan Terry Trippe this week; and I don't expect you will hear a single razzberry from the opposition. You might think a prize so high would bring out the stilettos among its coveters. Aviation was pretty much a rich man's plaything, a lawn-party exercise in the politer hazards, when Robert Collier first gave his famous statuette for "the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been thoroughly demonstrated in use or in practice during the preceding year." Now aviation is an industry, extraordinarily competitive, and when contracts come in the front door sportsmanship flies out the back window.

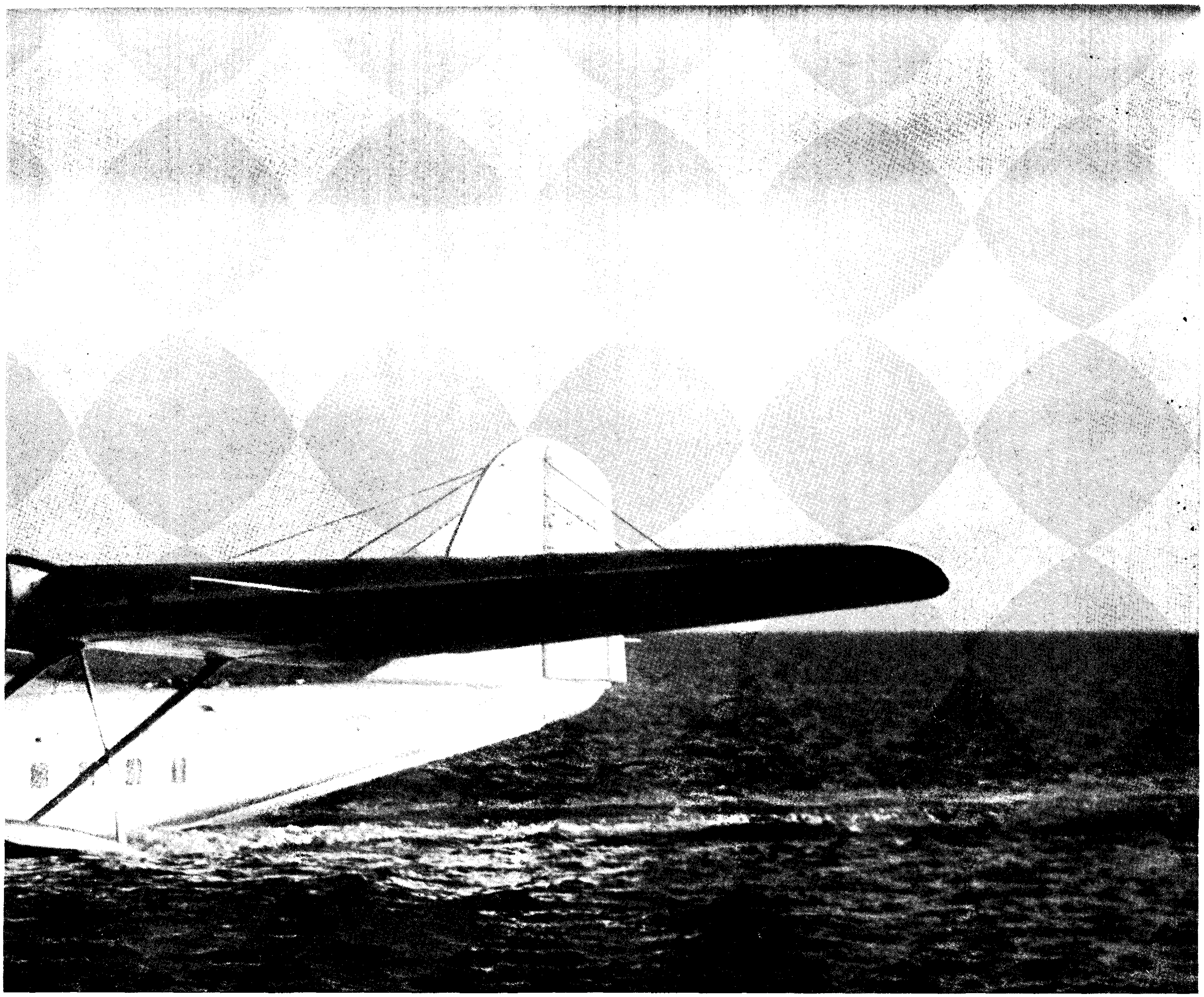
But in no modern times has the demonstration within the meaning of the trophy's conception been more conclusive; in no other year has the opinion of the industry been unanimous, as now, that a different selection would have been inane. The scheduling of the Pacific Ocean, widest of seas, by Juan Tripp and his Pan American co-workers was not only a milestone in air travel; it was perhaps the most spectacular, most challenging, day in transportation history.

The unusual feature of this year's award is that not only you and every other American from coast to coast will hear about it and be interested and proud but it will be news, and a matter of intimate satisfaction, to citizens and subjects the world over. Republics, dictatorships, kingdoms alike, have reason to know Juan Trippe and to appreciate his work. The wings of his dream have flown him a long way in the last decade. In forty countries, more or less, his clippers of the sky have shattered time and distance, broken immemorial isolations, fetched American opportunities and standards, opened all the advantages of swift ties with great markets, of frequent contact with the world's lustiest producer.

In some lands, where jungle and mountain and poverty thwarted the growth of railroads, his planes have succeeded oxcart wheels and actually jumped whole peoples from medievalism to modernity. In quite different lands, he has had to face the competition of smart and skillful foreign competitors—and win on merit in the most fluid, most rapidly changing medium of transportation. I have gone into remote oil fields in the tropics, into mining camps lost behind snow-peak ramparts, and seen the practical benefits his vision has brought to foreign as well as to American firms. The latter he has given a fast and welcome tie with home. But I have also seen in those places that Trippe's planes have been no less the friends of humble workers and natives.

Mesh by mesh Trippe has woven his net, pursuing the dream of a business and social world shrunk inevitably within our lifetimes to a condition under which speed is no longer an issue; in other words, aviation became a transportation problem, rather than an engineering one—a matter of schedule convenience and travel comfort, to suit which speeds can be virtually regulated at will.

Now he guides from his plump fingers the skeins of half a hundred thousand miles of scheduled airways,



under the American flag, which have brought the far-spaced empire of the United States—its colonies and territories and islands—almost to the doorstep of Washington. In addition, with care and patience, foresight and integrity, he has concluded arrangements so that thousands upon thousands of miles of foreign air lines beat their wings in rhythm with ours: so that a great artery of the air now pulses from New York to New York, through alliance of Pan American and Imperial Airways, until the very word "foreign" grows less significant in the dictionary.

Yet Juan Trippe will tell you this is only the first stage of the dream. Then you look closely into his eyes, and see therein secret lights which are the mark of the real pioneer; the man who never overtakes the horizon, for it always moves ahead of him.

The citation by the Collier Trophy Award Committee, accompanying the presentation, reads:

To Pan American Airways:

For the establishment of the trans-Pacific air line and the successful execution of extended overwater navigation in the regular operation thereof.

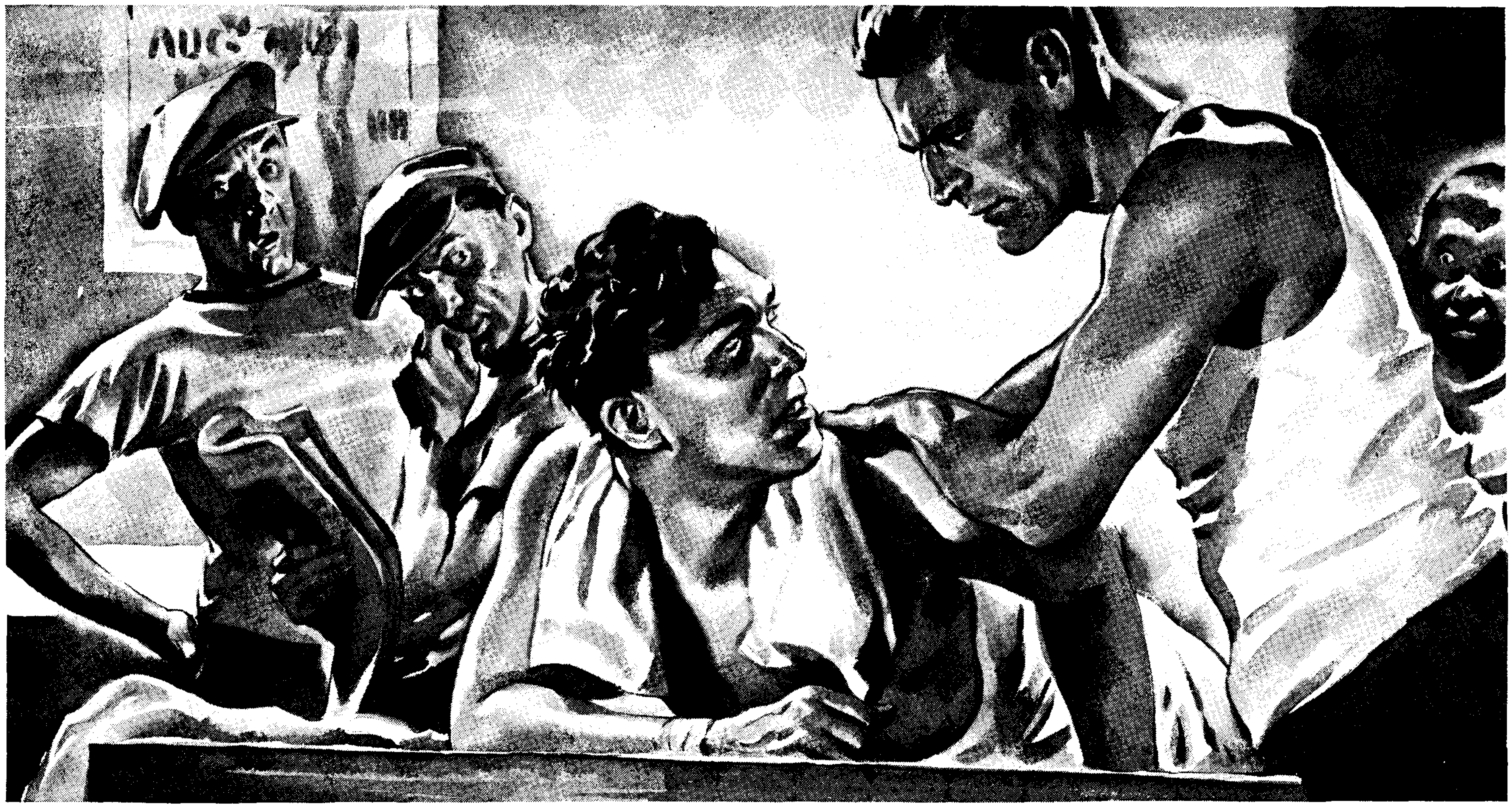
Don't be nudged off the track by the absence of his name from the citation, or by his modesty when he explains Pan American as one big happy team in which brains and devotion are miraculously divided in equal shares. Pan American is Trippe's personal Horatio Alger story. In the fair sense that success of a large enterprise is usually due to enthusiastic co-ordination of diverse abilities, personalities and loyalties, Pan American runs a normal business history. The happy inspiration of clipper planes to parallel the achievements of clipper ships, the view of an earth netted by American genius and energy, were Trippe's alone in the beginning. The teamwork among his later associates has been superb; but he personally built up the organization, talked to competent men, sounded their minds, looked into their eyes, and said, "You belong with us."

He needn't have been so blamed ambitious, either, and yet have eaten just as often and as well. If you were at Yale with him you would have said, "Tchk, tchk, tchk! Just another nice-enough lad getting ready to be idle rich." He was the son of a well-to-do New York banker and was descended from 17th-century Marylanders and old Yankee seafarers. Eventually he married into the Stettinius family. Yet if you had taken the trouble to know his tree, you might have guessed there would be imagination, at least, rising from his roots. On his paternal side there was a sea hero, who got a gold sword; an admiral, and a tugboat named the "J. T. Trippe," so well found that, after all these years, it still noses freight cars and barges around New York harbor, although the Trippes no longer own it. Down the distaff side came a leavening of Spanish blood, which had made him "sympatico," and has been a great help in his South American bargainings. A great-uncle Terry pioneered in Venezuela, married a señorita; and there was a great-aunt named Juanita, after whom Lucy A. Terry—Juan's mother—named him.

Maybe the war set Juan *(Continued on page 71)*

JAMES N. DOOLITTLE

The Collier Trophy has marked aviation's advances since 1911



"It's a good face," Bart said. "The only one I've got and I don't want to get it marked up"

BARTHOLOMEW SARSFIELD BRANIGAN was so named because his father, a Spanish War veteran, remembered the Maine and an unsung hero of the harbor of Havana. He was rechristened "Battling Barty Branigan, Bellview's Boxing Banker" by sports writers to whom 1898 was an important year only because Jim Jeffries was then angling to meet the reigning champ, James J. Corbett. That was long before Battling Barty's father and mother had even met.

Battling Barty liked fighting and dancing. He got a lot of fun out of both, but he had never taken either seriously as a life's profession. There were some things about the business of boxing that Barty did not like. He didn't like the title "Battling Barty, Bellview's Boxing Banker," for one thing, and he didn't like the liberties newspaper artists and photographers took with him.

"Don't let it throw you," his trainer counseled. "Most fighters love publicity. It swells their heads until after the count when they wake up in dressing rooms wondering what happened."

Barty looked down at a picture of himself in a tabloid and shook his head. "I can't see much to get a swelled head over in a picture that makes you look like a male strip-tease artist. I want to be a fighter, not a manikin." His eyes dropped to the text beneath the picture. "A buck and wing boxer with a bright future, who may yet waltz-clog his way right into the world's championship," he read aloud. The wisecrack made him burn because he could shuffle and step, do a fast and fancy clog and had been in shows for the Elks and American Legion.

"Why don't you keep your nose out of the papers?" his trainer advised. "Brains and boxing don't mix. Hereafter I'll do the reading and thinking. You do the fighting."

"As simple as that," Barty said. "Just switch off my mind like an electric light."

"You get it," the trainer nodded.

Barty looked up from his paper and said, "Nuts!"

Barty was a clerk in the Bellview National Bank, getting along well on his way to a teller's cage, when the Bellview Enterprise announced an Intercity Amateur Boxing Tournament for the purpose of uncovering hidden and unknown fight talent, or at least this was the avowed purpose in the intense ballyhoo accompanying the announcement. Actually it was the inspiration of Sports Editor Vincent James to boost the circulation of the Enterprise.

Barty had been dropping in at Hubert Lacey's gymnasium twice a week to spar around ever since he was in high school.

"Why don't you get into this thing, Barty?" Lacey asked him. "It's made to order for you. You've never appeared in public as a fighter. The Enterprise will pay the bills. As a fighter you've got plenty on the ball and I can give you a lot more. It's a setup for you. I like the looks of this tournament so well that I'm going to enter a stable of fighters, one in each class."

Barty thought it over and decided that he liked the idea. It looked like a natural to him. He trained and the few months of preliminaries had been a cinch. He licked everybody in his class and when he reached the heights, with the arena in the offing for final eliminations, life suddenly became a whirl. Photographers and reporters swooped down upon the Bellview National Bank and Battling Barty Branigan emerged. At first the officers and directors of the bank, who had sporting blood in their veins, were amused and tolerant. They let him pose behind the grillwork, cashing a check for the mayor, shaking hands with the president of the bank and doing other things, but about now they were beginning to be just a bit annoyed.

The cashier's eyes were cold and unenthusiastic when Barty asked for three days' leave for the final eliminations in the big city. "You'll have to choose pretty quickly between banking and boxing, Branigan," he said. "This bath of publicity is beginning to make us look ridiculous."

Thinking it over, Barty's spirits were slightly dampened on the train with the rest of the boxers.

"What's got you down?" Lacey stopped by his chair coming through the car.

"I seem to be in the wrong sport," Barty looked up at him. "Bankers go in for golf. I ought to be swinging a club on the links instead of a glove in a ring."

"What's the matter with boxing?" Lacey asked.

"Nothing, except you don't meet the right people," Barty answered. "Imagine me landing a haymaker on a guy's chin and saying: 'Let me explain to you a few of the features of the Bellview National's investment service, Mr. Levinsky.' "

"Try it!" Lacey grinned. "That might floor him instead of a punch."

Barty looked out the window at the passing landscape. "Boxing may not be quite as refined as banking," he observed, "but, after all, a heavyweight champ makes as much as a bank president."

Lacey patted his shoulder. "Come through for me in the finals and you'll find out," he said.

THE next day the fighters, with Dr. Cohen, who was to patch them up and keep them fit, and Lacey, the team coach, went to the arena to look it over, get the feel of the place and make arrangements for quarters. Lacey set about organizing in a businesslike way; whistled shrilly in the corridor for an attendant, demanded an extra rubbing table; told Dr. Cohen to unpack the dressing gowns (real silk, with zippers on the sleeves so they could be taken off with gloves on—an invention of Vincent James of the Enterprise) and then went out to telephone James.

When he returned the room became silent. He looked over his fighters. "Bunch up here," he said. "I've got something to say." They clustered about him like the fingers of a hand closing.

"Jerry Delaney, who was world's heavyweight champion when most of you kids were sucking lollipops," he announced, "runs a chop house on the other side of town. He's made some kind of a dicker with the newspaper to throw a party for you kids there tonight. He'll feed you and let you see his floor show and there'll be a lot of mugs around taking pictures for some kind of a publicity gag. It will be all right for you to eat because you're all light anyway, and you weigh in tomorrow, but be careful. There'll be a lot of show girls and dames around and I don't need to tell you not to get crossed up with them. That's all."

Barty Branigan sat near the center of a long table at the far end of Jerry Delaney's massive chop house. At his right sat Sports Editor Vincent James. The place was built like the waiting room of a railroad station, except for wall booths, the orchestra in a wall recess, a couple of hundred white linen-covered tables in the center, curly maple paneling and autographed pictures of fighters, stage and screen celebrities all over the place. It was jammed with a smart crowd and the orchestra fought for supremacy against the clatter of dishes and the jingle of cutlery.

AT THE extreme left of the table Alphonse Phillipe Luigi Cinicunelli (Bugs for short), standing beside Swede Olsen, was explaining with gestures the exact sequence of the blocks and blows, a delicate problem in technique, with which he had put Michigan Mickey Burke away two weeks ago last Wednesday in Bismarck.

"So I ups with my right," Bugs explained, bringing his fist up from within a couple of inches of the floor, but at the point where Michigan Mickey's imaginary chin should have been at that moment was a tray of six-deep dishes of Jerry Delaney's vegetable soup like Grandma used to make. The tray sounded a tinny gong. There was a clatter of dishes and a tuxedoed waiter stood dripping stewed alphabets.

Jerry Delaney came striding over, his jaw thrust out like a balcony and his eyes snapping fire. "Listen, you mug!" A former world's heavyweight glared down at a future world's bantamweight. "This is a respectable joint and it ain't good manners to be shadow-boxing at dinner."

"I'm sorry." The boy looked up, embarrassed.

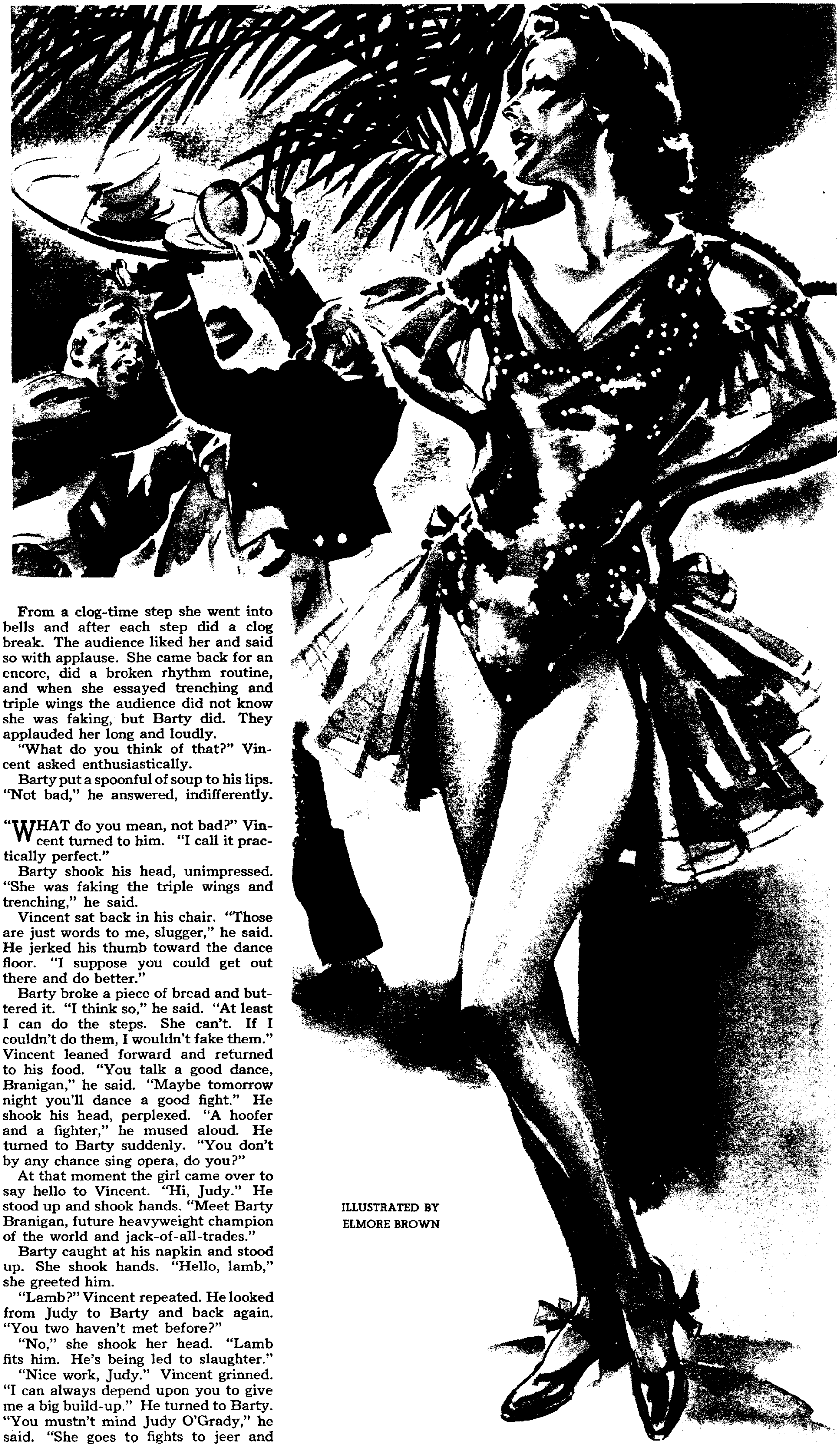
Standing in the shadow of an open door beside the arched recess near the orchestra, a girl watched this tableau with some amusement. She was dark and pretty, slight and graceful and dressed in something that resembled a ballet costume with short skirts and laced bodice, poised in dancing shoes and waiting for her cue.

"Fighters will never change," she thought as she surveyed the table of them. She ought to know fighters pretty well, too, her friends would agree. Her father had been one. Jerry Delaney knocked him out in the sixteenth round at Havana in 1908. That was why, perhaps, she was working now as an entertainer for Jerry Delaney in his chop house.

She singled out Barty Branigan. She read the sports pages and recognized him. He was nice-looking and attractive, she decided. At the threshold of maturity, if he knew as much now about fighters as she did, from her father's experience, he'd keep away from that particular racket. Her father had conducted a gym, too, like Hubert Lacey, until he died. She blamed his heart condition upon prolonged fighting. That was only a few years ago. She left business college then to become a dancer. She inherited her mother's talent.

BARTY BRANIGAN and Vincent James were engaged in small talk when the orchestra broke into "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady." There came a sudden hush over the diners and Vincent put his hand on Barty's arm as a signal for silence. Barty looked up, resisting an impulse to tap under the table and the girl came swinging out the side door in the curly maple paneling with a simple clog-time step into the semicircle in front of the orchestra. During her routines she looked over the audience, caught Vincent's eye and cupped her hand quickly in greeting.

Barty looked her over. She was young, about twenty-one; the professional performer's fixed smile now upon her face. Even teeth glistened and her cheeks dimpled. Her eyes were alive and sparkling in a spotlight that brought out the brown in her hair. Barty had never seen anyone quite as pretty.



ILLUSTRATED BY
ELMORE BROWN

"Fighters will never change," she thought as she surveyed the table of them. She ought to know fighters pretty well, too

From a clog-time step she went into bells and after each step did a clog break. The audience liked her and said so with applause. She came back for an encore, did a broken rhythm routine, and when she essayed trenching and triple wings the audience did not know she was faking, but Barty did. They applauded her long and loudly.

"What do you think of that?" Vincent asked enthusiastically.

Barty put a spoonful of soup to his lips. "Not bad," he answered, indifferently.

"WHAT do you mean, not bad?" Vincent turned to him. "I call it practically perfect."

Barty shook his head, unimpressed. "She was faking the triple wings and trenching," he said.

Vincent sat back in his chair. "Those are just words to me, slugger," he said. He jerked his thumb toward the dance floor. "I suppose you could get out there and do better."

Barty broke a piece of bread and buttered it. "I think so," he said. "At least I can do the steps. She can't. If I couldn't do them, I wouldn't fake them." Vincent leaned forward and returned to his food. "You talk a good dance, Branigan," he said. "Maybe tomorrow night you'll dance a good fight." He shook his head, perplexed. "A hoofer and a fighter," he mused aloud. He turned to Barty suddenly. "You don't by any chance sing opera, do you?"

At that moment the girl came over to say hello to Vincent. "Hi, Judy." He stood up and shook hands. "Meet Barty Branigan, future heavyweight champion of the world and jack-of-all-trades."

Barty caught at his napkin and stood up. She shook hands. "Hello, lamb," she greeted him.

"Lamb?" Vincent repeated. He looked from Judy to Barty and back again. "You two haven't met before?"

"No," she shook her head. "Lamb fits him. He's being led to slaughter."

"Nice work, Judy." Vincent grinned. "I can always depend upon you to give me a big build-up." He turned to Barty. "You mustn't mind Judy O'Grady," he said. "She goes to fights to jeer and scoff. She has an anti-fight complex."

Judy's lips smiled, but her eyes did

(Continued on page 28)

Sophisticated Lady

By Henry Anton Steig

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

"Nothing much to tell," she said. "I'm just a working girl"

Allen Tarlow and his overpowering attachment. Living proof that a broken heart has never yet killed anybody

TO ALLEN TARLOW, impressed with the weight of his eighteen years, the party was a failure. There was too much of a crowd to make dancing enjoyable and he didn't care to join in the boisterous fun-making, which had begun to strike him as childish and undignified. Actually, he felt a lot older than eighteen. Upon his advancement to the status of a college sophomore, a month before, at the beginning of the fall semester, the recent humble freshman days had for him immediately become part of the dim, distant past.

"Bunch of silly kids," he muttered to Janet Fisher, whom, with himself, he had been trying to extricate from a tight tangle of bodies in a corner of the room. "Can't even hear the radio. Let's give up."

There was no place to sit and they had to stand against a wall. Janet brushed a wisp of silky black hair away from her gray eyes, fanned herself with a tiny handkerchief, and looked up at Allen with concern.

"Not having much fun, are you?" she asked.

"No. I'm bored," Allen said, frowning.

"Bored? At one of Ruth Hickson's parties? That's almost blasphemy," Janet said. "I don't remember your ever having been bored before."

The Hickson home was a small, two-story brick house, one of a segregated group toward the upper end of the city, and it was much more the place for a party than were the homes of any of the rest of the crowd, all of whom lived in apartment houses. Besides, Ruth's parents had the good sense to keep out of the way.

"Yeah, well, guess I'm getting too old for this sort of thing," Allen sighed and, as always, when he felt strongly about something, he rubbed his eyebrow. Janet suddenly seemed a child. Sweet sixteen—bah! Nothing sweet about it. Well—sweet, maybe, but that wasn't enough.

JANET was worried. It was just a bit past ten o'clock and one could not decently leave much before midnight. The prospect of Allen's boredom being extended for two more hours made her a bit panicky. She told herself that she was not to blame but she could not shake off a feeling of responsibility. She tried desperately to say something bright, to amuse him, but the few phrases she did manage to utter sounded stupid and the guilty feeling persisted.

Then there was a little flutter of excitement in the foyer and Harriet Falk, unescorted, made her entrance. Harriet was past twenty, which was pretty old and made her, quite definitely, a woman. Her hair was extremely blond, chemically. She was slim and dark-eyed and seemed quite tall, much taller than she really was. Draped in black, in what seemed more like an evening gown than a party dress, she made a daring impression, though it was hard to tell just why. Perhaps the color of her undergarments, glinting faintly through the filmy black outer covering, was too exactly the color of her skin. There was something daring, in fact, about her whole getup—even the perfume of which, an oversensitive person might have said, there was too much. Allen had never met her before and her effect upon him, heightened by his peculiarly receptive mood, was terrific. Janet ceased to exist for him.

The smile of condescension that Harriet wore while being introduced to the others she hadn't met vanished when Ruth Hickson introduced her to Allen. She decided, in one quick glance of appraisal, considering his height, his athletic build, his lean brown face and the darker brown of his curly hair, that he was a very attractive youth. She held out her hand and Allen took it and found it hard to let go. He released it only when he realized that he had, perhaps, held it too long. He stuttered his request for a dance and she accepted.

JANET, watching him covertly, noticed that he seemed to enjoy dancing now; that he was apparently unmindful of the limited space of which he had complained just a few minutes before. They danced together for a long time and Allen didn't once look at Janet. Later she saw him elbow his way through the crowd to the refreshment table and struggle back with a drink for Harriet, who waited, posing like a queen, in a particularly favorable light near a window. At about eleven o'clock, Allen slipped out to the sun porch with Harriet. As if that were a cue, Janet went to the foyer, got her hat and coat, made an apology to her hostess and went away.

In a lovers' seat on the sun porch, Allen and Harriet sat together as intimately as the falsely named contraption would allow, and talked. That is, Allen talked and Harriet encouragingly listened, with a worldly poise that he thought was admirable and that made him feel there was a spiritual bond between them. He had never clearly defined to himself his own attitude toward the world but now he thought of it as the same sort of tolerant cynicism that Harriet displayed in her mannerisms. He held her marvelously soft, warm, slender hand and talked as he had never talked before, about himself. Only a couple of years now, he said importantly, and he'd be an engineer. Then he'd start building bridges—big ones, spanning wide rivers.

Harriet said that that was simply grand, and stole a glance at her wrist watch.

"Gee, what time is it?" Allen asked, suddenly reminded of Janet. He was conscience-stricken, but there was, too, a strong feeling of annoyance.

"Two minutes of twelve," Harriet said. "And it seems I just got here." She leaned toward him and smiled.

Allen's face flushed. "Will you pardon me? I'll be right back," he said. She squeezed his hand and nodded.

Allen went to find Ruth. "What's happened to Janet?" he asked.

Ruth was a high-school mate of Janet's and a close friend. She looked at Allen witheringly.

"Fine time to ask," she said.

"Never mind that. Where is she?"

"She had a headache and went home."

"Didn't say anything to me about it."

"She didn't want you to leave the party on her account. Said she'd get home all right. Very thoughtful girl, Janet."

"Oh," Allen said. Ruth abruptly turned away.

"Anything wrong?" Harriet asked him when he had rejoined her.

"No. Nothing wrong." And with that, Allen's conscience cleared. He'd taken Janet to the party and she had seen fit to leave without him—without even a word. Jealous—of course. That kid! She had a nerve. He wouldn't waste any more time on her.

"You look cute when you frown," Harriet said, looking up at him as he stood in front of her, rubbing his eyebrow. Quite a cute lad, altogether, she was thinking.

"Please," Allen said nervously. "Anything but 'cute.' "

She said she felt chilly, so Allen took her indoors—just in time to hear someone suggest a kissing game. That was too much. He smiled crookedly at Harriet as if to say, "Well, that's all you can expect from these children." Understandingly, she smiled back at him. They went for their wraps. "So long, everybody," Allen called into the living room.

HARRIET lived in an old, shabbily dignified apartment house, not far away. Allen drove her home in his shiny little roadster. She leaned on his shoulder, all the way, and when they got out of the car Allen felt a bit drunk from her perfumed proximity.

"It's just a couple of flights up," Harriet said in the musty-smelling lobby. "Let's not wait for the elevator." Allen followed her to the stairway. At the top of the first flight, she paused and swayed dismally. "Didn't realize how tired I was," she said. Going up the next flight, Allen had to put his arm around her waist. "How strong you are!" she said. "Oh, you're light as a feather," the flattered Allen answered.

She stopped at her door, turned and looked at him through half-closed eyes. His arm was still around her and he bent forward over her. The brim of his hat, which he had forgotten to remove, bent against her forehead. Damn the hat! He called himself a clumsy oaf and, in confusion, he quickly withdrew his arm, said good night, and left her.

Allen drove home much too fast—swung into the public garage in high gear and barely missed the night watchman. He found the apartment dark. He tiptoed to his bedroom and stared out of the window at the street lights below. He thought of Harriet. What a woman! But he'd been a chump. She had, of course, expected him to kiss her. Well—next time!

She sounded friendly when he called her the next evening, but said she couldn't see him—had no evenings free for the rest of the week.

"How about going driving with me Saturday afternoon?" Allen asked.

"Swell. But you'll have to get me home early. I have an engagement in the evening."

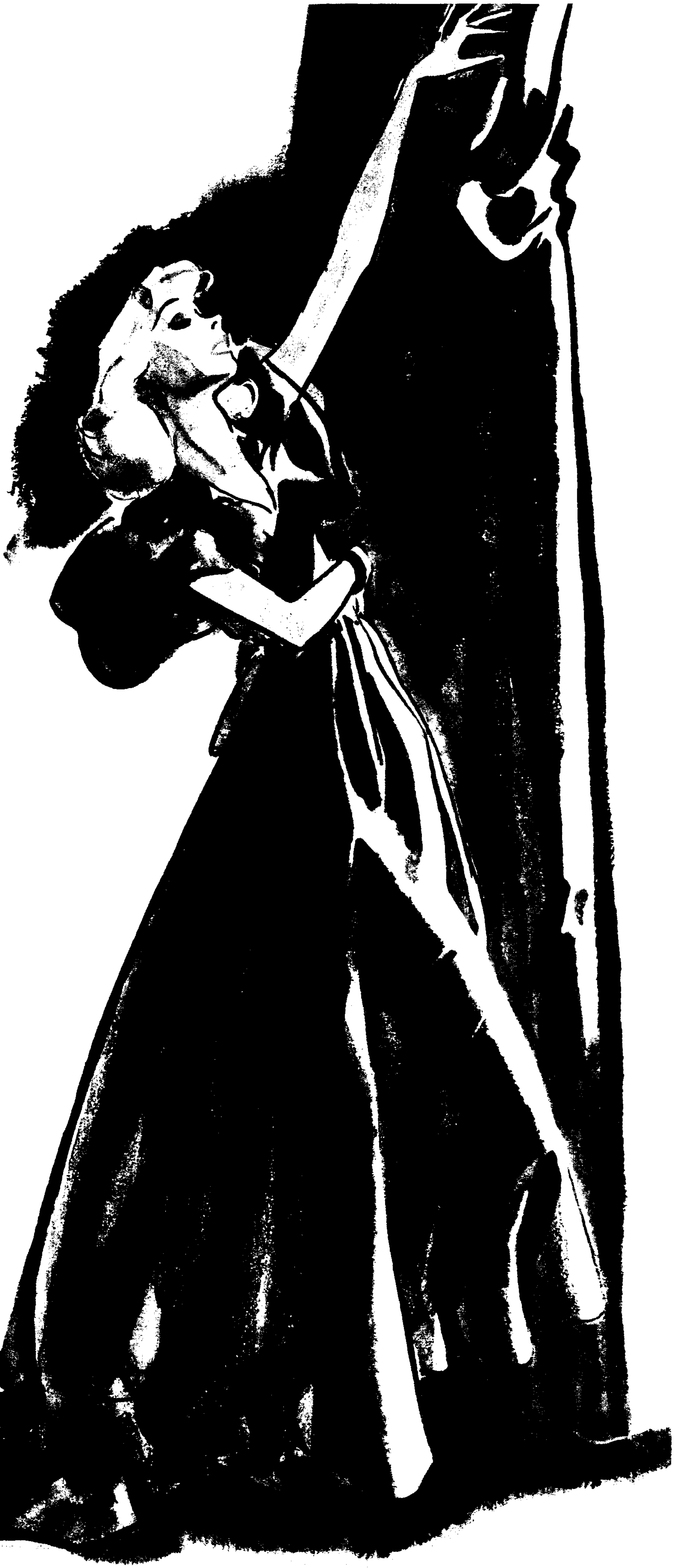
"Oh," he said jealously. "Well, see you two o'clock, Saturday."

He felt jealous, more and more so, all week. In that condition, unable to keep his mind on his work, he got two zeros in the physics quiz class, the first ones of the term.

SATURDAY afternoon he got to Harriet's house a half hour too early. He drove around the block and back to her house again. He was still a few minutes early, but he could wait no longer. Harriet squealed in dismay when she met him at the door. She was in a dressing robe and her hair was disarranged. She introduced him to her parents—a heavy, beetle-browed man and a thin, harried-looking woman—and hurried to her room to finish dressing. Mr. Falk said that it looked like a nice day and then sank into an easy chair with a newspaper. Mrs. Falk carried on the conversation about the weather. Allen wanted to talk about something else but didn't know what. Mrs. Falk gave him no lead and Mr. Falk practically ignored him. There was a bad twenty minutes for Allen, and then Harriet was ready. Allen couldn't get out of the house too quickly.

Outside, the city was being treated to a rare taste of Indian summer. It was sunny, with just a mild, warm breeze blowing. Allen had the top of his car down. Traffic was heavy until, at last, they left the highway for a side road. They came to a wide, yellow-green field, with hills in the distance. Some large maples, turning red, leaned over the road. Harriet agreed with Allen that it was as nice a spot, probably, as they were likely to find. Allen parked the car near an old fence. He hopped

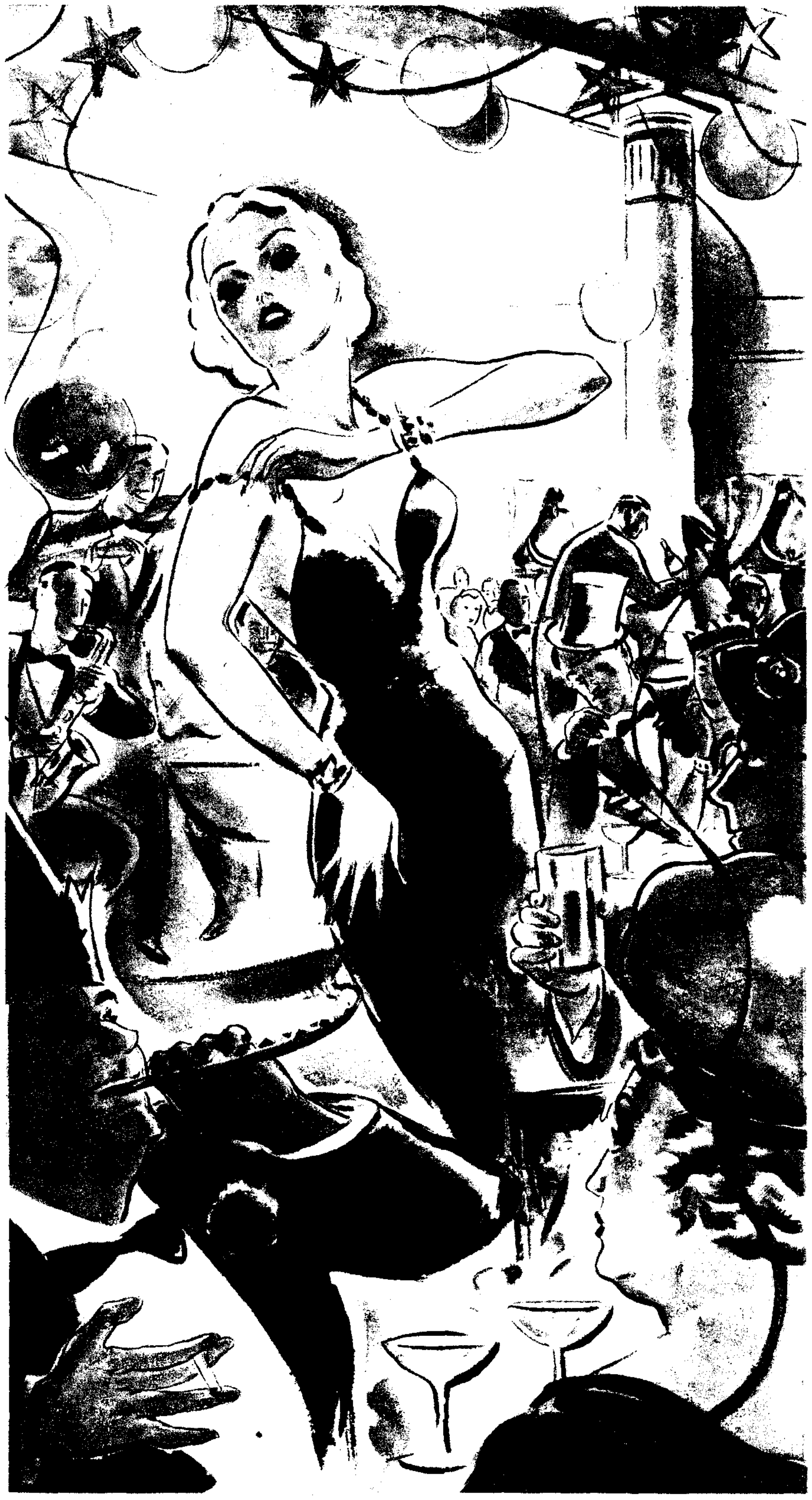
(Continued on page 32)



He struggled back with a drink for Harriet, who waited, posing like a queen, in a particularly favorable light near a window

The Captain's Dinner

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan



Miss Pollock was, to be truthful, starting her strip-tease routine

AT TABLE G-3 in the dining saloon of the S. S. Georgia, cabin-class liner, Mrs. Ned T. Johnson of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, remarked to Mrs. J. O. Stevens of Terre Haute, Indiana, that this certainly was a gala captain's dinner.

"We didn't have a blowout like this on the Berengaria, did we, Ned?" said Mrs. Johnson.

"Is it his birthday?" asked Mr. Johnson, reaching for his glass.

"Compliments of the captain, sir," said the steward, standing at his chair.

They all looked at the captain, a gaunt, grim man not given to smiling: now he was bowing and grinning at the room, fluttering his hand in an unaccustomed and silly-looking gesture.

At table B-1, Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Goldstein of New York City were feeling very bitter and superior. Mrs. Goldstein had been seasick ever since the ship left Liverpool and had consented to emerge from her cabin only because it was the captain's dinner.

"So this is what they call us to the dining room half an hour early for. Old Home Week. Ha!"

"Get a load of the cap'n. Trying to be just one of the boys and don't know how!"

"What is it—his wedding anniversary or somepin?"

"Naw. The owners make him do it. The cap'n's gotta loosen up just one night on every trip."

Mrs. Goldstein sniffed and shuddered. "Is that really necessary? Do they *got* to do it?"

She pointed toward four incense pots which rested on pedestals defining a cleared space before the captain's table. The incense pots were smoking rather furiously and filling the room with a Chinese odor. Even as Mrs. Goldstein pointed, the ship's orchestra came down from the balcony and started setting up around the pedestaled space.

"There's gonna be a floor show! On a cabin boat! This might be lousy enough to be funny!"

"I can't stand this smell. I'm going back to the cabin—"

"Hey, wait—the old geezer's gonna make a speech. Don't miss it!"

THE captain did not make much of a speech. He merely announced that as a special attraction the steward's quartet would "—Uh—do—what I believe is called a comedy turn in the profession. Or, in other words, sing with their thumbs in the soup."

Loud laughter and handclapping as four stewards, rather ill at ease, shuffled onto the exhibition floor.

Soon the Goldsteins were having such a good time panning the performers that Mrs. Goldstein forgot her seasickness.

At Table C-10, there were four middle-aged schoolteachers from Cleveland; Mrs. Jasper Goodrich of Waco, Texas, a veteran traveler; and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lindley, honeymooners of Sioux City, Iowa.

Mrs. Goodrich waited until the stewards had finished "Roses of Picardy" and the encore, "Danny Boy."

"The captain's drunk!" she said.

The schoolteachers peered toward the captain's table, beginning to be frightened. Young Mr. and Mrs. Lindley exchanged glances. They did not like Mrs. Goodrich.

"I don't think you should say that," said Mr. Lindley. "He's just having a good time."

"He hasn't had but one glass of champagne," said Mrs. Lindley. "I've been watching him."

Mrs. Goodrich sniffed. "It's undignified—drunk or sober."

"Look," said a schoolteacher. "He's asking *her* to do something!"

Table C-10 was all interest now. The captain had walked over to a table near his own where sat, among three men passengers, Miss Daphne Pollock of Chicago. It had been quite evident to all the passengers that Miss Pollock was an actress, perhaps even worse. Now, the spectacle of the tall, grizzled captain playfully cajoling this creature amid titters and giggles had the stuff of drama.

"Disgusting!" said Mrs. Goodrich.

The captain clapped his hands for attention, while a saxophone player tooted his instrument with a flourish.

"Miss Daphne Pollock has kindly consented to entertain you," said the captain. "Miss Pollock will do what I—uh—understand is—er—a take-off on Mother Eve!"

Table stewards dawdled with the business of clearing away for dessert. The orchestra struck up a naughty tune about "A Little Brown Gal in a Little Grass Shack in Hawaii."

"She's going to dance!" gasped a schoolteacher at Table C-10.

Near by, the ship's smoking-room drunk lurched up from his table and yelled: "Zowie!"

At Table E-4 sat Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fenimore of Hays, Kansas. For them the evening had been a series of seismic shocks. They had a proprietary interest in the S. S. Georgia and its captain, since Mr. Fenimore was first cousin to Alanson J. Fenimore, president of the American Mercantile Lines, Inc.

"James, she *is* going to dance!"

"I don't know what's come over Bradburn. Giving these people all the champagne they can drink—and now this. He's commodore of the line, you know—"

"We should have sat at his table as he wanted us to. We could have stopped it—James, look—she's dancing improperly already—"

MISS DAPHNE POLLOCK was dancing quite improperly. She was, to be truthful, starting her strip-tease routine.

Mr. Fenimore, looking, winced.

"I'm afraid I'll have to report this!"

"You certainly will—"

A gasp halted Mrs. Fenimore. To the accompaniment of provocative music, raucous whoops of delight from sundry male passengers and nervous titters from female passengers, Miss Pollock let fall the first item of her apparel.

"Her dress—"

"Isn't he going to stop her?"

"No—look!"

"This will be a scandal. I'll have to report him—"

"Attract his attention, James. Frown!"

"A fine captain to command a ship—"

Mr. Fenimore made an effort to catch Captain Bradburn's eyes. But the captain was concentrated on Miss Pollock's performance. He sat there surrounded by scandalized passengers, nodding his head in time to the music.

"James—go to the purser!"

"The purser's acting just as bad."

"She's taking off her—James, this must be stopped at once! Go over there and order him to stop it! Exert your authority!"

"No. I—uh—had better report it to Cousin Alanson. She's—uh—got to stop in a moment—"

"James, I am leaving the room!"

"No. Wait. I'll need you as a witness. We'll have to be able to testify just how far he allowed her to go!"

"Your Cousin Alanson will dismiss him for this. Ohhhhhh—"

Loud shouts and whoops from the center of revelry drowned out Mrs. Fenimore's stricken squawk. Miss Pollock was down to the last stitch.

At the captain's table the ship's third officer, who had tiptoed in while Miss Pollock hesitated with her shoulder straps, leaned close to the captain's ear.

"Fire under control, sir!" he whispered.

The captain nodded and got to his feet.

"That will do. Thank you!" he said, blushing.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST EPSTEIN

DID YOU SAY ACTION?

There's plenty doing when Bob Bullock's in the game!

GOING into the Flamingo Polo Club, the first thing you see is a statue of Robert S. Bullock — one of the great No. 3's of polo—a courageous, hard-riding defense man and a consistent, accurate hitter.

Polo enthusiasts will agree with Mr. Bullock that it takes healthy nerves to play polo—nerves that don't falter or fail in a pinch. And millions of Camel smokers will nod assent, too, when Bob Bullock says:

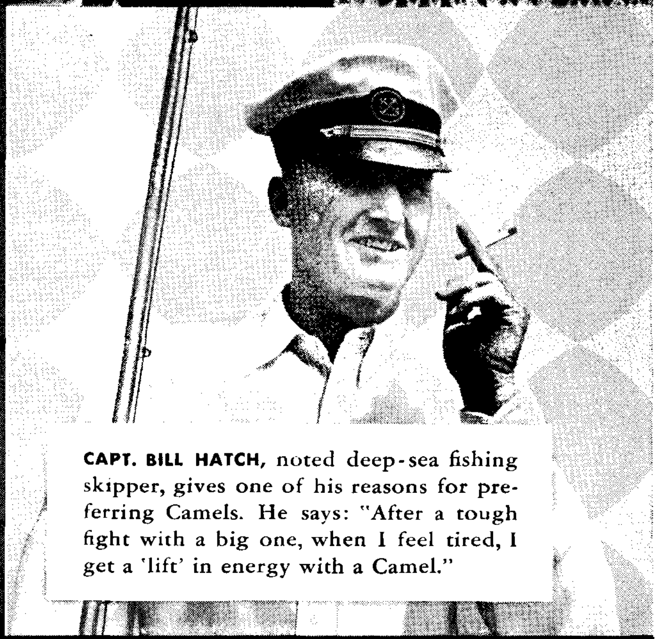
"Camels deserve the blue ribbon for mildness and mellowness. I've smoked Camels for years. They never jangle my nerves."

Mealtime *(right)* finds Bob, as usual, enjoying Camels. "Smoking Camels at mealtimes and afterwards adds a world of enjoyment to eating," he says.

Tobacco Experts say:

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand

WHERE EFFICIENCY COUNTS. As this busy secretary, Miss Rosamond Morse, says: "I can't afford to have jangled nerves—ever. That's my most important reason for preferring a milder cigarette—Camels."



CAPT. BILL HATCH, noted deep-sea fishing skipper, gives one of his reasons for preferring Camels. He says: "After a tough fight with a big one, when I feel tired, I get a 'lift' in energy with a Camel."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE

Costlier Tobaccos!

CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

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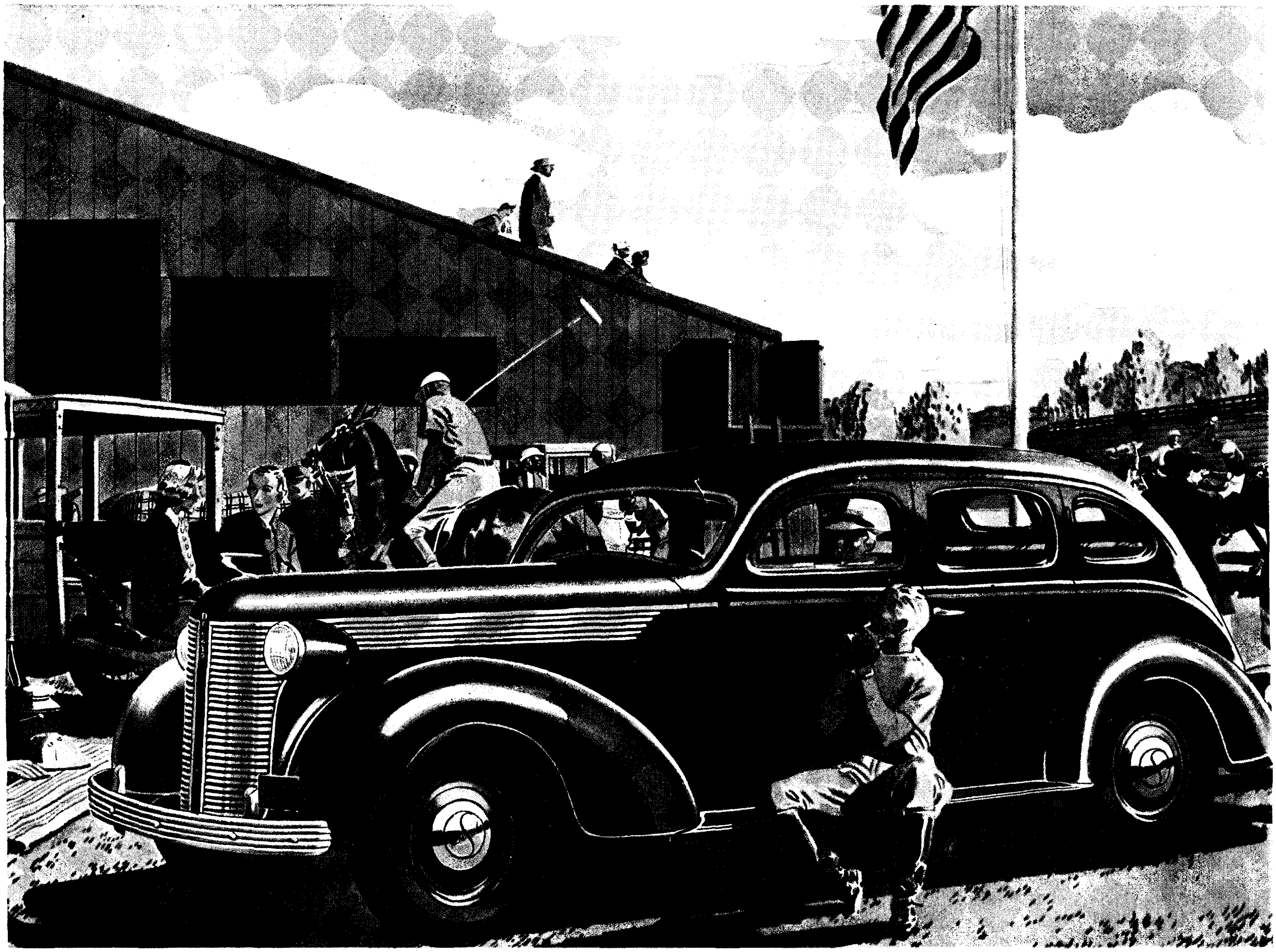
GREATEST CAR VALUE IN AMERICA TODAY!



Are We Exaggerating? Read these Facts...Judge For Yourself

When owners say that the new De Soto is the *greatest car value in America today*, they are basing their opinion on hard facts.

Facts that tens of thousands of new De Soto owners have proved in millions of miles of driving.

From the very first, this new De Soto was skilfully planned to give you *more for your money*.

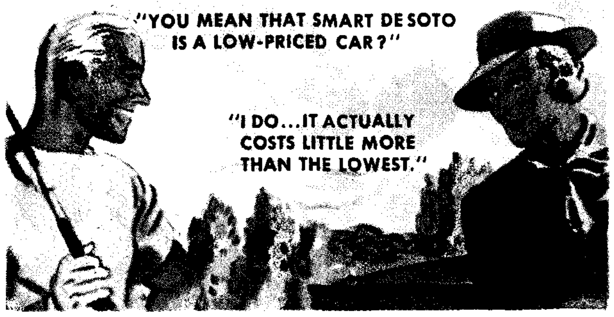
More in roominess and comfort...the *big* car in the low-price field...plenty of room for six.

More in performance and economy...a powerful 93-h.p. "Economy Engine."

More in riding comfort...four new double-acting hydraulic shock-absorbers.

More in safety...genuine hydraulic brakes and a one-piece steel top on a safety-steel body.

And more in smartness, too!...Yet De Soto is now priced just above the lowest! De Soto Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Mich.


"YOU MEAN THAT SMART DE SOTO IS A LOW-PRICED CAR?"
"I DO...IT ACTUALLY COSTS LITTLE MORE THAN THE LOWEST."

"HEARD ABOUT DE SOTO? IT'S NOW PRICED JUST ABOVE THE LOWEST!"

High light features: 1. New 93-h.p. "Economy Engine." 2. New ride...with 14 "Float" Body Mountings and "Airplane-type" Shock-absorbers. 3. First complete Sound-Proofing. 4. Safety-Steel Body, one-piece steel top. 5. Genuine Hydraulic Brakes. Ask for Official Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan.

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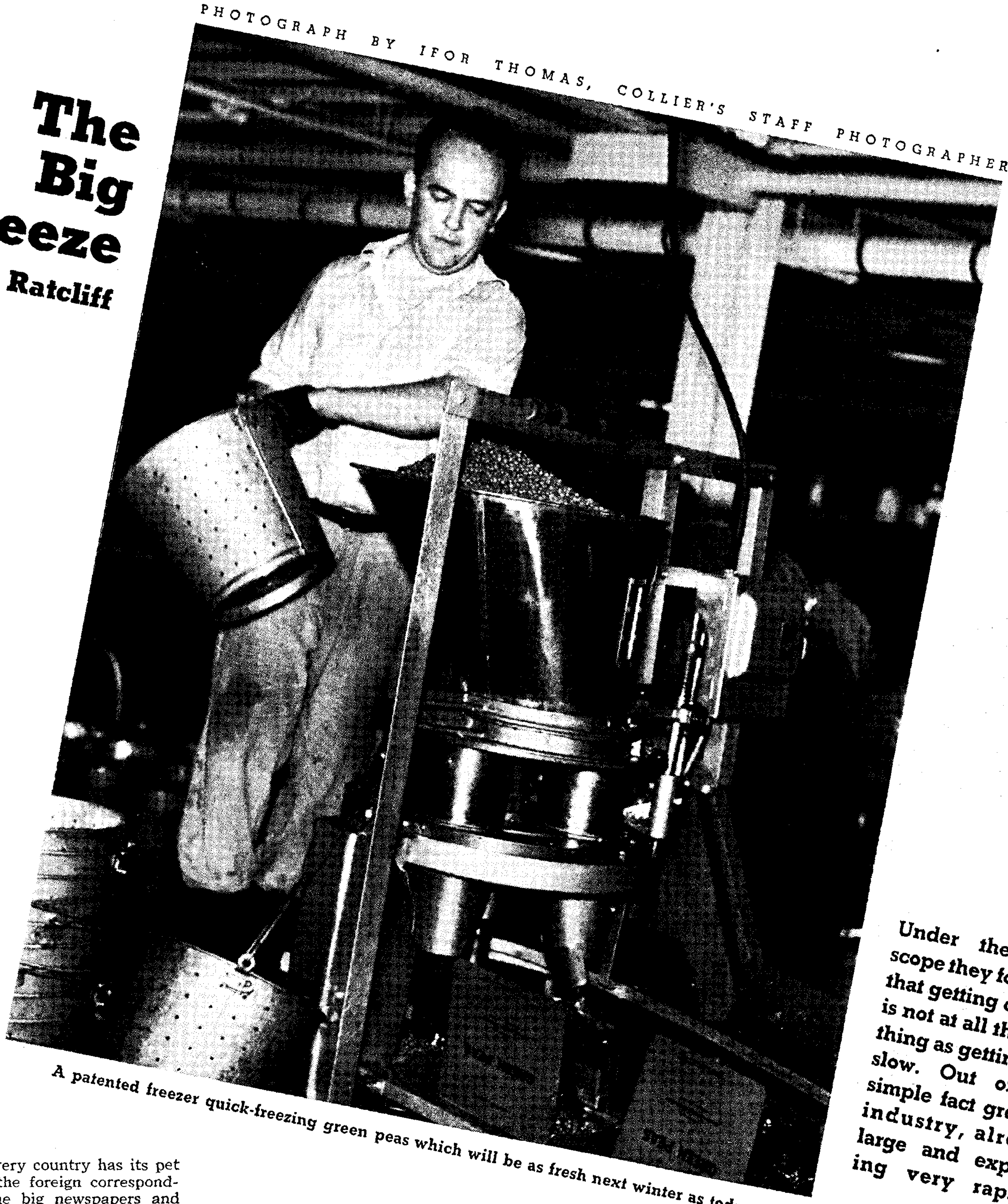
DE SOTO

America's Smartest Low-Priced Car!

The Big Freeze

By J. D. Ratcliff

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



A patented freezer quick-freezing green peas which will be as fresh next winter as today

Under the microscope they found out that getting cold fast is not at all the same thing as getting cold slow. Out of that simple fact grew an industry, already large and expanding very rapidly

NEARLY every country has its pet story for the foreign correspondents of the big newspapers and press associations. Rio specializes in jungle reports of a white god who answers the description of the long-missing American flyer, Paul Redfern. Warsaw's hardy perennial concerns the backwoods couple who kill a stranger for his money, then discover he is their long-lost son.

Riga reports an uprising in the Red Army whenever business is slow on the cables, and Moscow has its mammoth story. This one usually runs to a pattern. A Siberian trapper has lost all of his food to wolves. After he has stumbled along for days, on the verge of starvation, he spies a clump of fur sticking out of the ice. He chops the ice away and finds that the fur belongs to a mammoth—one of the hairy elephants that became extinct some 20,000 years ago.

So perfectly has the beast been preserved by the cold that the trapper cuts himself off a steak, eats it and plows happily back to civilization.

Preposterous though it sounds, the mammoth story just happens to be true. Pictures are available of a mammoth exhumed in a nearly perfect state of preservation as recently as 1935. So far as scientists know, meat, if frozen properly, can easily survive for twenty millenniums. Furthermore, there is evidence that more plebeian things than mammoth steaks—strawberries, lobsters and asparagus, for example—become practically immortal if chilled properly and kept at a sufficiently low temperature.

This new knowledge hasn't been used merely to amuse a group of fact-seeking research men. On it rests a brand-new industry: the quick-frozen foods industry. To prevent confusion cast *frozen* foods out of your mind. The new industry has nothing to do with the frozen fish and chickens that most housewives complain so bitterly about.

The new industry was born during the depression and today is in about the same position that the canning industry was in fifty years ago. Each year since its inception it has grown at least fifty per cent over the previous year. If it continues to grow—there is every indication that it will—count on it for a heavy proportion of the victuals you will eat in your old age.

It is making all manner of goofy things possible: oyster stew in August, and corn on the cob for Christmas dinner; asparagus in October and strawberry shortcake for Thanksgiving. The industry's ability to laugh at the calendar rests on the fact that its foods may be months old. But its oysters taste just as fresh as if they had just been scooped out of Chesapeake Bay, and its corn just as tender and sugary as ears pulled a few hours before.

Against nature, you might think. And you certainly cite illustrious examples to establish your point. Freezing, you may properly contend, turns potatoes black and peas brown. It makes them leathery and inedible.

But *quick* freezing doesn't.

There is a world of difference between the two methods. You can get a graphic picture of it by looking inside a bean. We'll take a sliver and place it under a microscope. The cellular structure looks like a honeycomb, each cell being filled with viscous liquid. If we put our microscope and our bean sliver in a cold atmosphere—say 25 degrees F.—you can see what happens when freezing is slow.

Long, jagged, irregular ice crystals start forming within the cell. They grow and finally form a solid conglomerate with needles shooting off like the quills on a porcupine. Finally the mass becomes so large that it punctures cell walls. This is all very well, so long as the sliver of bean remains frozen.

But, once thawed, extensive change takes place. The liquid in the cells—mineral salts and other products that give the bean its taste—leak away. There's nothing left but a flabby, unattractive mass of vegetable matter. It is tasteless, worthless.

Thirty years ago a scientist named Planck observed this happening and wondered if there weren't some way of preventing it. He wasn't so much interested in preserving vegetables as he was in finding new laws of crystal formation. Planck was a pure scientist bent on discovering basic new principles. He found that in freezing any fluid there was a zone of maximum crystallization. Simplified, this simply means that in a certain temperature zone the biggest crystals are formed. He found this zone to lie between 25 and 31 degrees F.

It occurred to other investigators that if you could whip vegetables through this zone rapidly enough you would get a different set of crystals within the cells. They tried all sorts of methods. They immersed vegetables in liquid air, sprayed them with brines at 50 degrees below zero, and froze them between plates packed in dry ice.

A Fascinating Tale of Organization

To see what happens when this is done, let's slip another sliver of bean under the microscope, then quick-freeze it by one of these methods. This time, instead of the large porcupine mass, billions of tiny, needlelike crystals form. They are usually about a hundredth the size of the slow-frozen crystals. But the important point is this: they pack themselves tightly together like toothpicks and do not break the cell walls. On this phenomenon is built the new industry that each year increases its sales over the year before by several millions of dollars.

You'll find these foods in the retail markets of a relatively small section of the country. However, they reach institutional outlets in forty-five states. You've certainly eaten the quick-frozen peas on railroad diners and the flounder fillets in hotels. The retail outlets have lagged behind for the quite simple reason that packers, in their wildest flights of fancy, have been unable to foresee with what enthusiasm the public would receive their products.

So each year markets have consumed the 50 per cent increase in production and packers haven't had the chance to extend retail outlets as they hoped to. Furthermore, toward the end of the quick-frozen season—they are generally calculated to compete with out-of-season vegetables—sales pressure has been stopped. Otherwise supplies wouldn't last.

The means by which these things reach the market is a fascinating tale of organization that would make the owner of a highly mechanized circus feel like a hopeless blunderer. Here again the story starts in the laboratory. Let's take a look at the largest packer in the field.

Before he starts freezing any foods he first decides what varieties best lend themselves to the process. When the company started on peas, for example, it found the high-starch peas which made admirable canning varieties didn't work out well in the freezing process. The high-sugar garden varieties did. This, however, was discovered only after 105 varieties had been given the most exhaustive tests.

Once varieties are decided upon the packer sends out his soil chemists to find spots where they will best grow. Other men make exhaustive studies of rainfall, sunshine and total length of growing season in any locality that appears as a likely growing spot. Once all these details are meticulously covered, the company's real-estate men enter the picture. If there happens to be a large farm or cannery in the neighborhood, they will lease it. Then they will take on contracts for crops from adjoining farms. Possibly the land leased will total 8,000 acres—quite a nice-sized vegetable garden.

Following the Sun

Crop engineers will lay the whole project out. They will decree that on one day peas shall be planted which must mature on a certain date. Possibly they will plant 300 acres. Next day they will order 500 acres of a certain type of spinach planted, the next string beans. Dates of maturity are planned in advance, leaving just as few imponderables to God and nature as possible.

"You're so adventurous, Alfred, when it comes to ice cream!"

DOROTHY MC KAY

All these data are handed over to schedule men who must plan to have the bulky freezing and packaging equipment on hand at the precise date required. Also they must see to it that refrigerator cars are there and that space is available for storage in great central warehouses.

Actual freezing begins in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas in January with crops of broccoli, spinach and peas. Once this crop is packed the circus train starts following the sun northward. Flatcar after flatcar of the bulky refrigerators start rolling.

These freezing units are about the size of a large packing case and each one is self-contained. It has its own compressors, motors and brine-circulating apparatus.

These will be snaked off the train to pack shrimps and strawberries in New Orleans in March. At Norfolk, Virginia, units pause for strawberries in April and May. In New Jersey, beans, peas and spinach will be ready in June; other vegetables in upper New York in July. Maine corn and squash will be ready in August. Then the packing equipment moves on to Halifax for lobster and scallops in September and October. Possibly some units have been deflected to Indiana to pack chickens and turkeys or to Oregon for peaches; to be used in these places to supplement stationary equipment.

At the moment the quick freezers are busy in Fort Wayne packing chickens, in Hillsboro, Oregon, freezing berries and in New Jersey packaging vegetables. You'll get a better notion of the split-second precision of the process if we look in on one of these operations.

The New Jersey plant packs vegetables from the East's largest truck farm. For sake of chronology let's suppose that the quick freezers have just arrived to supplement those already on hand. Fast work is necessary, for the vegetables are maturing rapidly and can't be packed if they are in anything short of prime condition.

The freezers are set up in a shed and checked to insure good operation. Then tractor-towed reapers start through the pea fields. They clip the plants off at the ground and feed them into the "viners." The viner is a kind of threshing machine, equipped with fast-moving paddles which whack the peas out of the pod. A conveyor carries the pod and vine away to be used for cattle food.

All Within Five Hours

The peas are fed into the sorters, where they are sized. After this they are vacuum-cleaned to remove bits of vine and pod; then they go to the blanchers, where a spray of steam shoots over them.

This is a vastly important step. The steam stops all—or nearly all—enzyme action. Enzymes are the microscopic ferments that cause a host of reactions—rot being one of the commonest. You can also blame them when corn bought at a market doesn't taste like it used to on the farm. Enzymes change 17 per cent of corn's sugar to starch every 24 hours it is stored at 70 degrees F.

After this treatment the peas go into a vat of salty water. Those that are hard and overripe sink to the bottom. The prime ones are skimmed off the top. Next—still automatically, of course—they are poured into cartons and sealed. Then they are ready for the freezer and its 50-degrees-below-zero temperature. They shoot through the zone of maximum crystallization, and only the tiniest, most impotent, crystals form.

The process sounds long and intricate. Actually less than five hours elapse from the time the mowing machine starts until the peas are packed in trucks or specially insulated refrigerator cars. It's all so finely timed and schedules are so meticulously adhered to that in the space of 300 minutes a growing pea finds itself riding an express freight.

The railroad cars are something out of the ordinary. Instead of the usual two inches of insulation, they are packed with eight inches of cold-conserving materials. They are generally kept at zero with dry ice—product of another depression baby industry. This refrigerant is gaseous carbon dioxide—collected mostly from the fermentation vats in distilleries—and compressed into a solid state.

Specially built trucks are likewise used for transport. These rumbling refrigerators also maintain zero temperatures and also use dry ice.

The big central warehouses, whither goes all this produce, present a curious spectacle. At the moment you are probably melting your collar and wilting your linen suit. Workers in a vast warehouse at Newark, New Jersey, which supplies metropolitan New York with quick-frozen foods, are shivering. They are wearing bulky sheepskin coats, woolen helmets, mittens, and heavy socks and boots. Temperatures in the storage rooms that will be furnishing you out-of-season vegetables next winter vary between zero and ten below.

Preparing for the Lean Years

How long these products can be stored without losing their garden-fresh flavor no one knows. Recently a few executives of one of the larger companies had a luncheon of meats and vegetables that were packed in an experimental plant ten years ago. If the refrigeration temperature is lowered to —30 degrees F., there is evidence that the products will last indefinitely. At commercial temperatures used today two to three years seems to be about right.

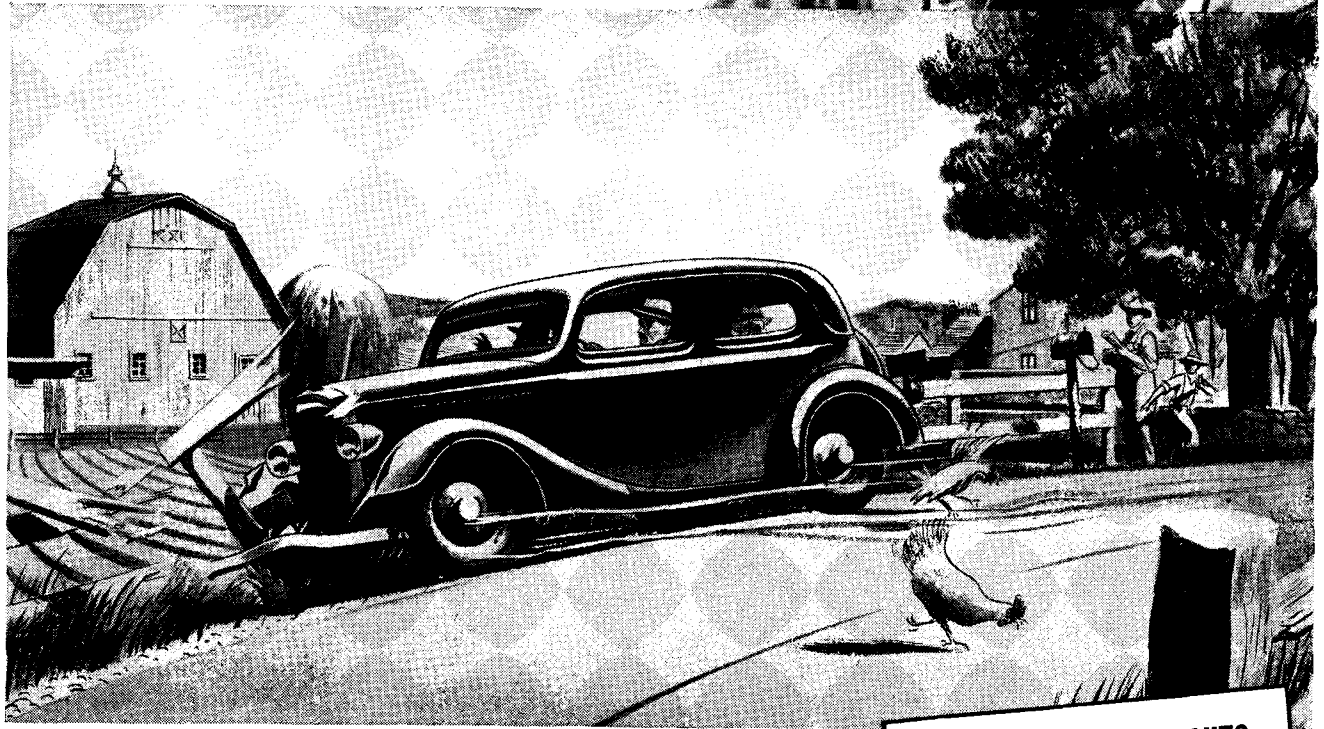
Vitamins—those inestimably important dietary factors—apparently don't diminish in the vegetables. In some tests they have been found to run even higher than in sample vegetables taken from market stalls. Since vitamins aren't spontaneously generated by the cold, the only conclusion to draw is that the low content in the market samples was due to an overlong time gap between harvest and test.

There are 30-odd companies in the field and they are packing over fifty varieties of foods. Their fruits range from peaches to young berries; their meats from link sausages to beefsteaks. In the poultry line they pack broilers and turkeys and they can supply nearly any vegetable you can name. Plans are now being laid for a bigger 1938. In all likelihood packing will start shortly after Christmas in Puerto Rico or the Virgin Islands.

Potentialities can only be estimated. There seems to be no reason why a country with a war on the way couldn't stock prime vegetables to supply food needs for a period of years. Also, there seems to be no reason why Biblical rules of economy shouldn't be followed by stocking up in fat years with food to be eaten in lean years.

A TRUE STORY BY ZANE GREY

HE WAS RIDING ON DYNAMITE AND NEVER KNEW IT UNTIL..



The right front tire blew out. Flying wheels mowed down fence posts.

"...This Close Shave," says Zane Grey, Famous Author, "Should Make Motorists Think Twice Before Gambling on Tires"

THERE WAS one thing that Edward Zachary of Hartford, Connecticut, looked forward to—and that was his regular week-end spin out into the wide-open spaces.

Nothing suited him better than to open the throttle and "get away from it all." Not that he was a reckless driver. On the contrary, Ed Zachary was plenty strict when it came to observing traffic rules.

But there is one motoring mishap that the best of drivers cannot forecast. And it caught Mr. Zachary completely off guard.

BANG! Then What?

He was whizzing along at a good clip. He had the North Ford Road practically to himself when BANG! Quicker than a Texas Ranger could draw a gun, the right front tire blew out. An uncontrollable drag yanked the car smack alongside of a guardrail. Flying wheels mowed down fence posts. Seconds seemed hours before the wildest ride Mr. Zachary ever had came to a sudden halt. It took plenty of starch out of him and he's now a sadder but wiser motorist. And he'll tell the world that it pays to think twice before taking chances on tires.

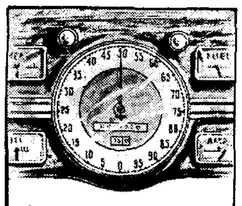
The cards may be stacked against you when you gamble on tires. Today's streamlined cars and faster driving conditions call for a *special* tire.

Many of the blow-outs you hear and read about are due to the terrific heat generated *inside* of all tires by today's high speed driving. This heat may cause rubber and fabric to separate. And if it does, an invisible blister forms. Bigger and BIGGER it grows until, sooner or later, BANG! you have a blow-out. Where you might land, what you might hit, nobody knows.

The Goodrich Safety Silvertown is just the kind of a tire you need to give you *real* protection against blow-outs like this. It's the *only* tire with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This life-saving invention is a layer of *special* rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the treacherous blowout-causing heat generated *inside* all tires by today's higher speeds. By resisting this heat, these Golden Ply Silvertowns give you, and everyone that rides with you, *real* protection against those high-speed blow-outs.

Edward Zachary has no desire to go through the mental anguish of another blow-out. From now on you'll find his car equipped with Silvertowns. For your own peace of mind—for the protection of your family and friends make *your next set of tires* Golden Ply Silvertowns. You pay no price premium for these life-saving tires and you'll find them on sale at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers everywhere.

Zane Grey



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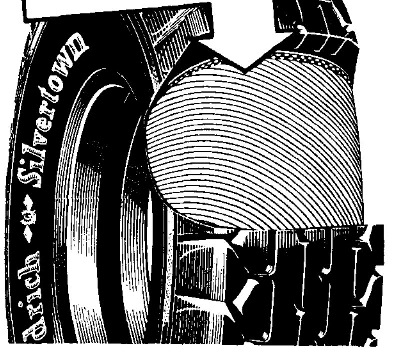

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

Smart Work

Continued from page 19

not. "No, lamb." She turned to Barty. "Listen to him and you'll have cauliflower ears, a broken nose, a few dainty beauty scars over your eyes and some day you'll run a gym like Hubert Lacey."

"Lay off, Judy," Lacey, on the other side of Vincent, spoke up. "These boys have got to fight tomorrow."

"What for?" she asked. "To build circulation for the Enterprise?"

"You're a lot of help." Lacey was annoyed. "Why don't you be a good girl," he suggested, "and go into your dance?"

"You're Judy O'Grady," Barty said, his brow wrinkled as he strove to recall something.

She smiled. "Yes. I know what you're thinking," she said. "It happens so often. Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are sisters under the skin. And I'm the daughter of Rosie O'Grady. That's why I chose it for my theme song." She looked around at the orchestra, waiting for her cue.

"You wouldn't be so nice to the champ if you knew what he said about you, Judy." Vincent smiled and looked over at her.

She looked back. "What did he say?"

"He said that as a dancer you're a faker."

Barty could have landed upon Vincent's chin with a good deal of pleasure at that moment. "I didn't say that," he protested. "I said you were faking triple wings and trenching."

She studied Barty a moment in surprise. "What big eyes you have, gran'pa—the better to see me with, I suppose. I'll bet you never fake in the ring, do you?"

Barty felt his face getting red. "Come and see me tomorrow night," he invited. "You'll probably find plenty to criticize about my style, too."

The orchestra sounded a chord. "I wouldn't miss it," she said as she floated away in rhythm.

A CONE of white light beat down upon the ring mercilessly, throwing the warp and weave of the canvas into relief. Barty could feel the weight and rumble of the crowd beyond its pale. This was his third bout within seven hours. So far, he had survived, but he was becoming weary of the thinking and mechanics of fighting, and the black boy opposite had been giving him a hard time of it for two and a half rounds. They had a half minute to go in this appointed three-round elimination and he was frankly afraid that the black boy might get the decision on points. He couldn't knock him out. It was like punching a tackling dummy, a dull thud each time and no reaction. The backs of his hands were sore. He felt every punch through the bandage and adhesive. There was something wrong about these gloves. He must speak to Lacey about it.

He ducked a fast and vicious left, blocked the black boy's right and landed a right in the exact center of the black boy's breadbasket, forcing him against the ropes in a neutral corner, but the blow had no other effect. The gong sounded and both sighed with relief. This was the black boy's third fight of the day, too, and he was sick of fighting. Unwittingly the black boy leaned back upon the ropes, resting his elbows upon them, looking across the ring through the glare at the yelling mob beyond; and, quick-wittedly, Barty jumped forward, put his gloves under the black's elbows and escorted him to his corner.

The black boy couldn't think fast enough and allowed Barty to do it. He wasn't out. He wasn't even winded. Actually he was in better shape than Barty and yet the impression was created that Barty had to assist him to his corner.

The referee walked over to the judges, picked up their slips, walked over to Barty and held up his hand. Lacey grinned and patted his shoulder affectionately.

Walking around the ring to the aisle, Barty saw Judy O'Grady in one of the press seats. He waved a glove. She smiled faintly and nodded.

BACK in the dressing room Barty lay prone upon the rubbing table, his chin pillowed upon his forearms while Lacey rubbed his back. The doctor probed his thumb and the backs of his hands tenderly and gently.

"There's something the matter with those gloves, Lacey," Barty began. "They seem to weigh all right, but it's funny, they make my wrists awfully tired and the backs of my hands get sore."

Lacey's rubbing slowed down and, looking up, Barty could see the trainer's and doctor's reflections in the mirror above the washstand, but they did not know it. The doctor was examining one of the gloves and, looking at Lacey, shook his head. Lacey patted Barty's back gently and resumed his rubbing with a will.

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"There's nothing the matter with the gloves," he said reassuringly. "We'll talk about that later. Listen to me carefully now. You're going in for your final elimination bout in about two hours."

Barty stiffened suddenly under his hands. "What? Again?" he protested.

"Yes, again," Lacey answered. "The Enterprise wants to get all of the eliminations over today. You and Bugs are the only fighters in the team I have left. You two have got to come through," he went on. "I want you to relax and rest until the doc and I call you for your bout. You're up against young Bartolini and he'll be easy to take if you do what I tell you. The main thing to remember when you're out there is to stop hiding your chin behind your left shoulder and don't pull away trying to save your face. You've done that in every set this afternoon. What's the matter with you?"

Barty lifted his chin from his forearms. "It's a good face," he said, "the only one I've got and I don't want to get it marked up."

Lacey shook his head. "I knew that O'Grady dame was bad news last night. She gave you that idea. You never had it before today. Now get what she said out of your mind. She's wacky."

Barty straightened up. "She's not wacky," he said. "Did you see Swede Olsen? His nose is broken. It will probably be crooked for the rest of his life. These are amateur bouts. I'm not getting a dime for this. If I win, I get a silver belt. So what? I'm not going to get all marked up for that."

Lacey continued rubbing. "You'll get a chance at the champion."

Barty dropped his head back upon his arms again. "That's what the Enterprise says," he answered. "I'm beginning to wonder."

Lacey slapped his shoulder. "You won't get marked up," he assured him. "Don't worry. Get over on the cot now. Lie down and relax. The doc and I are going out for a smoke."

"Do you see what I see about those gloves, Doc?" Lacey asked when they were in the smoking room.

"I'm afraid I do," the doctor nodded. "I never saw anything exactly like them before. They're regulation weight—six ounces. I weighed them; but the packing is all in the wrists. That's why the kids complain about the weight and bulk there. There's almost no packing on the backs. They're fighting practically with bare knuckles."

"Knockout gloves," Lacey said. "Get it? The Enterprise wants action. They want plenty of blood and gore; snappy action pictures for the photographers. Good fights and good pictures sell papers. Exactly what is Branigan's condition?"

"Not so good," the doctor admitted. "There's a good deal of swelling. His thumb's sprained. He can last just about three more rounds."

BACK in the dressing room Barty was dozing when Lacey shook him.

"Come on," he said. "Pretty near time."

Barty sat up, held out his hands. They were puffed and discolored. The doctor pressed them lightly and silently began applying bandage and adhesive.

"You're my last man, Barty," Lacey put his arm about his shoulder. "Don't go back on me if you can help it. Bugs was washed up in the last fight. He tried hard. Remember what I told you about that chin. Come on!"

Midway in the first round he decided that it wasn't necessary to remember Lacey's advice about his chin. He was faster than this kid Bartolini and could duck in and out at will. Bartolini landed a few love taps, but the judges were too clever, he was sure, to count these as points. There was no sense in sticking his neck out and letting Bartolini land on his chin or nose.

"Get that chin up. Remember what I told you," Lacey reminded him while working upon him at the end of the round.

Barty was fresh again when he hopped out of his corner. He might even be able to put Bartolini away, except that his right thumb was beginning to stiffen. He unleashed a right for Bartolini's chin. Bartolini blocked it and hooked his thumb. A stabbing pain shot up Barty's forearm. He decided to hold Bartolini off for the rest of the round. Bartolini let loose a left. Barty dropped his chin back into the hollow at the left of his neck and took the blow on his shoulder. He was feeling the symptoms of wear when he came back into his corner.

LACEY received his teeth protector, had him rinse out his mouth and rubbed him. "This is the last round," he said. "Everything depends upon you now, Barty. Get that chin up and go in and lick him. You can do it."

Barty danced out into the center of the ring. The customers were obviously with him. He could feel it and tell it by the yells that were coming over to him. This one must count, he decided. He brought the fight in to Bartolini, but Bartolini apparently had the same idea. They sparred and exchanged punches. Bartolini reached his jaw. Barty dropped it. They clinched and separated. The rest of the round was a haze. Vaguely he realized that his thumb was numb. Unconsciously he hid his chin behind his right shoulder, but determination was uppermost and he forced the fight for the rest of the round. Dimly he realized that of all three rings this one was now the center of attention and the customers were in their seats yelling at the end of the round.

Lacey was in his corner to receive him and patted him on the shoulder. "Nice work," he murmured as he removed the teeth protector, swabbed him off and helped him into his robe. The referee walked over to the judges, picked up their slips and started toward Barty as he read them. He halted suddenly, turned around in the glare of the cone of light, walked silently over to Bartolini and held up his hand.

Lacey and Barty followed his progress unbelievingly. There was a roar from the customers and above it all, one word rang out: "Robbery!"

"Come on, Barty!" Lacey said.

In the dressing room the noise of the arena became an echo. The doctor worked on his thumb and hands while Lacey rubbed him down. "Don't take this too hard, Barty," Lacey counseled. "You fought a good fight and you won, but the other guy got the decision. Those thieving bandits at the ringside were blind. You were cheated."

As he was dressing, Barty decided that he was glad that it was over and when he had combed his hair and put on his hat, Lacey put his arm around his shoulder. "Come with the doc and

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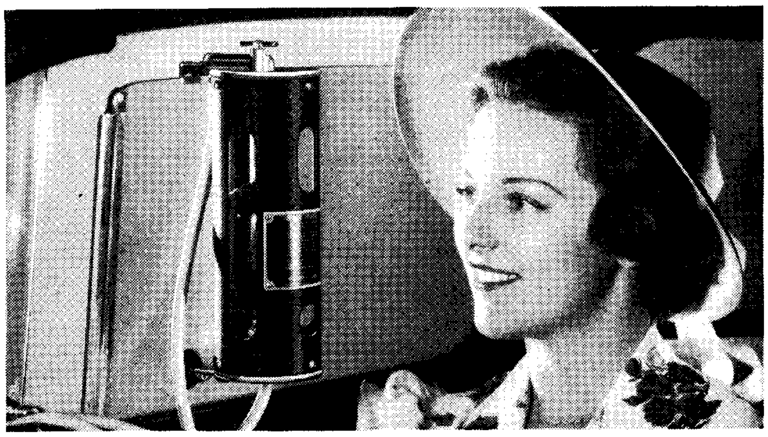

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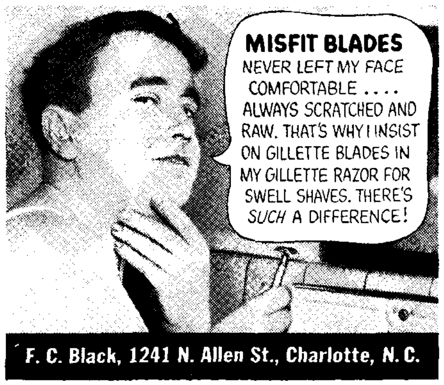
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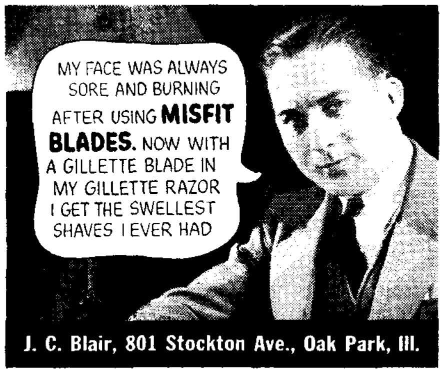
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me," he invited. "No more training now. You can eat what you like and do as you please. Think of it. You can be a human being again." He patted his shoulder. "Vincent James is throwing a party at the hotel," he went on. "There'll be a lot of nice girls there and you can let yourself go." They were on the sidewalk now. Lacey whistled for a cab and put Barty in it between himself and the doctor.

The hotel suite was hazy with smoke that hung in level floating clouds about the pink shades of electric lamps. There were about half a dozen men and half a dozen women sitting about on divans, wing and low chairs. Judy was sitting upon the arm of a chair and Vincent was mixing drinks.

"Hi, Doc. Hello, Lacey," Vincent looked up and greeted them casually. "What'll yours be, Judy?"

"Plain ginger ale," she said.

Barty silently approved of that. He didn't drink either. He took off his coat and threw it across the crook of his arm. Vincent handed Judy her drink and poured one for Lacey and the doctor. "How about you, Barty?" he asked.

Barty shook his head.

Vincent handed the drinks to the doctor and Lacey and extended his hand to Barty. "I want to congratulate you, Battling Barty Branigan," he said as they shook, "upon an excellent fight. I can't tell you how sorry and disappointed I am that you lost, but you were robbed. Wasn't he, Judy?" he turned to her for confirmation.

"I don't think so," Judy said quietly.

Barty's jaw dropped and his brow clouded as he looked at her.

"Pipe down, Judy." Lacey, now seated, looked up over his drink.

Judy stood up. "No, I won't pipe down," she said. "You've all been taking advantage of him and it's time he came to his senses." She walked over to Barty and looked up into his eyes. "What are you being such a fool for, Barty Branigan?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" He was puzzled.

She shook her head. "You're supposed to be a smart fellow, Barty," she said, "but for a banker, you're too trusting. Don't you realize yet that you're just another fall guy. Look around you. Everybody got something out of this tournament but you, and all you got was a beating."

Vin James got up, came over and touched Judy's elbow. "Come," he said. "Drink your ginger ale."

Barty dropped his coat. "No," he said. "You keep talking, Judy. I'm still shy one knockout and maybe I'll deliver it right here. If I've been robbed, I want to know how and by whom. This thing has had a funny smell all day, and I'm just beginning to come out of the fog. Go away!" He pushed Vin James away from her. "You said I wasn't robbed?" He spoke to Judy.

SHE shook her head. "No. You were not robbed," she repeated. "These people are all kidding you, and you look too honest and too decent to be sidetracked into this racket. Lacey, the doctor and Vin James all got paid for you. What did you get? You lost fairly tonight. Bartolini won on points. You made a fortress of your left shoulder and hid behind it as though somebody was throwing snowballs instead of punches at you."

"That was your fault," Lacey spoke up from the chair. "You cracked wise about cauliflower ears and broken noses last night and he couldn't get it out of his mind."

Barty looked down at his swollen hands. "What about those gloves?" he asked Lacey.

"Ask Vin James." Lacey nodded toward the other side of the room.

"Don't look at me," Vin said. "I didn't have anything to do with them." He got up to put his glass back on the table.

"Then they were phonies," Barty said.

Judy patted his shoulder approvingly. "You're beginning to wake up."

He nodded. "Yes, it begins to dawn now. This whole setup was framed for action; a stunt to build circulation at the expense of a lot of saps like me." He walked over to Vin James.

You've got this one coming to you, James. Here's the haymaker."

His puffy fist cracked against Vin James' jaw. A piece of ice sailed through the air and a glass crashed upon the table as Vin toppled over Lacey's chair and came to rest in a corner by the radiator.

Barty picked up his coat. "A vote of thanks to you, Judy O'Grady." He waved his hand in salute to her as he walked toward the door. She watched him, breathless and wide-eyed. "And when he comes to," he nodded toward Vin and addressed the room, "tell him I said thanks for the use of the hall."

JUDY O'GRADY sat at her dressing table in Jerry Delaney's and looked down upon the streamer headline on the sports page: "Bartolini Liquidates the Banker," she read. "That's mean," she thought as she looked up at her reflection and completed her make-up. Ten minutes later she came tapping out of the side door in the curly maple paneling with a simple clog-time step into the semicircle in front of the orchestra, and, looking about the diners, almost missed a beat in surprise. Barty Branigan sat alone at a wall table. Her eyes lighted. She cupped her hand and gave him a quick wave. She decided that she was glad that he was here. He was a nice guy. Barty watched her routines critically, wrinkled his nose unconsciously at the faking, and applauded despite the pain in his hands. She came back for a couple of encores, but the third time held up her hands for silence.

"There's a little matter of unfinished business I must attend to," she said. "I'll be back and dance for you later." She walked over to Barty's table and her ballet skirts swished as she sat down.

"Are you through with fighting?" she asked him.

"I am." He smiled across the table.

"And back at the bank where you belong?"

He shook his head. "No," he said.

"Why not?" She looked up anxiously.

"They won't have me," he said. "The president and the board of directors have decided that all of this publicity makes me undesirable."

Judy straightened up. "Nice people. So you haven't got a job now?"

"Not yet," he said.

"What are you going to do?"

"What you're doing," he said. "Dance. I'm a better dancer than boxer and I don't fake. If you can get away with it, I can stop the show because I can give them the whole book."

Judy smiled and shook her head, unbelieving. "You don't exactly hide your light under a bushel, do you?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Why should I? I know I'm good. I'll prove it to you," he said. "Tell that band leader to play your numbers. We'll give them a show. You taught me a lot about boxing last night. I'll teach you a thing or two about dancing."

She drummed upon the table for a moment and suddenly decided. "Okay, Barty. You'd better be good." She got up and he followed her out upon the floor into the semicircle before the band. She gave the band leader a nod and turned to the diners.

"I have a little surprise for you tonight, folks," she announced. "First, I want you to meet Barty Branigan, the battling boxer from Bellview." She turned to Barty in the spotlight and held up his hand in the manner of a referee. "You've been reading a lot about him lately," she went on. "He was robbed of a decision in the arena last night and tonight he meets me in three rounds of tap dancing. All right, Frank," she nodded to the band leader, and to the tune of The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady, Judy and Barty stepped off.

Judy discovered that Barty had not underrated himself; so did the customers and so did Jerry Delaney, arrested in a doorway watching them, a cigar hanging loosely at the corner of his mouth. The kids, he decided, made a perfect team. Some of the diners were standing up when they finished and the applause was deafening.

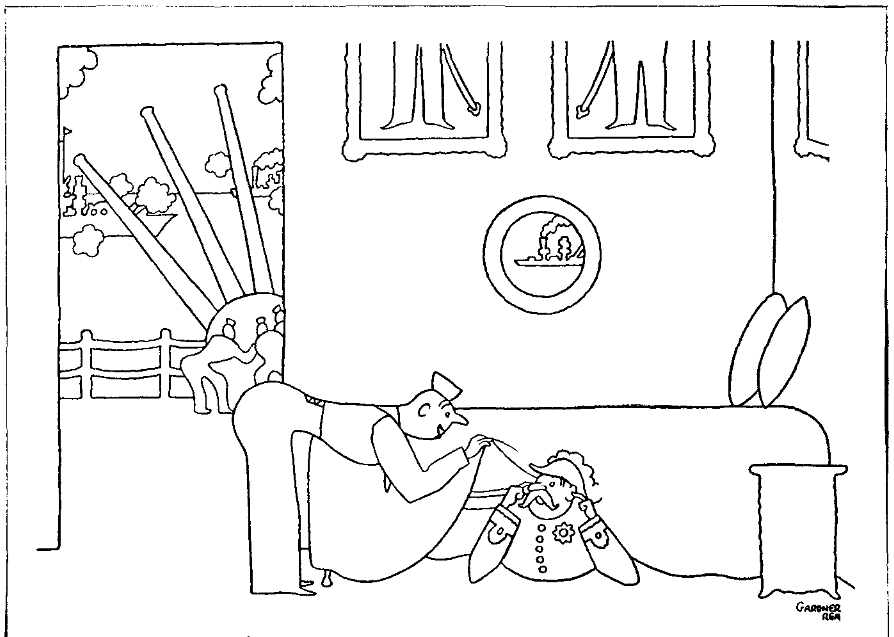
"You can do them and you don't fake," she conceded during the break.

"A cinch," he whispered as they took a bow.

AFTER the next number she squeezed his arm as they took the bow. "You're all set, Barty Branigan," she told him above the applause, smiling her admiration. "I've been looking for you for a long, long time and I'm glad I found you."

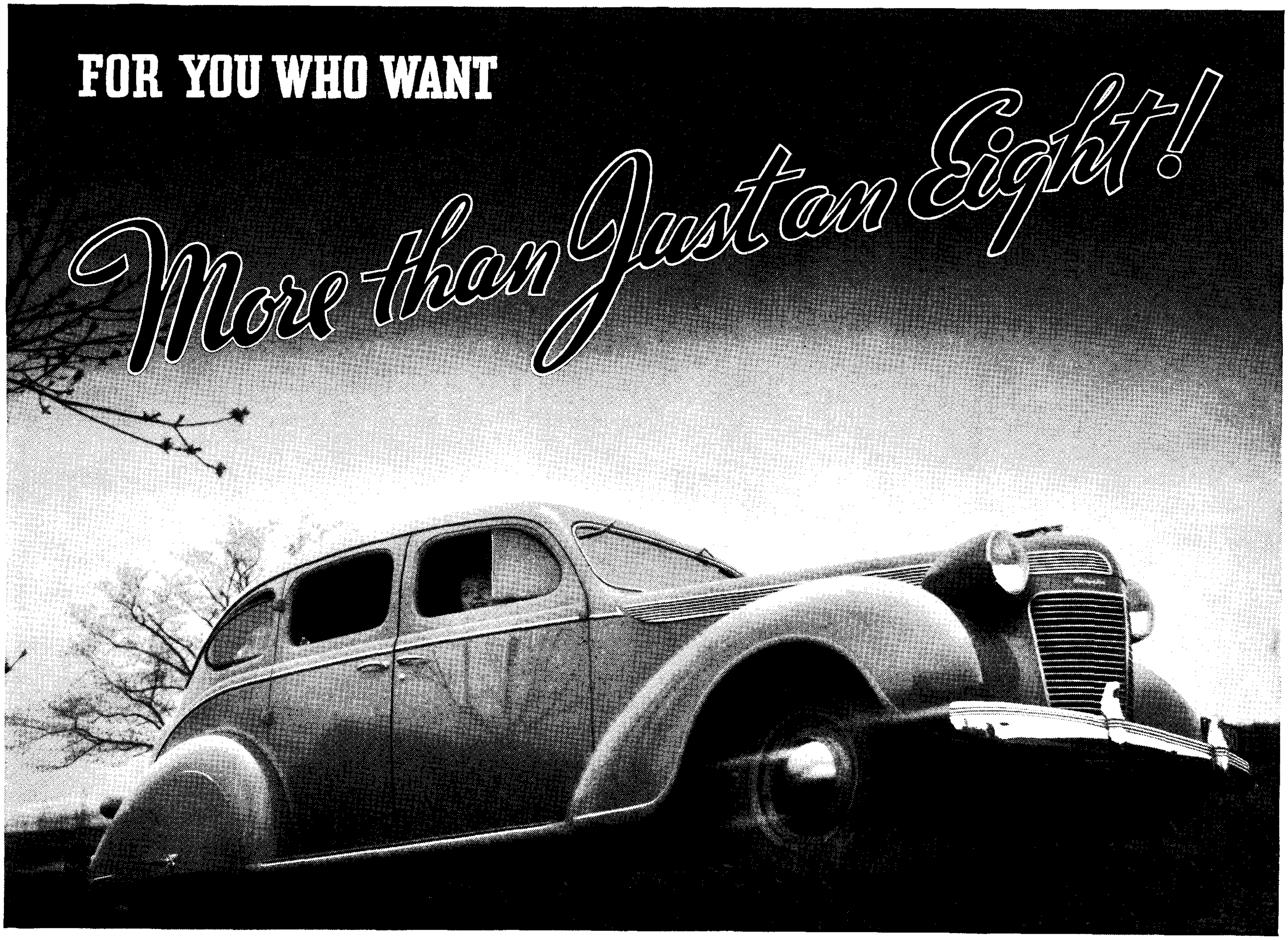
"Me, too," he echoed.

They took another bow. "We'll go places together," she told him as they did a clog-time step to the door in unison, executed a clog break and disappeared behind the curly maple paneling.



"Shall we fire now, Admiral?"

GARDNER REA



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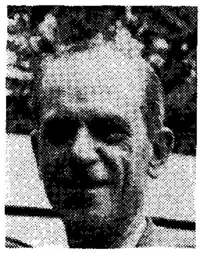

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Sophisticated Lady

Continued from page 21

over it into deep grass. He gave Harriet his hand and she got onto the upper rail, then swung off into his arms. He clasped her tightly to him. He kissed her and she responded warmly, clinging to his lips for a long time. He had never known how much a kiss could mean. He was tremendously thrilled, and just the least bit frightened by it.

"Oh, Allen, darling," Harriet whispered in his ear, tremblingly. He took her hand and they began walking toward the hills. Under some oaks, on a large cushion of oak leaves, they sat down with their backs against a hummock and looked out over a red-and-yellow valley. Allen stretched out on his back with his head in Harriet's lap and let her play with his hair.

"YOU haven't told me anything about yourself," he said.

"Nothing much to tell. I'm just a working girl. Had to give up school a long time ago to help Dad out. I'm private secretary to Mr. Golding, of the Golding Furniture Company, of which you've probably never heard. All day I answer letters, talk to people on the telephone." She sighed and Allen felt sorry for her.

"Don't you like your work?" he asked.

Harriet shook her head. "It's deadeningly dull. And there are so many things I wanted to do—interesting things."

"Music? Art?" Allen asked.

Harriet was a bit disturbed. "Oh, all sorts of things. Trouble is, I never had a chance to find out what my talents are. And I don't suppose I ever will, now. Funny, but I don't feel nearly as bad about it as I used to." She looked at Allen wistfully. Allen reached up and kissed her. "I'm so happy," she said. It sounded sad, though, and Allen found himself comforting her. He said he was happy too. But his happiness frightened him. It was so intense that it hurt and he sensed that it was dangerous.

He was in love with Harriet, frighteningly so, and he felt launched upon a great, dangerous adventure. She had taken complete possession of him. All other considerations lost their importance. His studies irked him. He began to feel burdened by his parents' too-evident faith in him—by the responsibilities imposed upon him by their ambitions for him. He became irritable and quarrelsome.

Harriet would see him but two evenings a week and he became more and more madly jealous of her other evenings. But when he showed that he was jealous, she either teased him or became evasive. Yet she made him feel that there could not possibly be another man with any claims on her.

Early in their relationship there were moments when he felt like a trapped animal when he was with her. Later, in her presence, he alternately loved and hated her. Hated her so much, at times, that he swore to himself that he would break her hold upon him. But when he was away from her he could think only of her warmth and of her softness and it made him ill with desire.

He was strongly obsessed with the sense of an impending climax. An open profession of love seemed inevitable. There had not yet been one on either side and he guessed that she was waiting for him to speak first and that each time he left her she was disappointed in him for not having spoken. But he had never avowed love to any girl and he didn't believe he could ever get himself to say the words which held for him a special kind of terror.

The end of the fall semester found him separated from his friends, alienated from his parents—and with conditions in physics and in mathematics. He had expected to fail in the examinations in the two subjects and had been terribly worried, but now it no longer mattered much. Nor did building bridges. He wanted only to be with Harriet.

One cold snowy evening, early in February, he went to call on her, certain that something would happen to commit him to a course of action from which there could be no withdrawal. At her door he almost gave way to an impulse to retreat, but the desire to see her was too strong; he would have dared disaster for one kiss.

When Harriet opened the door for him, he embraced her so violently that she gasped. "You're crushing me!"

"Don't laugh," he said shakily. "Not tonight."

They sat down on a couch in the parlor. He looked into the next room.

"It's all right," Harriet said. "We're alone."

In relief, Allen put his arms around her and rested his head on her shoulder. They stayed that way for some time, and then Harriet wanted to dance. She got up and put a record on the phonograph. The selection was a slow blues number. Harriet reached her hands out to Allen and he stood up and put his arm around her. They began dancing with slow, lazy steps. Gradually their movements changed from a dance to a swaying embrace. Allen put his burning cheek next to Harriet's.

"Say it!" she whispered in his ear. "Say it!"

She clung to him with all her strength.

"Say it!"

It infuriated him, the way she kept repeating the command. What did she want of him? He hated her, despised, loathed her.

"Say it!"

HE TRIED to close her lips with a kiss but she resisted with surprising strength. He couldn't pull her head close enough to his without exerting himself so that there was fear of hurting her. Her head was bent stiffly back, the cords in her neck were taut. In fascination he watched the pulse flicker at the base of it. But there had to be an end to this; he could no longer stand the strain of the pull of her body on his. He raged inside himself. All right, he'd say it! He'd do what she wanted, go away and never come near her again. He bent his head, closed his eyes and the hateful words, though they almost choked him, somehow came out:

"I love you."

He broke away from Harriet and went to lean his hot forehead against the cold window pane.

"What's the matter?" Harriet said.

Allen turned around. She was standing in the center of the room, startled by the expression on his face. She looked at him as if at a madman. Suddenly Allen stepped out of the room, called "Goodby" from the foyer, and went out of the house.

His shoes crunched squeakingly through the dry snow but he was conscious only of a vast, toneless humming in his head. He walked on and shortly found himself quite alone in the park. He was soothed by the cold, sadly peaceful setting and his determination to break with Harriet quickly weakened. As always, her hold upon him was strongest when he was away from her. And now she became more desirable, more positively necessary to him than ever. He made his decision almost without admitting it to himself, but once it was made he considered the problem coldly and dispassionately. Clearly, there was just one thing to do: marry Harriet. As soon as possible. He'd give up school, sell his car for the cash immediately necessary for setting up a small home—a two-room apartment, somewhere—and then he'd find a job. He was clever with tools; he was strong and he was willing to work. He had taken his own car apart and put it together more than once; surely he'd be able to get work as an automobile mechanic. Eventually he'd have his own repair shop. They'd get along somehow.

HE LEFT home early the next evening, foregoing supper, to his mother's distress, and phoned Harriet from the ice-cream parlor around the corner.

"Hello, sweetheart. May I see you this evening?"

"Well—you're a queer one!" Harriet said.

"Oh, about last night—I'm sorry and I can explain that. And I've got something important to tell you."

"Couldn't you make it tomorrow, instead? I'm not feeling very well and—"

"Not well?" Allen said anxiously. "I'll be right there. Goodby." In his nervous haste he hung up the receiver before Harriet had had a chance to say another word, and hurried out of the phone booth.

He found Harriet alone. She didn't look ill—not because she didn't try to, but because she was obviously dressed to receive a visitor, and Allen was tortured with new doubts.

"You shouldn't have come," Harriet said.

"But I had to when you said you were ill," Allen protested.

Harriet let him sit on the couch with her and hold her hand, but not too willingly, he suspected. For the first time since he'd known her, she seemed to have lost her poise. She withdrew her hand, closed her eyes and rubbed her forehead. "I think you'd better go, Allen. I'm going to bed," she said.

"But I can't leave you alone, sick like this!" Allen felt ashamed of his suspicions. He believed now that she was ill, because he wanted to believe it.

"Please—" Harriet started to say something and then the doorbell rang. She looked nervously at Allen and went to the door.

"Hya, baby?" a deep voice said when she had opened it. Allen heard her whisper something and saw her step back to avoid encircling arms which thrust through the open door. Behind the arms appeared a stout man of about thirty-five, prosperous-looking in modish clothes. He glanced at Allen, then at Harriet and said, "Oh!"

"Perry, I want you to meet Mr. Allen Tarlow," Harriet said, struggling to regain her composure. "Allen, this is Mr. Perry Golding."

"Glad to meet you, young man," Mr. Golding said, patronizingly extending his hand. Allen wanted to punch the fat face. He stood with his hands clenched tightly behind him, staring at Harriet for a moment, then pushed past both of them and through the doorway. As he raced downstairs he thought he heard them laughing behind him. He wished that he were dead.

When he got home his mother and father were sitting in the living room listening to the radio. Without any greeting to them, he went to his room and closed the door.

Mrs. Tarlow got to her feet and started to follow, but Mr. Tarlow gently took her hand and shook his head and she sat down again.

Allen stretched out face down on his bed and waited for his heart to give some sign that it was breaking. He almost expected to hear it snap. But nothing like that happened. Strangely, too, he discovered that he no longer wanted to die. As with one who fights his way back through deep water to the safety of shore, there was a sweet feeling of relief which obstinately diluted his sorrow. He tried to fight it off because it seemed treacherous to his nobler instincts, but it grew stronger and stronger and he had to admit to himself, at last, that what had happened at Harriet's house was a piece of good fortune rather than a calamity. With this admission he felt cheapened, terribly ashamed of himself, and terribly stupid.

A little while later Allen came to the living-room door and Mr. Tarlow gave his wife an I-told-you-so look. Allen smiled foolishly at them.

"Anything interesting in the refrigerator, Mom?" he said.

One afternoon, soon after Allen was back at his studies again, he met Ruth Hickson on the street.

"Hello," he said.

"Oh, hello," Ruth answered without stopping.

"Just a minute," Allen said.

Ruth was annoyed but only for a moment—Allen looked so humble.

"Yes?" she said.

"Have you seen Janet lately? How is she?"

"Janet seems quite well."

"That's good—well, so long."

"So long." Ruth half turned to go, then said, "Little party at my house tomorrow night. Janet'll be there," and hurried away.

"Thanks!" Allen called after her.

It took courage to go to the party after having been away from the crowd for so long and when Allen got there it was in full swing. He was welcomed with cries of "Look who's here!" and "Hello, stranger!" which embarrassed him but made him feel good at the same time.

JANET, standing in a far corner of the room, didn't seem to notice his presence. Two young men were talking to her and she was sweetly absorbed in what they were saying. Allen elbowed his way to her through the crowd.

"Hello, Janet. Hello, fellas," he said shyly.

"Oh, hello," Janet said. She glanced at him and then turned back to the others.

Janet had changed, somehow, Allen thought. It disturbed him. He rubbed his eyebrow and said. "May I have this dance?"

"But the floor's so crowded," Janet answered.

Allen blushed, then laughed. "Oh, we'll manage." With sudden bravado he firmly took her hand.

"Pardon me," Janet said to the other two young men, with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

Dancing with her, Allen noticed that she had grown taller. But much more important was her new poise. That was it: Janet had grown up.

The dance music was interrupted by a station announcement. They stood still, facing each other. Allen tried hard to say what he felt, but all he could do was look pleadingly at her. She met his gaze easily, with a suggestion of amusement in her eyes and in the puckers at the corners of her mouth—with a hint of the power of her maturing perception.

Janet had grown up. That, he told himself, was to be his punishment.

But then the music started again and when he put his arm around her waist she smiled at him and he dared to hope that the punishment would not be unendurable.

HER SMILE WON HIM ...But her breath lost him

I HEAR TOMMY BLAKE FELL HARD FOR YOU TONIGHT, HELEN. LIKE HIM?
HE'S AWFULLY NICE! BUT HE ONLY DANCED WITH ME ONCE, PEG!
I THINK I KNOW WHY, HELEN...BUT IT'S HARD TO SAY IT! SOMETIMES YOUR BREATH...OH WHY DON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST TOMORROW?
MY BREATH! WHY PEG, THAT CAN'T BE...BUT I'LL SEE DR. ELLIS
MISS WEST, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
AND PEG, TOMMY AND I WANT YOU TO BE BRIDESMAID!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved ★ 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"COLGATE'S special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

Now-NO BAD BREATH *behind her* SPARKLING SMILE!

20¢ LARGE SIZE

Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

1,000 A

STOP FOR MOBILG

REASON?

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING GAS & OIL MAKE ALL CARS RUN BETTER

TAKE YOUR WATCH OUT of your pocket. Watch the second hand go round. 40-50-60 seconds. *In that brief minute, 1,000 motorists will have stopped for Mobilgas!*

This goes on all day long. Month in, month out. And *here's what it means to you:*

It tells you the best gasoline to buy for your car... and *proves that it's best!*

Those thousand cars include hard-working trucks—traffic-bucking taxis—sleek, modern motors. Their owners test Mobilgas for every performance feature *you want in your gas!*

SPLIT-SECOND STARTS—You're off at the drop of a hat!

EFFORTLESS POWER — Mobilgas levels hills, shortens highways!

MONEY-MAKING MILEAGE—The pennies you *save* are pennies *earned!*

You'll find these advantages in every gallon of Mobilgas you buy... the first tankful—the fiftieth! They've won millions of motorists... have made Mobilgas *America's largest-selling gasoline!*

Power your motor with Mobilgas. Protect it with Mobiloil... the world's largest-selling oil. Then watch the miles flash by!

GARGOYLE
Mobil

YOUR CAR NEEDS the Best Oil for summer. Stop for Mobiloil... famous running mate to Mobilgas!

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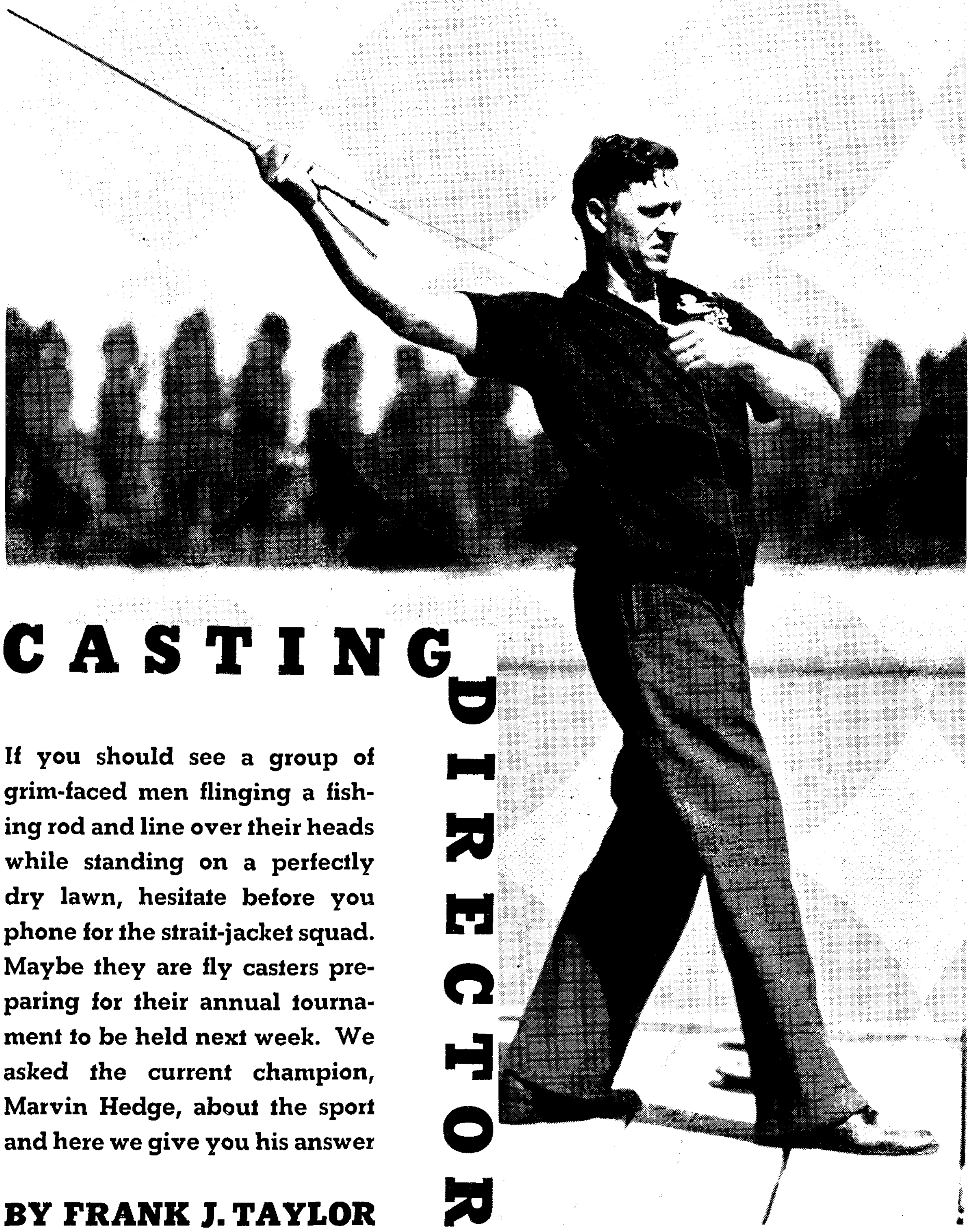
CASTING DIRECTOR

If you should see a group of grim-faced men flinging a fishing rod and line over their heads while standing on a perfectly dry lawn, hesitate before you phone for the strait-jacket squad. Maybe they are fly casters preparing for their annual tournament to be held next week. We asked the current champion, Marvin Hedge, about the sport and here we give you his answer

BY FRANK J. TAYLOR


RALPH VINCENT

Balancing the line is an all-day ceremony with Marvin K. Hedge, American champion distance fly caster

GRUFF and tousled old Lew Stoner poked the tip of a new fishing rod into a handle, squinted along the tapered bamboo, then handed it over to Mr. Marvin Hedge, pride perspiring from every wrinkle in his face.

"What do you say?" he asked, parking his fists on his hips.

Mr. Hedge waggled the rod back and forth appraisingly. He balanced it critically. Then his face broke out in smiles and he beamed on Mr. Stoner.

"It's all right, Lew. It's a honey."

He whipped the air briskly with the rod, then passed it to me. Now if you haven't been brought up to think of ten-foot split bamboo rods as honeys, it's a little hard to talk of them as such. But as soon as I got this one in my hand I knew it was just that.

"What is it you want?" I asked. "Whip?"

"No," explained Mr. Hedge. "Feel. A rod just has to feel right—that's all."

This one had to. Marvin K. Hedge was counting on that rod to make history on July 4th in Paris in competition with the premier fly casters of France, Belgium, England, Norway and sundry other countries in the international casting classic. With every fishing-rod manufacturer in the country eager to provide the split bamboo for the European invasion, Mr. Hedge had come down from his home in Portland, Oregon, to camp on the doorstep of Lew Stoner, who turns out custom-built casting poles in San Francisco.

Mr. Hedge, in case you don't know him, is not only a devoted disciple of Izaak Walton, but likewise champion distance fly caster of the United States. He plucked that honor out of the air last August when he sent his line whistling 151 feet across the water at the national tournament of fly casters in Portland, Oregon.

Between us, that is quite a cast, with no weight on the line. Most anglers are tickled with fifty-one feet without the hundred. Until 1934, when this Mr. Hedge returned to the game after backsliding to golf for a decade, it was generally conceded that a man's ability to cast an unweighted line through the air was limited to around 120 feet. A 120-foot cast will still put an angler in the front rank in a European tournament.

But not in this land of anglers. Mr. Hedge hit upon his revolutionary casting technique just about the time that Mr. Lew Stoner discovered a new way to put strips of split bamboo together. These two ideas were not related in any way. But, bursting simultaneously upon the angling fraternity, they added more distance to fly casting than the previous thirty years of whipping the ozone. Today, topflight artists at the sport are talking about the day when they will be tossing the fly two hundred feet.

This may be a momentous matter to you—or it may not. But the anglers of France considered it sufficiently serious to present the aforesaid Mr. Hedge with a round-trip ticket from Portland to Paris, just to make sure that he would be demonstrating his stuff on the River Seine at the international tournament.

The French anglers got their money's worth, all right, when they saw Mr. Hedge in action in the international competition last month. He literally ran away with the field, winning the distance fly event with a cast a little short of the French professional record but good enough to top any competition. One of his casts in this event actually set a new mark, but was disallowed when the fly flicked the platform.

The highlight of the Paris meet, however, was Hedge's victory in the event on which he had really set his heart—the all-around competition in the professional class. "I didn't think I had a chance to win," he said later. "We had to play the game their way, not ours. But I won it, and that makes me feel pretty good!"

I had heard from various anglers of Mr. Hedge's radical notions about the ancient art of fly casting. Some thought his ideas were most unorthodox. Others hailed them as the coming thing. I was eager to get a line on his tricks and finally caught up with him in Lew Stoner's shop, where he was having his battery of rods serviced before departing for Europe.

"How'd you like to come along with me?" he asked. "I'm going out to Stow Lake to take a lesson."

"What kind of a lesson?"

"A casting lesson," replied Mr. Hedge, simply.

Then it came out that a Mr. Primo Livenais, who is a young San Francisco automobile mechanic of Basque descent, had heaved a surf line weighted with a sinker 623 feet, 10 inches, which is roughly an eighth of a mile. That cast made him the national champion among the surf casters. But Mr. Livenais was unhappy. And for good reason. When he attempted to fly-cast, his line fell to water at eighty feet, half as far as Mr. Hedge could cast it.

It turned out that Mr. Hedge, whose fly casting is so excellent that the experts in France wanted to see him cast, was likewise upset because he could not surf-cast at all. So the two champions had agreed to give each other lessons. I trailed along to see the show.

When Mr. Primo Livenais stepped up to the casting tee, it was clear why he is tops with the heavy forty-ounce surf rod. His arms bulge with Joe Louis muscles and his wrists are steel springs. When his two big fists grabbed the big surf rod, the plug was sure to go places. His was a game of strength.

An Artist Demonstrates

But Mr. Hedge's fly casting was something else again. He played with the rod and line as an artist plays on a violin—with no apparent effort at all. He flipped the line out over the riffles, leaning far forward to drop it deftly into the water, then raised his shoulders slowly, drawing the line in. Suddenly, with a snap, his rod jerked up straight over his head. His shoulders and arms pivoted. The long tapered line floated gracefully in back of him. Just as it reached the straight position a slow forceful down-swing of the rod sent the line shooting forward again.

"See, Primo? Now you do it," he said, handing the rod to the husky surf caster.

Mr. Primo Livenais loosed a forceful cast. The line spun around in a series of gyrations, then wound up in a knot around his neck.

"Too fast, too fast," warned Mr. Hedge. "That's the way you get flies in your ears. Try it more slowly."

Mr. Livenais untangled the line and cast again, more slowly this time.

"Forward to ten o'clock," coached Mr. Hedge. "No, that's nine o'clock. Too far. You lose control of your line after ten. Back now to twelve o'clock. Hold it. No, you pulled back too far. There's no snap left in your rod at two o'clock. Pull it up to twelve and next time give it more snap. Don't hurry it. Slow and smooth. Hold your rod when it points to the treetops. That's a good one. Now again."

Inside of ten minutes Mr. Livenais, who started out even as you and I to push the line out by brute force, was laying it on the water as gently and rhythmically as anybody could ask.

It was along toward sundown. One after another young men and old slipped into the little clubhouse, came out with poles and lines, took their positions on the several casting platforms, tossed their lines a few score times, then went their several ways. This was the home waters of the Golden Gate Fly-Casting Club, one of the big ones in the West.

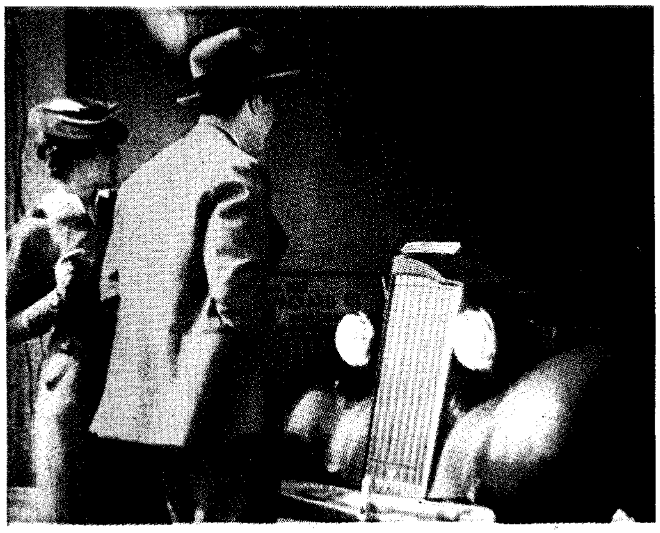
At that same hour, in some four hundred other localities, anglers were doing the same thing. Particularly in Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Seattle, Portland and Salt Lake City are the fly casters on their toes to stretch out their *(Continued on page 44)*

"We know what people are saying....and we like it"

If Bill and I look like the cat that swallowed the canary, please excuse us. We just got something that's been our hearts' desire for years—a Packard!

The joke of it is that our new car has started our neighborhood gossiping. People say that Bill must have had a big raise, or come into some money, or something.

They seem a little envious, too. And we're human enough to love it. You see, there *hasn't* been any raise. It's simply that we woke up to a few facts.

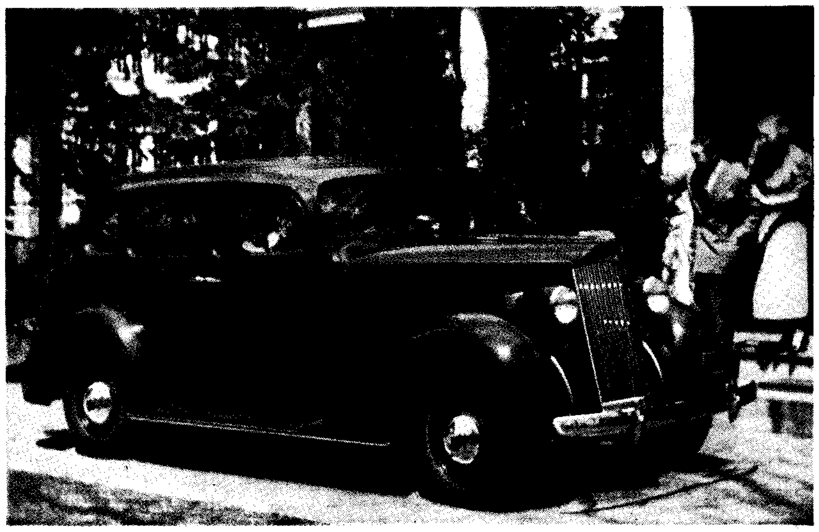


Just about the time our well-worn small car began to limp, Bill and I walked by a Packard showroom. We stopped to admire the Packard 120 and Packard Six that were in the window.

And I said to Bill, "Of course we can't afford a Packard, but let's go in anyway. After all, a cat can look at a queen."

So in we went—and got the surprise of our lives. We found that our old car took care of the down payment. And for the Packard Six we picked, payments on the balance came to less than $35 a month!

Would you believe it, our Packard costs no more to operate than our old small car. And everybody says a Packard needs less service than almost any other car.



Now that we see how easy it is to own a Packard, we wonder why we waited so long. And are we getting a thrill out of it! That's the nice thing about a Packard—everybody knows what kind of a car you're driving!

PACKARD

PACKARD 120
PACKARD SIX

OF COURSE *you can afford a Packard!*

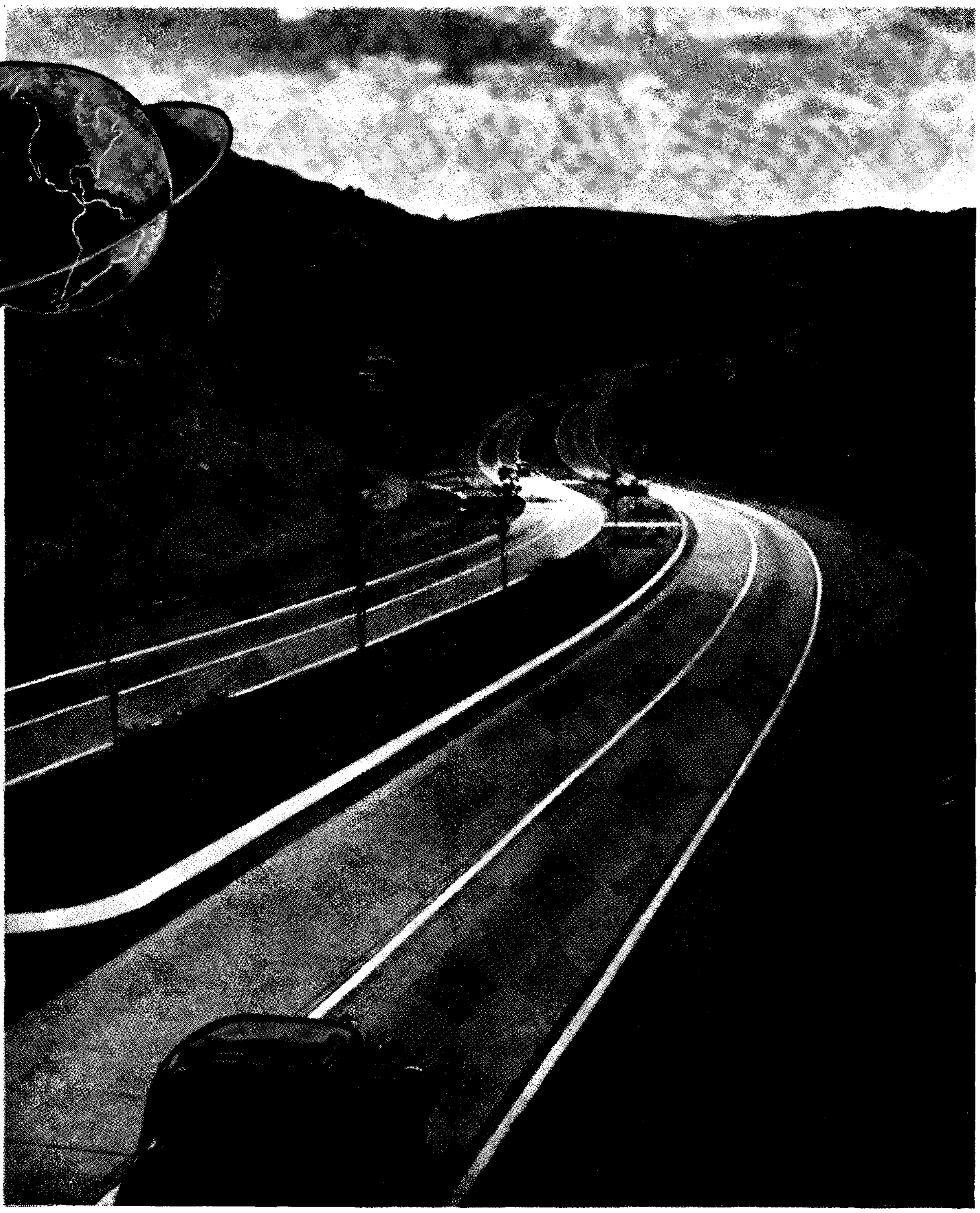
Let your Packard dealer give you price information and tell you the easy terms by which you can own a Packard. Ask for booklet "The Business of buying and Owning a Motor Car," an invaluable guide in the selection of any car.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The Byway

becomes the Highway

THE WORLD MOVES FORWARD WITH STEEL



IF YOU set out to see *all* the roads of the United States, you would have to drive a car 40 miles an hour, 24 hours a day, for eight years!

Three million miles of roads altogether. They have lifted farmers out of the mud, and city people out of the slums. They have tied the states together; they have conquered distance and time.

Yet the road-building task is hardly more than started. Only 150,000 of the 3,000,000 miles are hard-surfaced. The first concrete pavement ever laid in this country, at Bellefontaine, Ohio, is still in service after 42 years. Now, roads of concrete reinforced with steel are everywhere used to provide smoothness, durability and economy.

From the laboratories and the workers of United States Steel have come not only the steel for reinforcing concrete, but steel road-guards that protect curves, steel culverts that provide drainage, steel bridges that eliminate grade crossings, and steel structures that carry elevated highways. A United States Steel subsidiary, Universal Atlas Cement Company, furnishes much of the long-lasting cement which unites with steel to change byways into highways.

With returning prosperity, road-building will move forward on a wide front. Not only will tomorrow's roads last longer; they will be built more cheaply. A giant steel concrete mixer now can lay down a strip of 1500 feet in about eight hours.

USS

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UNITED STATES STEEL

Look Serious, Please

By Kyle Crichton

The story of Helen Vinson, in private life Mrs. Fred Perry, a serious actress who regards moving pictures as a soft touch

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

WHEN Miss Vinson is being interviewed on the fourteenth floor, Mr. Perry remains discreetly on the twelfth floor. When Mr. Perry is being interviewed on the twelfth floor, Miss Vinson stays where she belongs on the fourteenth. Between times they can be married and friendly and chummy.

Mr. Fred Perry is either the first or second best tennis player in the world, depending upon how you rate Mr. Ellsworth Vines. As such Mr. Perry is a prima donna. Miss Vinson does right well by herself in Hollywood and is also a prima donna. Next to being the first or second best tennis player in the world, Mr. Perry would like to be a movie star. Miss Vinson will be content just continuing to be one. Interviewing gentlemen can solve the matter by ignoring the existence of the other prima donna until the conclusion of the interview. It is then proper to ask in a hesitant voice: "One thing more, Miss Vinson . . . You've never been married, have you?"

This is known as tact.

When seen recently in New York, Miss Vinson had been given a leave of absence during the screening of Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938 to meet Mr. Perry before he sailed for Europe. When that was done, she flew back to Hollywood and he took a boat for the homeland. They won't see each other for three or four months, which is what it means to be a celebrity and you can have it.

The Vinson girl was born Helen Vinson Rulfs in Houston, Texas, and is just getting over the accent. What she likes best in the world is horseback riding and at the moment she is agog about something known as "dressage," which will be described with some completeness and acerbity a bit later on.

From the first Helen was not one who wore the teachers out insisting upon instruction. She went to grammar school but that was only because the law was strict. What she really attended was dancing school.

"Ruins an awful lot of girls, that dancing nonsense," admits Miss Vinson.

THE memorable thing about this period was her first crush. The young man of eight had red hair and ambitions.

"He used to stand out in front of the house and play a bugle," says her mother, Mrs. Rulfs. "It was love at a distance because Helen never met him. She could describe, however, what he had on and how beautifully his cheeks swelled out when he played."

After a year or two at a Texas high school, Helen was sent to Margaret Allen's School for Girls in Birmingham, Alabama, which was stricter than a convent but not so harsh as a reform school. The girls were not allowed to have male company except relatives and there was some envy of the Gomez sisters of Cuba who always seemed to have relatives around. The authorities were a bit doubtful about the Spanish gentlemen who called, but the Gomez girls were always ready with an answer.

"My cousin Luis, my cousin Ramon, my cousin José," they would say daintily, while Miss Allen sat and looked at them with a jaundiced eye and could say nothing, knowing the endless ramifications of the typical Spanish clan.

What Miss Vinson liked best in school was Miss Lewis, the "expression" teacher, and she was considerably set up when the session ended with a dance recital. Her mother came over for that, however, and was not too amused by the words of several of the teachers as the youngsters came out on the stage.

"Just as little as they can get on," said

No Stops because of Children playing in the Streets— In the City of TOMORROW

"Over half the space in the city of 1960 will be used for parks and playgrounds," predicts Norman Bel Geddes, authority on future trends.

"Pedestrians will move safely on elevated sidewalks above traffic.

"Streets will be made wider by eliminating present-day sidewalks . . . parking and unloading will be done inside buildings. Traffic going 10 blocks or more will use high-speed Express Streets. No stoplights . . . no intersections . . . no STOP AND GO!"

–but TODAY, 4 miles in 5 are Stop and Go

STOP-AND-GO driving wastes time and fuel. One stop can waste enough gasoline to drive 5 blocks. And the average motorist makes 30 stops every day.

While traffic authorities are planning "the City of Tomorrow," Shell engineers have developed a fuel, Super-Shell, to meet today's driving problem *today*.

They have found a way to rearrange the chemical structure of gasoline, actually to balance it.

Automotive engineers refer to Super-Shell as "motor-digestible," so quickly and completely is its energy changed into power . . . at *all* motor speeds.

Save on stop and go by the regular use of Super-Shell. There is a Shell dealer in your neighborhood.

SUPER-SHELL

SHELL

Don't tear off the corner of this page -unless-

—unless you think I make sense

By DON HEROLD

I'm frankly going to devote this entire column to trying to get you (if you're a man) to send—experimentally—for a free sample of Mum.

I know you're probably the type who doesn't, as a rule, "send in coupons." And I know that you probably think at the moment that you are not the least bit interested in Mum-for-men.

All right, then, you're exactly the type I'm after.

This idea of men using Mum to stop underarm perspiration odor is—to many men—a bit of a shock. They may have thought Mum was strictly feminine. They may even have thought that Mum was sissy.

But (and this is news) men perspire, too. And a man who perspires and who publicizes it isn't any more of a daisy than an equally careless woman.

So this IS a man's worry, too. It IS *some of our business*, after all.

One thing men overlook is that a man may bathe scrupulously, yet in half an hour NEED Mum direly. Maybe I mean you.

It isn't as if Mum hurt when applied. Mum is, on the other hand, a pleasant and fragrant cream—inviting and easy to use. Two dabs underarm will stop perspiration odor for a day, without interfering with perspiration itself. Touches to the feet will increase foot comfort and keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

I will tear it off-if I want to

Are you broadminded enough to vary your custom and send *just once* "for a free sample"? I wonder. Wise men are, after all, open-minded. All right. Send your name on the corner of this page to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. M1-87, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City, and give Mum a try and SEE for yourself if it makes SENSE.

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

one of the teachers, with her lips set in a thin hard line.

During the summer Helen went to Camp Junaluska near Asheville, N. C., and followed that by a session at Lucy Knott's school in Mobile, Alabama, which was like Miss Allen's, only stricter.

When she got prepared enough the family sent her over to Austin to the University of Texas. The record is dim here also but it turned out that two years were enough, what with Helen being very strong as Duchess at the Fiesta of Flowers in San Antonio and queen of the ball at college and very distressing at trigonometry. In a beauty contest judged by Florenz Ziegfeld she won second prize and added a dozen more young gentlemen to her calling list.

At the end of two years she married Harry Vickerman and went to live in Philadelphia. At a cocktail party she met Walter Greenough, who ran a summer stock company at Cape May, New Jersey. She had the leading part in Love in a Mist and thought acting was all right. That fall she tried New York, knowing nobody in show business and getting the names of agents by looking in the telephone book. Chamberlain Brown got a part for her in Los Angeles, which was a lovely mess concocted by Max Marcin and Donald Ogden Stewart, who will ask you to leave the house if you even mention the thing in his presence. It passed on after a few tortured weeks and Miss Vinson was going into a play produced by Anna Held, Jr., and featuring James Rennie when her husband objected. There was a retreat to Philadelphia and several more years of premature death in those surroundings before Mr. Vickerman moved to New York and she found herself again as part of the furniture in Mr. Brown's agency office. After a decent interval she took over the lead in Death Takes a Holiday when Rose Hobart departed the cast.

At this point in her career she still had an accent which was a cross between Scarlett O'Hara and Old Black Joe. Philip Merivale was playing the lead in Death Takes a Holiday and he alternately threw his hands in the air and advised breathing exercises. He put her in touch with Harden Church, now of Pittsburgh, and she took lessons in singing Italian (for the rounded tones), learned to breathe from the diaphragm and make mouth motions signifying a candle being blown out.

"The fault seems to be that Southerners talk with the jaw," says Miss Vinson.

One of the exercises consisted of putting out the tongue without moving the jaw. Very interesting.

A Bad Case of Camera Fright

Her next show was Pirandello's Dr. Harmer, with Mr. Merivale. It never reached Broadway. Next was Candles in the Sky with Ralph Morgan and Helen Lowell. Asbury Park and no farther. This was followed by a seven-week engagement on Broadway in Valentine Williams' Berlin.

"Sixty-nine in the cast and a jackknife stage," she says. "It was like trying to get out of a theater during a fire."

Then she went into Fatal Alibi with Charles Laughton and received as an accolade the usual contract from Warner Brothers. On the stage she had been doing dramatic parts, dames with character. In Hollywood she became almost immediately the blasé matron of Park Avenue. Her first was Jewel Robbery with Kay Francis and William Powell, followed by Fugitive from a Chain Gang, where she wasn't Park Avenue but something equally malevolent.

"They did me in," she says factually.

Somewhere in between here she lost Mr. Vickerman by divorce and was not too greatly in love with Hollywood when she landed.

"There are no buildings over two stories high," she wrote her mother, "and no men over four feet tall."

Being a big girl, she didn't enjoy midgets and was a setup for Fred Perry when he came along. In the course of her screen career they were married and the battle of identities began. But even before that she had to conquer a bad case of camera fright. She was so conscious of the instrument of immortality that the director on Jewel Robbery had to warn her repeatedly not to look directly into the lens. Her letter to her father worrying about her future brought a prompt reply:

"Look that old camera right in the eye!" cried Mr. Rulfs, who is an oil man and used to direct methods. "Don't be afraid of it!"

The Warner contract continued to irk her until an astute lawyer found ways of breaking it. She became a free-lance player and had parts in As Husbands Go, for Jesse Lasky; Broadway Bill and The Captain Hates the Sea, for Columbia; Wedding Night, for Sam Goldwyn; and Private Worlds, for Wanger.

At the conclusion of Private Worlds, she went to England to do a picture and suffered defeat almost immediately. She became Mrs. Fred Perry, struggle or no struggle, and she made a little flicker called Love in Exile, which had to do with a king who walks into the council chamber, stands at his place at its head and says: "I abdicate." The film was made months before the abdication of Edward VIII and was just ready for release when the actual event occurred. The only trouble is that as a picture it gave off odors.

She is fond of making movies, thinks it's a soft life, and wants to continue just as long as they'll have her. Her real affection, however, goes to a nag named Arabella, upon whom she practices "dressage." Without being too technical about it, dressage seems to be a system of guiding a horse by pressure from the knees, boots and psyche. The reins are only for ornament and the point is that the equines become so sensitized that they react as readily to telepathy as to a yank at the bit. There is also something about the manner in which a horse learns to side-step, fox-trot and shag, and Miss Vinson can become ecstatic at the thought of it.

It is to be reported also that she belongs to the school of females that considers the dropping of a handkerchief the signal for eight men sliding along the drawing-room floor on their beaks to be the retriever. The suggestion that she needs a glass of water is supposed to start gentlemen sliding down greased poles and leaping from upper-story windows. She admits with pride that she can't cook, couldn't ever learn to cook and has no intention of cooking. Contrasted with this she looks even more beautiful off screen than on and it is possible that she will never be called on to help with the dishes.

Taking Life Lightly

When Charles Boyer came over to play in Private Worlds, Wanger was anxious to get him brightened up in English and gave strict orders that he was to speak nothing else. This didn't stop Miss Vinson, who had a way with foreign tongues. She continued to trap the Frenchman behind the set and gabble away gaily with him in his native patois.

"Miss Vinson, please," said Wanger. "The gentleman is not teaching French; he is learning English."

Mr. Wanger failed to cherish it as a permanent wound, however, as seen by her presence in the Vogues and a contract for three additional daisies. They are to be in color and Miss Vinson looks very well in color.

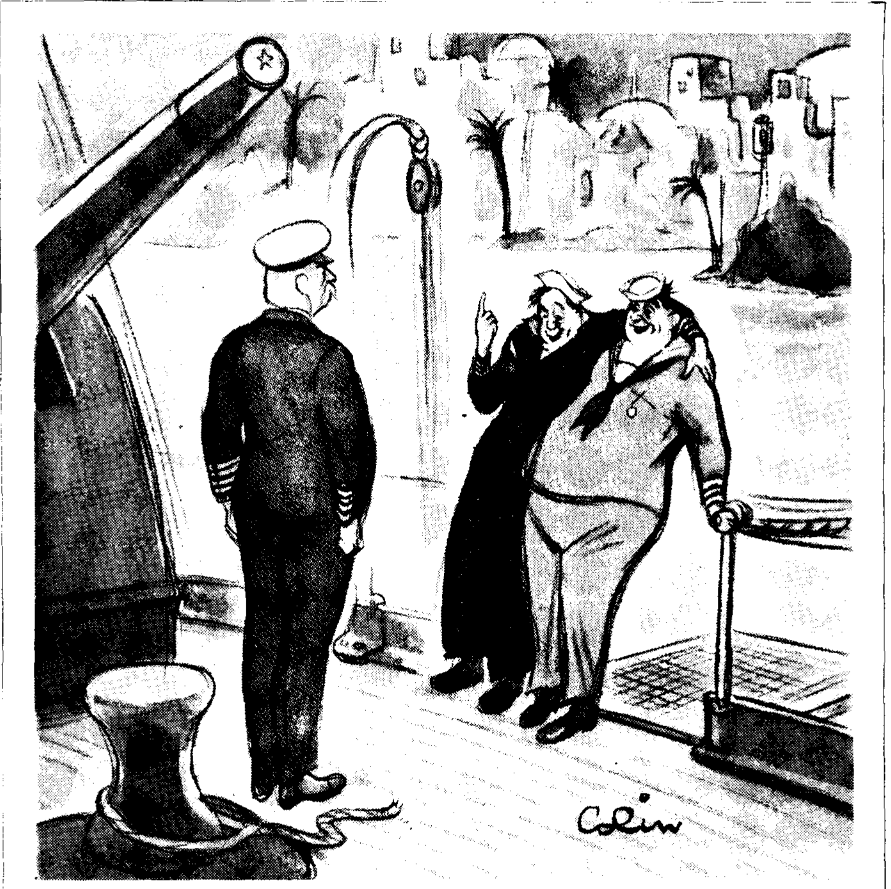
In one scene of the forthcoming picture, she has a sequence with Warner Baxter in which she comes in a door, sees him and rushes over.

"Oh, George," she cries and proceeds to shower him with kisses.

When the director yelled "Cut!" and the players relaxed, Mr. Baxter smacked his still-quivering lips and said: "Boy, was that good!"

Miss Vinson for her part was busily scratching behind her ear where something had bitten her.

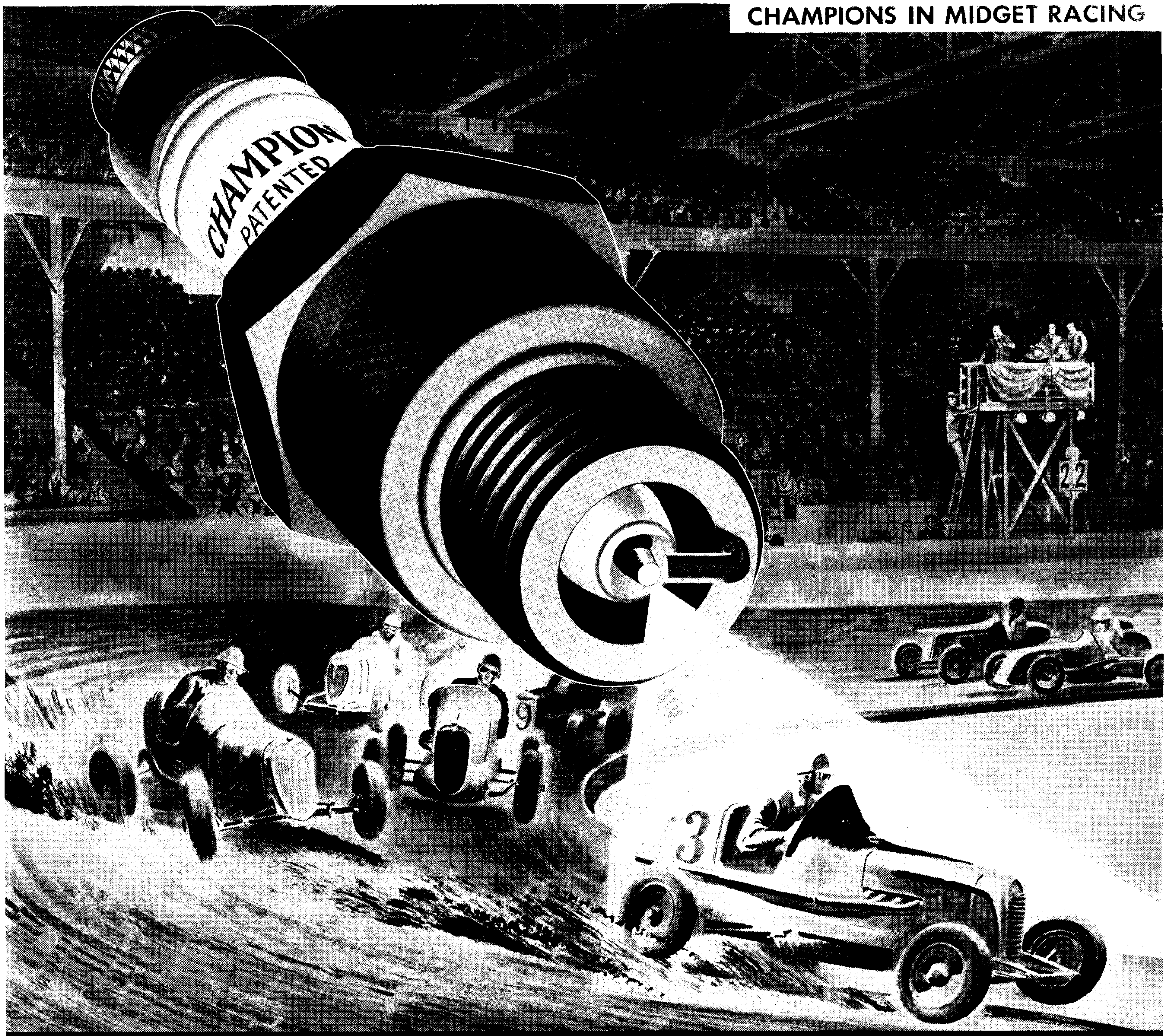
In a sort of way it seems symbolic. Actresses take life very lightly.



"We discovered the cutest little tearoom . . ."

COLIN ALLEN

CHAMPIONS IN MIDGET RACING



FAST GET-AWAY DEPENDS ON SPARK PLUGS

The snap and speed of a fast get-away, demanded by modern motorists, depends to an extraordinary degree on spark plugs. The masters of fast get-away, the midget car race drivers of the country, almost to a man use Champion Spark Plugs exclusively.

Remember, too, that a highly responsive engine, one that develops full power and speed, is doubly desirable because it is at the same time the most efficient and economical engine you can drive. And since spark plugs are of such vital importance in engine performance, it will pay you to insist on those which. make every engine a better performing engine—Champions. Fourteen consecutive years of supremacy in racing have established Champion's position in this respect.

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CHECK AND CLEAN SPARK PLUGS WHEN YOU CHANGE OI

WILLIAM BAUM

Bill's is an interesting letter—

"I work in cast-iron, run an automatic screw machine at Delco-Remy and the fine iron dust that gets onto a fellow's face makes it almost suicide to try to shave every day with an ordinary razor. Well, I broke down and bought one of these Schick Shavers and what a life-saver it turned out to be."

"You know, after about 17 years of struggling, I finally have this shaving problem whipped."

Shaves extraordinary faces

The Schick Shaver is good for all kinds of beards—from the new soft down on a boy's cheek to the toughest, wiriest beard ever grown. Each day brings us stories of Schick shaving under all kinds of different conditions—skin troubles, sun-burn, easy-bleeding skins, bed-ridden patients, blind men, cripples and older men who had never shaved themselves until they bought a Schick.

For five years men have used the Schick every day. (There are more than a million users now.) They know they can shave quickly, closely and they cannot cut themselves. There are no blades in the Schick. You use no lather. Users testify that the Schick pays for itself over and over again.

Why postpone painless shaving another day?

Go to an authorized Schick dealer. Ask him to show you how simply you could learn this new method which is changing the shaving habits of the world.

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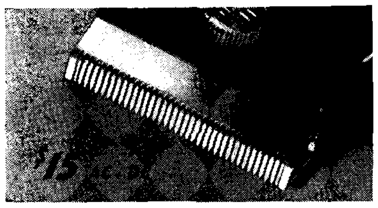


SCHICK SHAVER

Casting Director

Continued from page 36

casts. Every Sunday in summer months finds thousands of them lined up in local competitions, which have their big wind-up in the national angling tournament held each year under the auspices of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs.

Last year the National was held in Portland. This year it will be in Buffalo, from August 17th to 20th.

Now, in case you are missing something by not breaking into this contagious pastime, here are some pointers on what it takes to make a caster. Most of those present at the pool are trout fishermen. After all, what every fly caster is living for is the day when he can drop a fly neatly into that shady pool across the stream where he knows some big fellows are lying. But that isn't a requisite, and many a fly caster rarely has a chance to go fishing. Casting is a game of skill with enough thrills in it to stand on its own.

One of the fine features about the sport is that it doesn't take water to make a fly-casting club. Some of the best casting is done on lawns in towns that have no water close at hand. In Canada and England the tournaments are usually held on lawns. In this country, only the bait events are cast on the grass. Another angle is that it is anybody's sport. Young and old. Men and women. You find millionaires (at least they used to be) rubbing elbows with streetcar conductors and swapping line dressing and pointers on the casting tees.

Tournament fly casting is broken down into eight major events: four devoted to the fly, four dedicated to the plug, simulating bait. The two groups of casters use entirely different techniques. The fly group is limited to rods weighing five and three quarters ounces or less, except in the salmon fly event, wherein the only rod limit is fifteen feet.

Number One event of interest in any tournament is the distance flight with a five and three-quarters ounce rod. Each entrant has five minutes on the tee and his three best casts are what count. At Portland last year Marvin Hedge's three best casts averaged 142.1 feet, his best 151 feet.

Riflemen of the Rod

The "dry fly—unknown" is a tricky event in which the caster keeps his fly and line out of the water while he shoots at five 30-inch targets scattered at random from twenty to fifty feet away from the tee. He has seven minutes to tag them all with his fly to the satisfaction of the judges. National champion of this event is Henry Fujita, a young San Francisco Japanese businessman, who tied with Joe Weber of St. Louis and then won the cast-off contest. The only man who holds a perfect score in this event is Frank R. Steel of Chicago, who rang up 100 in 1932.

The accuracy fly-casting contest is a similar event except that the five targets are some thirty-five to fifty-five feet away from the casting tee and the caster plays the water, working out with his fly to tag each target. He makes two casts at each ring. Last year at Portland five casters tied for first place with a 99 score. The year previous both Howard Chatt of Chicago and the senior Liotta from Cleveland turned in perfect scores, which is, in the angler's vernacular, "some shooting!"

Honors in the salmon fly event, in which the caster uses two hands and a fifteen-foot pole, went last year to Eddie Braddon of Cleveland. Mr. Braddon's long cast last year in the salmon fly event was 182 feet, exceeded only by a mighty cast of 184 feet made at a Midwest tournament by E. E. Cavenaugh of Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Judge Cavenaugh, aside from being talented with the salmon fly, has been for two years past the president of the national association. As such he is a sort of supreme court for settling issues which pop up in the angling fraternity. If you think there isn't deadly earnestness in the sport, drop around any summer evening or Sunday morning at the pools of the Golden Gate Club in San Francisco, the Seattle Fly Casters, the St. Louis Fly and Bait Club, the Illinois Fly and Bait Club, the Chicago Fly Club or the Cleveland Fly Club, to mention only a few of the outstanding outfits in the association, and listen to them talk. You'll find plenty of them conspiring to take Mr. Hedge into camp this summer in Buffalo, using his own stuff. And that's a yarn.

From Chump to Champ

It seems that twenty years ago Mr. Marvin Hedge was a bait fisherman. He admits it readily enough but winces as he does so. Every week end he used to fish the Deschutes River east of Portland, which is one of the most enticing rainbow streams in the Northwest. There were a lot of alluring holes along this river, but the best of them were swept by cascades that carried a baited line down the stream. While he peddled hardware during the week, Mr. Hedge's mind used to wander, after the manner of fishermen's minds, back to those holes where the big trout lay. He pondered how to get them.

Then one day an angler showed up while Mr. Hedge was fishing, unlimbered his rod and dropped a fly neatly in the middle of the pool. Wham! A big rainbow snapped it and the battle was on. The angler captured his prize, then dropped another fly into the pool. A flash, and he had another trout. Mr. Hedge walked over and stood humbly with his hat in his hand.

"Excuse me," he began. "I would give my right arm to be able to do that. I have been fishing that hole for years."

"You don't have to give your right arm, just use it," replied the angler, who proved to be none other than the great Walter Backus, whose fishing prowess is legendary among the anglers of the Northwest. Walter Backus took the young hardware merchant in hand, taught him a lifetime of casting lore, and shortly Hedge, too, was dropping flies not only into the pool but onto targets in tournaments.

He threw away his bait lines and became an angler. Then the golf bug bit him and he devoted a dozen years to learning to pivot and swing. The other fly casters put him down for a fine backslider. An injury forced him to give up golf, so he pulled out the old rods and lines and resumed casting for exercise. To his great surprise, he found he could cast thirty feet farther than ever before. Puzzling over that, he concluded that it was his golfing pivot that made the difference. He was putting his whole body into the cast.

Up to that time the accepted technique for casting was to plant yourself firmly on the bank with your left foot forward and make your arm do the work. Golfer Hedge reversed the stance. With his right foot forward and a body swing from the hips, he discovered he could reach out a foot and a half farther with his rod arm than the other casters. As he pulled after each cast he pivoted around with a body swing to get his muscles set for the down stroke. It was smooth as sailing and he knew he had something new in fly casting.

He kept his secret to himself until he reached St. Louis in 1934 for the national tournament. The old-time anglers smiled indulgently at his odd stance and body swing. Their smiles changed to cheers—as the saying goes—when in the distance fly event his longest cast added twenty-two feet to the best previous world record. Any one of them would have been tickled to death to add twenty-two inches.

New Rods and New Records

Hedge sold his hardware business to devote his time and thoughts exclusively to fly casting and fishing. That is what the sport does to solid, substantial merchants. He traveled over the country in response to invitations from clubs, towns and universities, demonstrating fly-casting technique. He managed to eke out a living from royalties on a tapered line and a grip he had invented.

In the course of his travels he had stumbled onto Lew Stoner, who was making rods to order for fastidious anglers of the San Francisco area. Most split bamboo rods are plied together solid, which means that to stay within the 5¾-ounce weight limit their length must be limited to nine feet. If a rod maker shaved more bamboo off the butt to add length to the tip, it resulted in a rod so limber that it lacked the strength to whip the line back and forth.

Lew Stoner found that by making a hollow rod of glued bamboo strips, thickened at the joints to provide more glue area and form longitudinal girders, he could turn out a ten-foot rod within the weight limit. It was a revolutionary notion.

When Marvin Hedge came along, he knew he had discovered something. He moved in, hovering over the lathes and benches for two weeks while Lew Stoner made him a set of these new hollow rods.

The Number One item in a fly caster's kit is the line. It's far more important than the rod.

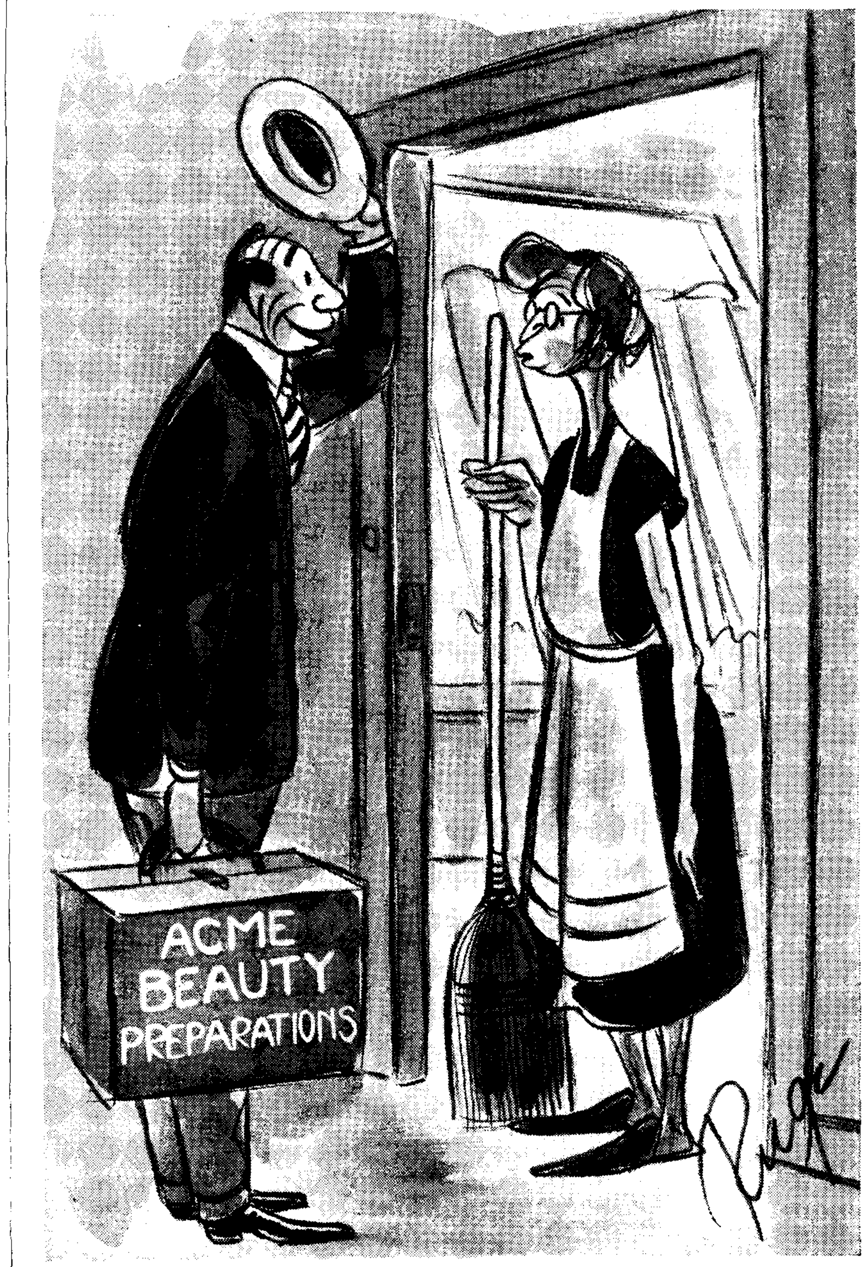
The important thing to get is a balanced line with the weight properly distributed in relation to the rod. A soft, limber rod needs a lighter line; a stiff rod handles a heavier one. Balancing the line is an all-day ceremony with Champion Hedge. He casts, notes where the line is low in the cast, scrapes that section carefully with steel wool to reduce the excess weight, dresses it, tries it again, repeats the process time after time until the line flicks out over the water evenly from rod tip to fly.

"How about flies?" I asked.

"The tournament committee furnishes them," he said, "but you might want to go fishing some day. Know how many flies I carry?"

I didn't.

"Five," he said. "That's all you need for fishing if you know your casting. It isn't the color of the fly that interests Mr. Trout, but how you drop it on the water."



"Good morning, Madam! . . . Wow!"

JOHN RUGE

"Your new car costs $75 less"

Mr. D. W. Gluck, President, Gluck Motor Corp., 376 Central Ave., Lawrence, L. I., demonstrates with actual figures the value of Marfak lubrication

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"When we take in a used car as down payment on a new one we have to resell that car for cash. A car that has been well lubricated is worth more. We don't have to spend so much to recondition it. Frequently we can allow $75.00 more for cars that have been regularly lubricated with Marfak."

Marfak can make this big difference in the value of *your* car. It is unlike ordinary grease. It lasts twice as long. Because, where ordinary greases are made from light-bodied oils, Marfak is made from *heavy-bodied* oils. It is a sturdy, viscous, "unworked" lubricant. Rain won't wash it out. Heat won't melt it out. Road shocks won't wear it out.

Let the Texaco Dealer Marfak your car. He has special equipment and experience with every make of car. Drive in and see him *today.*

Tune in "Texaco Town" every Sunday night, Columbia Network
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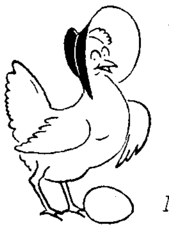
FRIENDLY ADVICE TO LIQUOR BUYERS

●Make sure of genuineness and quality by looking for this seal when you buy liquor. It's counterfeit-proof and tamper-proof Guarantees that the liquor came from a licensed distillery and that you are the first person to open the bottle. Used to seal and safeguard well-known brands, including those advertised on the following pages:

See Pages 56 and 69



Eggs are opened only once,
The shells can't be refilled.
Liquor, too, Alseco-sealed,
Is legally distilled.

Melissa, the egg's mamma

Alseco
ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEALS
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

What a Relief!

Continued from page 14

"Thank *you,* lady! I'se gwine to pick me out a nice chair and jest set the rest of the mawnin'. I'se *earned* my mawnin's pay!"

In some ways that porter is a national symbol.

While a lot of us have economic ants in our pants and will do any amount of work to add to our income, there are a great many Americans who develop a cool indifference to too much work in boom times. If you doubt it, ask the men who managed the shipyards or the mines or other forced-draft industries during war times. The higher wages were set, the less men were anxious to work a full week, every week.

When a coal miner can work two or three days a week and earn from $30 to $50 he doesn't want to work six days. When a shipbuilder can earn from $10 to $20 a day, as he did in 1917-1918, why shouldn't he take as much time off as he likes? He can always get a job when he comes back. And that is just what happens when jobs are plentiful.

The point to all this, let us emphasize again, is that in boom times, or fairly good times, not more than 40 or 41 per cent of all our people will take jobs. Right today, if an unprecedented number of jobs became available, you couldn't get a total of more than two million more people to take jobs than are now working.

The Haven of Relief

Then what happens in a depression? How account for the millions who say they want work? If we are within two million of normal employment, who are all the people who say they are unemployed? Well, here's the answer. In a depression every Tom, Dick and Harry, as well as their cousins and their uncles and their aunts, all start looking for work. Although they've been living quite cheerfully for years on their old man, with never a sigh for a job, suddenly they all want jobs. They're afraid. Afraid that Pop, the horny-handed breadwinner, will lose his job.

During the depression, when Pop loses his job that ought to make one unemployed. But it doesn't; it makes several, because all his relatives start wailing and crying that they are unemployed too. You could hardly say a maiden lady of forty-five was unemployed if she had never had a job in her life. Yet today many of our "unemployed" either have never worked or haven't worked in years.

But let another boom come along, as one seems to be coming, and again what happens? Old Pop, the breadwinner, gets his job back. His cousins and his aunts gradually come home from the employment offices, put on their house slippers and settle back to read the papers.

"Thank God, *that's* over," they say. "We were afraid for a while we were going to have to take a job."

Now don't get sore if you know nice people who are still on relief and who would give a couple of years of their lives to get a job. We do, too. There are such people and if they are strong and well, able to work and not too old, they will get jobs soon. Because there will be more and more jobs. We're not saying this just to make you feel better. We don't care how you feel. If we wanted to make you happy we'd have written this as a love story in which the boy gets the girl and the aged parents get the Townsend Plan.

While it's true that there are some fine people on relief, it's also true that some of God's lesser noblemen are also on this still popular roll. Some of them don't want to work because four or five years of being on relief have given them the habits of the leisure class and such habits are hard to change. A lot of them will never work again because it has been so long since they worked that jobs have outgrown them. Very few jobs stand still. We don't do things the way we did ten years ago—or even five years ago in some occupations.

Many of the men and women now on relief were never properly trained for a job. Or if they were, they were not adaptable when the job changed. And now it's too late to do anything about it. About three quarters of the people now on relief, exclusive of those on WPA, are not employable in jobs requiring any real degree of ability.

In New York City there is a large Home Relief district which has on its relief rolls about 7,200 persons who are sixteen years of age or over. This district has a placement officer who sits in the central office and tries to refer the 7,200 persons to jobs—any kind of jobs he can find. When he finds employment for an individual he can bring rather blunt pressure to force the person to take such work. You'd suppose that he would agree that there was at least one kind of work suitable for nearly every adult on his lists. But he's a practical placement officer. He knows what employers want. And how many of the 7,200 do you think he has classified as "employable" on his record cards? Just 746. No more.

A couple of years ago, before office employment began to pick up, about 100 or more typists were needed for some of the WPA headquarters in New York. Home Relief officials, anxious to place as many of their people as possible, said, "We've got lots of capable typists among the young people on our rolls. Use them."

So relief investigators were instructed to rout out all the typists and send them to the State Employment Service to take typing tests. It doesn't take long to give a standard typing test, and when you have a room full of machines you can test a lot of typists in a day.

Typing isn't an unusual skill in these days when it is almost a standard subject in our high schools and when portable machines are found in so many homes. Yet the accurate typist among families on relief was found to be a rare bird indeed. In two days of testing, the State Employment Service found only two or three satisfactory typists.

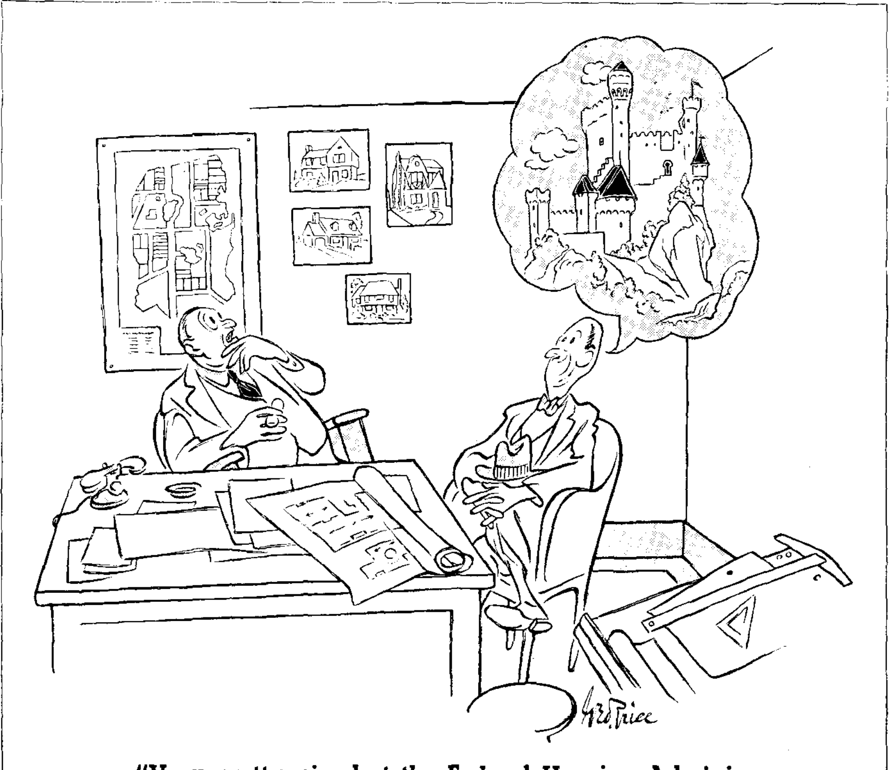
25 Per Cent Efficient

A shrewd judge of work abilities in men is Commissioner Robert Moses, head of the extensive park systems of New York City and New York State and of the Triborough Bridge Authority. Under his aggressive direction more improvements in the parks have been made in a few years than in the previous fifty. He has had too much to do in carrying out his well-planned program to bother with inefficient workmen. Commissioner Moses' sharp but successful clashes with various local WPA administrators have delighted New Yorkers on several occasions.

In the past two years Mr. Moses has refused to accept 41,000 WPA workers sent to him. According to WPA standards the men were employable, but the commissioner found them altogether unfit for his work.

"Efficiency of the men has varied," said Mr. Moses recently. "It is low now and getting lower. Beginning with CWA and up to the present we have found that the men under our direction are about seventy per cent efficient when compared with our regular civil service park workers or with the men in private employ doing our park and bridge work on contract. The average of skilled workers has been higher than that, and of the unskilled somewhat lower. We have managed, however, to get a lot of permanently valuable work done by these men which would not have been done otherwise.

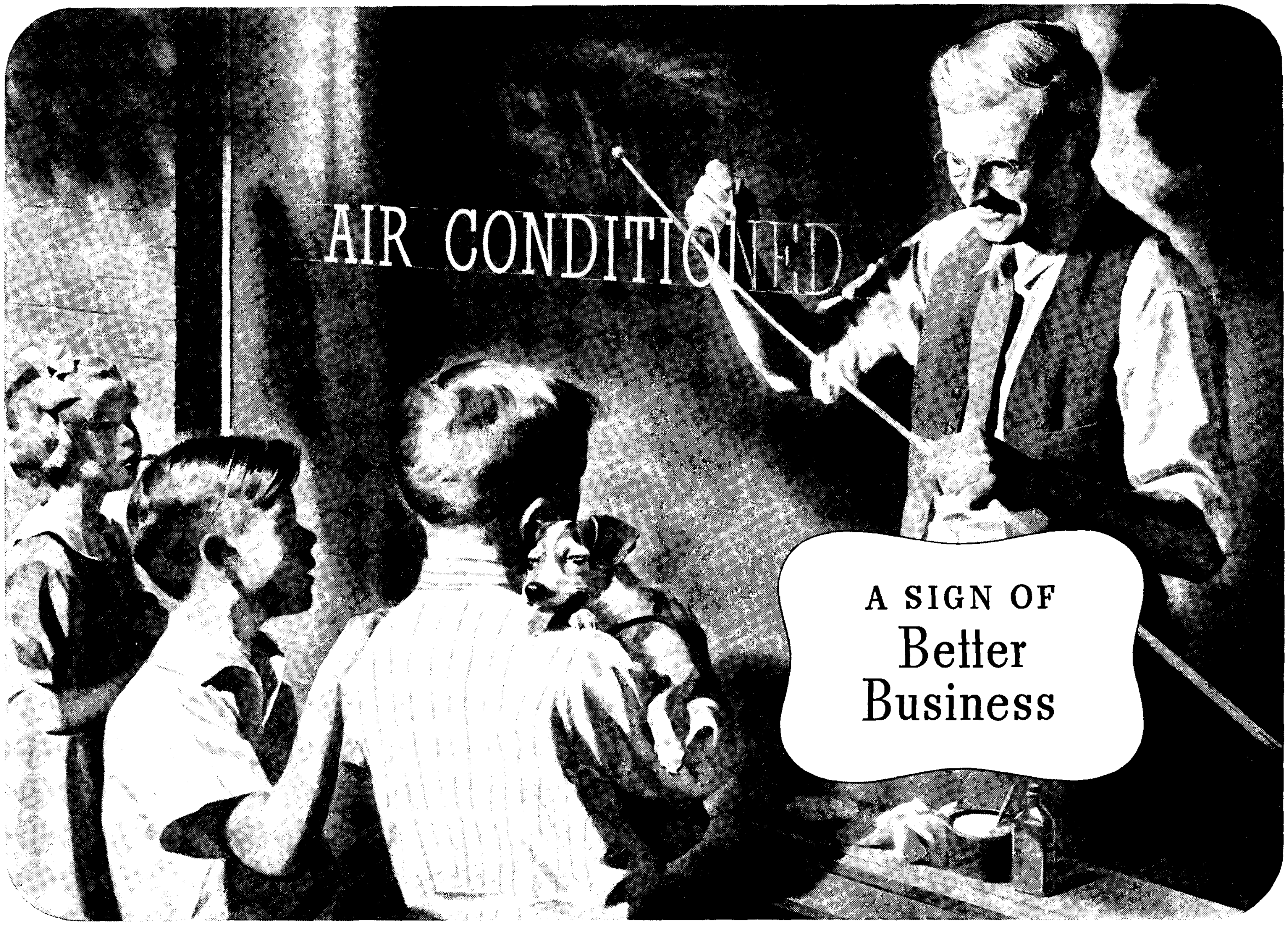
"When I took over the park work in 1934 I found many men on ill-planned projects who were surely no more than 25 per cent efficient. We had to keep them all to get the right percentage of



"Very pretty, sir—but the Federal Housing Administration can hardly advance money on an air castle"

GEORGE PRICE

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY · EAST PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA



As signs like this go up, "For Rent" signs come down

THE asphalt may be melting in the streets outside, but there's May Day weather inside this place. Soon smart people by the hundreds will seek it out, and its proprietors will smile happily at mounting receipts. When winter comes and old-fashioned dry heat is making other places stuffy and close, its clean, fresh air will continue to beckon the crowds. "Tailor-made weather" is good for business, in any season.

Thousands of shops, theaters and dining places have already discovered this. Moreover, year-round comfort for homes and offices is being brought within reach of more and more people each year. We Americans usually get what we want, and when something new and desirable comes along, thousands get jobs making and selling it.

Like so many other new business-building developments, air conditioning has been helped in its growth by the electrical industry. Westinghouse engineers have made many substantial contributions, and the Westinghouse name on air conditioning equipment is another sign worth looking for.

Westinghouse

The name that means everything in electricity material and equipment on worth-while projects which we designed but to do so we put some of them on our Sahara Desert jobs—sifting sand and moving dirt in obscure spots where they wouldn't be seen.

"In our work, at least, many of the best men have recently left WPA," continued the commissioner. "Of our staff of 30,000 WPA workers, we are now losing about 1,000 men a month. The inference is that they are getting other jobs. The loss of many of our excellent supervisors has been a heavy blow because we can't get efficiency without them. When your supervisors quit, you're lost."

We've always had some unemployment and, somehow or other, we've always taken care of people without jobs. There have been seven depressions in the past eighty years. Even before the Civil War there were so many unemployed in some of our cities that private and public organizations were forced to give relief. The Provident Association in Boston, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor in New York, the Relief and Aid Society in Chicago, and the ward associations in Philadelphia are typical of such groups.

Surprised into Taking Jobs

With each succeeding depression, larger sums were provided for relief. While the bulk of such money was raised by charity organizations and religious groups, many towns and cities also gave direct financial assistance. By 1914 the trend had swung so that more relief money was being given by public organizations than by private charities. By 1924 twice as much money was spent by states and cities as by private charities. But no national appropriations were made as direct unemployment relief until this last depression. And relief expenditures in former depressions were just pin money compared with the huge stream of cash which has been flowing out of Washington.

Even though the work abilities are poor among people on relief, many throughout the country will find jobs. Such jobs will often be the substandard work, the seasonal jobs, the odd jobs, but at least they will constitute employment.

With employment trends going up as they have been recently, about two million people now unemployed altogether or on WPA will get the two million jobs which will bring employment up to the 40 or 41 per cent which is normal employment. These will be new jobs which no one has at present. Many of the best jobs will go to people now on WPA or doing other government work, because they are better suited for work than persons on Home Relief who were not capable enough to be accepted by WPA.

Then a couple of million more people will get jobs which are given up by Pop's cousins and aunts. Some of his relatives were offered jobs in the depression and were surprised into taking them. They don't really want to work but they will hold on to their jobs until they stop being afraid.

With two million people getting new jobs and two million or so getting replacement jobs, about four million of those on relief and on WPA will be taken care of—that is, if we can find four million who want jobs and who are capable of holding them. The rest, it doesn't matter whether there are four *or five million more, mostly don't want* work or can't work at standard jobs. Gradually they will drift out of the employment market.

We know a family named Jenkins living in Brooklyn that you ought to know about. What happened to them has happened to thousands. Except for its baseball team and the fact that people can look across the river and see the tallest buildings in the world, Brooklyn is an average city. And the Jenkinses are an average family.

Frank Jenkins, the father, sold rugs in one of Brooklyn's department stores. Mrs. Jenkins kept the house. There are two daughters, Jean and Janice, who graduated from high school, one in 1925 and the other in 1927. Frank made a pretty good living and neither of the girls had to work. They were both nice-looking kids who had plenty of boy friends and they figured they'd just stay home until they were married.

In 1931 Frank lost his job. The store wasn't selling many rugs and although Frank had been there a number of years he was given what the store called a furlough. And for the Jenkins family, the depression really began. They sold their car, cashed their life insurance policies, moved once a year to a cheaper neighborhood, and borrowed money from all their relatives. Soon after Mr. Jenkins lost his job, both Jean and Janice started out to find work.

Hence the family had three who were looking for work and registered as unemployed!

Frank couldn't find a new job. Middle-aged rug salesmen were as much needed as snowshoes in Bali. Janice, however, had better luck. One of her uncles gave her enough money to learn to operate one of the new bookkeeping machines. The business school she attended got a job for her at eighteen dollars a week and she supported the family for a year.

Frank finally got a job in another department store and now both he and Janice are working. As soon as they finish paying off the debts and Frank gets on his feet again, Janice is going to quit her job to get married. Her boy friend has been doing pretty well and has had two raises lately.

Jean is still registered at several employment offices. She turned down a job recently because it didn't pay much and she would have had to travel about an hour by streetcar twice a day. She doesn't really want to work now and her parents are not encouraging her to find a job. *In the next few months she'll give up even the pretense of looking for a job.*

"We're okay now," is Frank's attitude.

New Machines Make New Jobs

When Janice quits her job that will make a place for someone now unemployed. And when Jean stops looking for work, that will clear the unemployed rolls of another person.

The two million new jobs which will open up in the next two years will be spread through all occupations. Manufacturing will absorb the smallest proportion because it is already back to the high levels of the 1920's.

Mr. Harry Hopkins makes a serious error when he says, as he has on numerous occasions, that employment will not be back to normal until industry is producing 20 per cent more than it did in 1929. His reasoning follows this line: Industry is 20 per cent more efficient than in 1929 due to technological improvements. Therefore, to employ the same number of men as in '29, industry will have to produce 20 per cent more goods. Until industry can do this, says Mr. Hopkins, we'll still have unemployment.

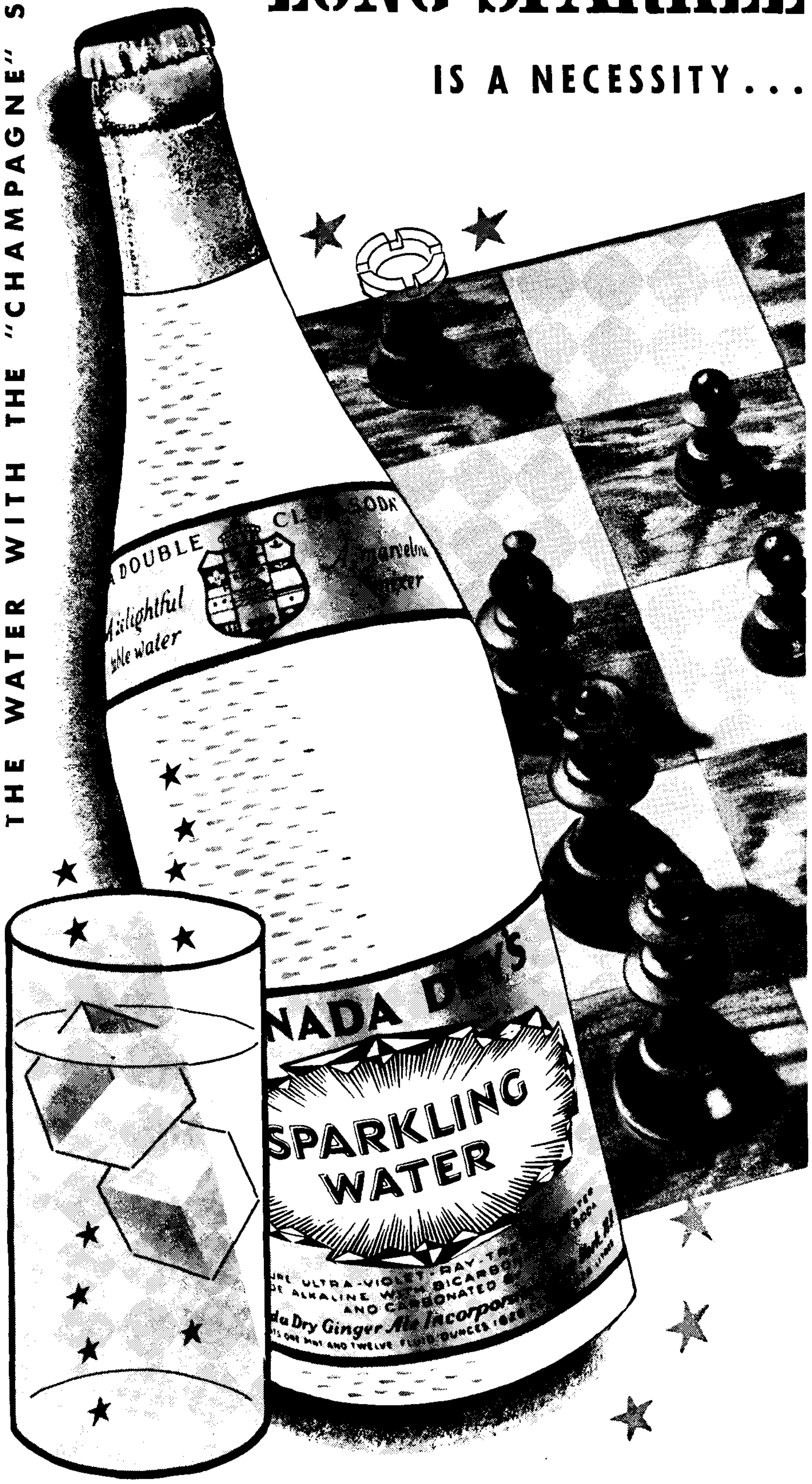
We are afraid Mr. Hopkins is wrong on two counts. His first major mistake is acting as though all working people are employed by "industry"—that all of us who work are engaged in manufacturing. It is an assumption which is often made, but the frequency of its suggestion does not lessen its nonsense. Only 20 per cent of all our working

THE WATER WITH THE "CHAMPAGNE" SPARKLE

WHEN A

LONG SPARKLE

IS A NECESSITY...



MIX 'EM WITH CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER

There are times when a man wants to *linger* over a highball—and that's when he really appreciates Canada Dry's Water. The first sip of a highball mixed with Canada Dry's Water has an added tang and the last sip is as good as the first—because the sparkle *lasts*. You can leave an opened bottle of Canada Dry's Water in a refrigerator and it will keep its sparkle for more than twenty-four hours. Or pour some into a champagne glass and notice the clear, continuous sparkle. There's a secret to this "Champagne" Sparkle. It's PIN-POINT CARBONATION—a special Canada Dry process.

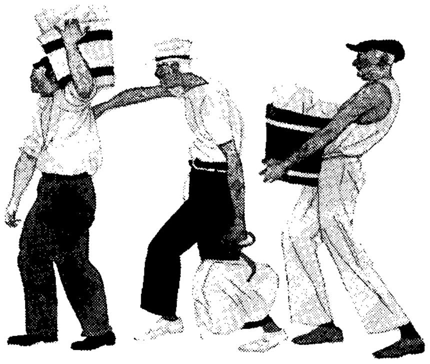
NOW AT NEW LOW PRICES

population is employed in the manufacture of goods. All others who work are engaged in nonmanufacturing lines. Hence technological improvements in manufacturing cannot possibly affect the employment of more than one fifth of our workers. Mr. Hopkins represents a great many writers and speakers who lay all unemployment at "industry's" door. Politicians too.

Yet if their arguments about increasing production of all workers 20 per cent were carried to a logical conclusion, see what it would mean: The physician and the nurse would have to take care of 20 per cent more patients, the clerk in the grocery store would have to sell 20 per cent more goods, the schoolteacher would have a class 20 per cent larger, and even the farmer would have to grow 20 per cent more crops.

The second fallacy in Mr. Hopkins' argument is that if all manufacturing industries are 20 per cent more efficient (and we think Mr. Hopkins just got that number out of a hat) they now employ 20 per cent fewer men than in 1929.

It isn't true of the automobile industry, which is one of the most efficient and technologically improved in the world. General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, Studebaker, Hudson, Nash and the rest will throw out a million dollars' worth of equipment without batting an eye if new machines and methods will make a better product. Then what happens to employment when the auto makers bring out their new machines? Are 20 per cent laid off? Nothing of the kind. With all the mechanical improvements in automobile making today, more men are employed than ever before. Because cars of today are bigger, better and have more gadgets, more man-hours are needed to make a car than in 1929.



Mechanical refrigeration resulted in 11,000 new icemen in ten years

Steel is another industry in which tremendous technological changes have taken place. And yet today steel is employing 577,000 men, compared with 458,000 in 1929. The same growth is seen in printing, an industry which is becoming more mechanized every year, and yet more printers are employed today than there were ten years ago. Dial telephones increased from less than three per cent in 1921 to about 32 per cent in 1930. Did this throw thousands of telephone girls out of work? On the contrary, telephone operators increased from 190,000 in 1920 to almost 249,000 in 1930, and telegraph and telephone linemen almost doubled in the same period.

You might believe that the increased use of electrical refrigerators has thrown thousands of icemen out of work. That would sound logical. But the advertising of mechanical refrigerators has convinced thousands of housewives of the value of keeping foods cold, and many are using ice who never did before. Between 1920 and 1930, according to the census, ice dealers increased from 8,000 to over 19,000.

The jobs which will give employment to the two million are not going to be primarily in industry. Some of the major job increases will be in new occupations—not brand-new in that you have never heard of them before, but new in the sense that they didn't exist ten years ago.

A great deal has been learned about new jobs from an investigation recently completed by Professor Edmund Brunner of Columbia University. He and his staff investigated 140 typical small towns throughout the country in 1924, 1930 and 1936. In the 12 years covered by their study they have seen old occupations die out and new ones rise up to give jobs to thousands of persons.

In small towns one of the new occupations is operating beauty parlors. In 1924 there were only a handful of beauty shops, in 1930 there were only a few more. But in 1936 every town had its beauty parlor and some had two. Beauty shops are not new to the large cities, but the growth there has been at the same rate it has been in the towns. Back of the beauty shops are many people who make, sell and distribute the machines and materials used.

A Parting Word of Cheer

Much to everyone's surprise, retail stores gave more jobs to people in 1936 than in 1930 and earlier. In 1930 Professor Brunner had recorded an average of 39.6 retail stores per town. In 1936 this number had grown to 52.5 stores, which is a 30 per cent increase. There had been small increases in automobile accessory shops, restaurants and soft-drink stores, but the greatest growth was in the miscellaneous group, including barbershops, beauty parlors, drugstores, novelty stores, tourist camps, boardinghouses and liquor stores.

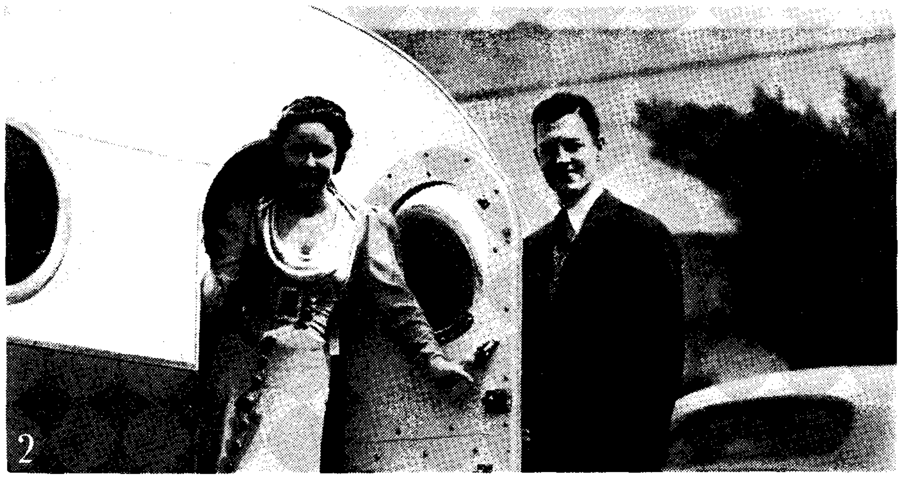
If you have friends who work for the railroads they will tell you that the transportation industry employs 20 per cent fewer than it did before the depression. This is undoubtedly true for the railroads, but it is no longer accurate to consider the railroads as all of transportation. Since 1929, automobile plants of the country have increased our trucks by more than a million. And since no self-driving truck has been invented, it takes at least a million men, more likely a million and a quarter, to operate these trucks. This more than makes up for all the men laid off by the railroads.

Aviation promises to give jobs to many more men. It will be some time before aviation is a job-providing industry on a large scale, but every job it furnishes is a brand-new position which hasn't existed before. The field of air conditioning is going to be another slowly developing source of employment. At present the entire construction industry is employing about 75 per cent of the men it had in 1925, but the growth in jobs will be steady. These cannot be considered new jobs, although they will help to absorb the unemployed and many of the skilled workers now on government work.

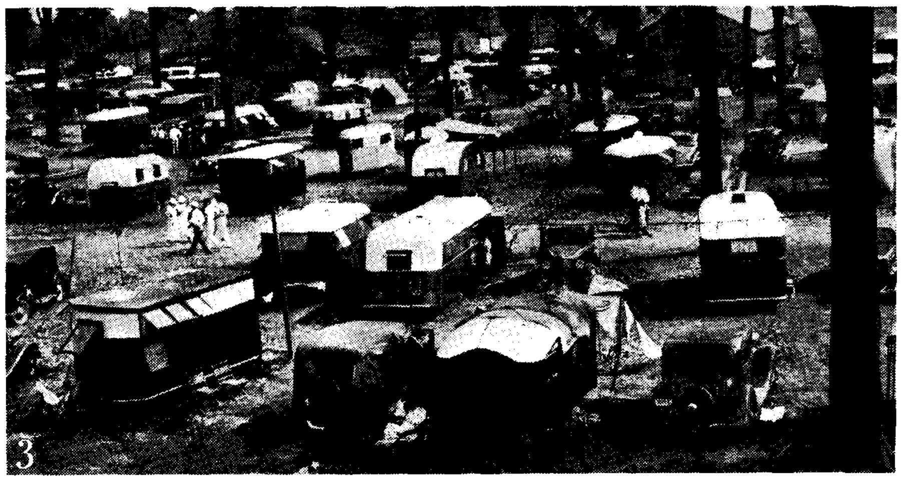
There will be many new jobs in what is called the service occupations; that is, providing some kind of service to people. This type of work has been increasing steadily and it will continue to grow. Trailer camps are of this variety. Gasoline filling stations, roadside stands, tearooms and radio repair shops are others. Health services of all kinds are growing. Every year more of us are traveling and an increasing number of people will be required to care for our traveling needs.

A parting word of cheer on this dour subject of unemployment. Employment trends are steadily rising. Before the fall of 1939, when Wall Street gathers to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Colossal Crash of October, 1929, present employment surpluses in all too many cases will have become employment shortages.

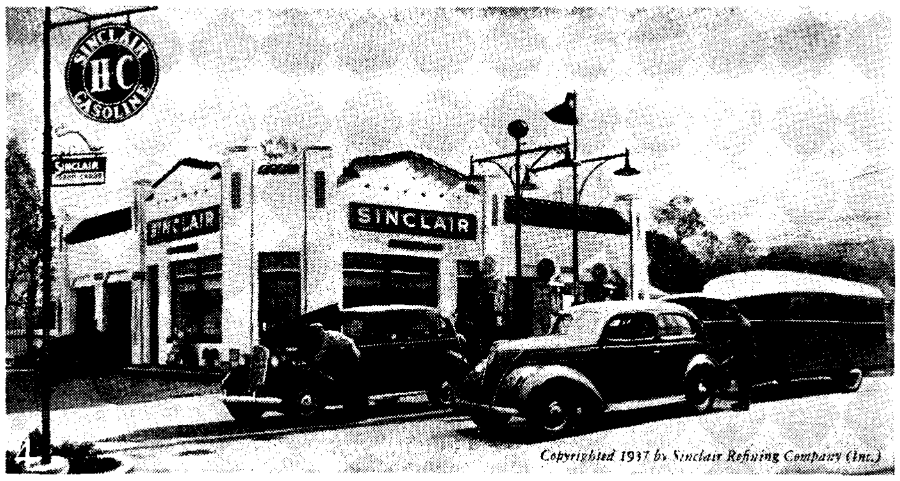
John King and Barbara Read, featured in the widely discussed Universal Picture, "The Road Back", get . . .



. . . the inside facts on why so many people are touring the country in trailers these days. Thousands of . . .



. . . trailer travelers make it a point to stop at Sinclair dealer stations because they are sure of the same friendly service they get from Sinclair dealers at home. You, too, will . . .



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. . . find helpful, neighborly, safe service wherever you see the Sinclair H-C Gasoline sign. Look for it on all main highways.

They're ACES in INK

Flying geese on the label identify Carter's Permanent Midnight Colors (Blue, Blue-Black, Black).

The full-rigged ship marks Carter's Sunset Inks—rich, strong colors.

NEW CARTER FORMULAS GIVE YOU EVEN FINER INKS...

QUICKER STARTING
Flows the instant pen touches paper. No need for extra pressure on pen point before you write. Saves time—and temper, too.

SMOOTHER FLOWING
Whether your writing is fast, slow or jerky—Carter's keeps pace. From pen to paper it flows evenly.

FASTER DRYING
Cuts the risk of messy blots and smudges. Helpful when writing in check or notebooks.

RICHER COLORS
Each Carter color has been enriched . . . "toned up." And Carter still offers you an unusually wide selection.

YOU CAN "SPOT" THESE FINER INKS BY CARTER'S COLORFUL LABELS

"Cube-Stand" with a 10¢ Cube of ink, 39¢—a 15¢ Cube, 44¢. Tropical fish mark Carter's *Washable* Inks . . .

CARTER'S INK
Finest for Fountain Pens • Also Adhesives, Carbon Paper, Typewriter Ribbons, Fountain Pens

Chains May Break

Continued from page 13

his handiwork, made him feel better. This shoe shop, he'd weeded the personnel and bargained for special discounts and made it show a profit. He made this book shop by firing the old fogy who ran it, getting a hustler who might not read books but knew how to display them. (The old fogy committed suicide: sometimes, it seemed, in planning with human lives things happened you never expected.) This perfume salon—now, there was an instance of his versatility. No girls at seventy per month but Russian nobility at five hundred—which reminded him, he'd have a talk with Mme. Balaclova in the morning. Did she expect her salary to come out of business with transients?

The new escalator was his idea, following a survey which showed that thousands were lost every day because of poor transportation. This dedication, though, was a nuisance. But the directors loved display. Maybe, thought Brian, he'd just read his speech from the manuscript. No, that would be a weakness. Damn it, he wished it were all over—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Seeger. I didn't hear what you said."

"I was saying," said Herman, "what a wonderful attraction the escalator is. People will come just to ride on it. I would do it myself. I tell you, if I wasn't ashamed I would ride up and down that escalator all day." He was trying to make Brian smile.

But Brian did not smile, because something he noticed on the smooth stone floor annoyed him. He had repeatedly warned the force about rubbish in the aisles. Over there where the people were streaming in there might be some excuse, but not here out of traffic. Automatically, he bent to pick the crumpled white paper off the floor and pressed it out of sight in his palm, but just as he stood up he saw his secretary coming toward him.

She was panting. "I came right down to get you, Mr. Harris. Boston is on the telephone. Boston," she repeated. "They said it was very important."

"Boston?" said Brian. "Yes, yes. . . . Mr. Seeger, do you mind?"

"Sure, go ahead," said Herman. "Me, I'll just stay down here."

Teresa, at the pen shop, said to Bernice, "Did you see his face? Did you see how white he got?"

"He got mad because he found paper on the floor," said Bernice. "I'll bet there's a memorandum tomorrow."

BOSTON, thought Brian. Boston. The way she said it. She knew. She was the only one in New York who knew. But what could be wrong? They were never to call him except in an emergency. He said to the uniformed elevator girl, "Fifth floor. Hurry."

Boston. Boston on the telephone. Very important. Boston—and then it was not Boston on the telephone in 1936, but Boston in his mind in the fall of 1933.

Boston in 1933 and a young brother who dared to think himself in love with the woman Brian wanted for himself.

But, then, he hadn't intended things to come out the way they did. It was another of his plans with human lives that hadn't worked perfectly, that's all. Was it his fault that Paul was one of those emotional men, one of those artists?

Hadn't he, in the absence of parents, made a home for the boy? Hadn't he watched over him, educated him, planned for him—every step? Hadn't he forced him (of course he had forced him; it was his duty as the stronger one for Paul's own good) to take up finance and administration when the thankless boy wanted to take art courses, and to study when he insisted on fooling with paints and brushes and haunting the academies? (Bread and water in Paris when he could have every advantage with a brother who made twenty thousand a year managing one of Boston's leading department stores!) Hadn't he, when Paul graduated, launched him on a business career by placing him with one of the biggest banks in Boston?

Why, it took endless quarrels to compel him to wear worsted and put on a hat!

Pressure. The boy talked about pressure. Restraint. Of course, pressure and restraint. Who ever gained success without discipline and sacrifice?

LORNA WYNNE. Brian brought her home one night for dinner, with her mother, six months before—before it happened. She was twenty-three then, Paul's age, a quiet, reserved girl with soft black eyes, and he meant to marry her. It was all arranged with her mother, and he meant to have the girl's consent, too. There was a softness and grace about her that he wanted more than anything he had ever wanted in his life.

That was how Paul and Lorna met, and then they began meeting each other on the outside. It didn't take Brian long to suspect it. Little things, the way they both acted in his presence, but Brian was accustomed to observe little things. A signet ring gone from Paul's finger, and a private detective verified the rest. They wrote each other and met in lunchrooms and art galleries, and when they were together she wore Paul's ring.

It had all been rather simple to manage. First, at his direction, Lorna's mother took the girl to Chicago. Then, the next morning, the talk with Paul, that awful scene he could not, even now, recall without shuddering.

He hadn't been angry or excited—he left that to Paul.

Brian, waiting until Paul was through: "Here's your ring back, Paul. Would she return your ring if she loved you? She's in Chicago now to put an end to this affair." And then (yes, a lie, but a proper, justifiable lie), "She's engaged to me."

That sudden, dreadful calm, and the way the life seemed to drain out of the boy's eyes, like water from a bowl. . . .

At twelve o'clock the call from Paul's bank, and when Brian went there Paul was in semicollapse.

Nervous breakdown, said the doctors; they suggested quiet and rest and appropriate therapy. It was all rather awkward, coming as it did in the midst of his negotiations with the New York people who wanted him to manage their store for them, but Brian had arranged everything quietly and efficiently, even to having Paul admitted under another name. It was a small, private hospital and Paul had all the care money could buy. Paints and brushes and drawing materials were supplied him; and though, even after three years, something still seemed lacking in his recovery, he seemed content.

Before settling in New York, Brian had gone to Chicago. That, too, had been easily managed. He said to Lorna, "Paul is in Paris. You know he always wanted to go there."

"Yes," she said, "he always said so." And ten days later they were married.

Yes, it had all worked out according to plan, except, of course, Paul—and Lorna. Somehow, all that softness he cherished went out of her as soon as they married. She was aloof; she was hard; she consciously did everything to make him miserable.

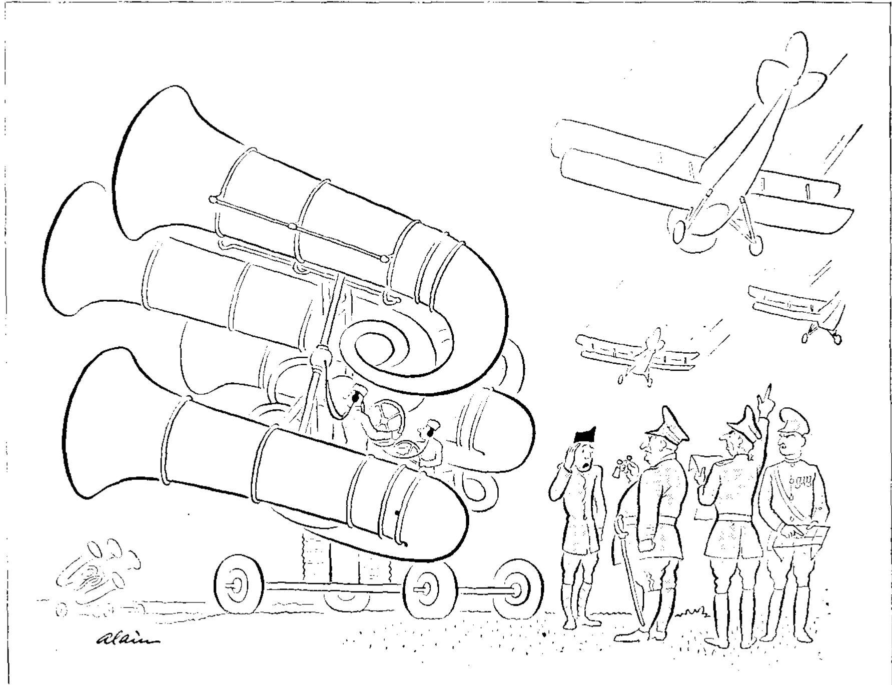
Only a month ago, one of the doctors had been in New York and Brian had discussed Paul's recovery with him. And he had looked at Brian and said, "Do you want the truth? Subconsciously he is still under your domination and he will not really recover until he feels himself free of you."

Well, that was too bad. Still, perhaps the best thing for Paul was to stay where he was. But what possible reason could they have for calling him—

"Fifth floor, Mr. Harris—"

LORNA HARRIS paid the taxi driver and walked toward the entrance of the Seeger Department Store. She looked at her watch, thinking, "I'm a half-hour late already."

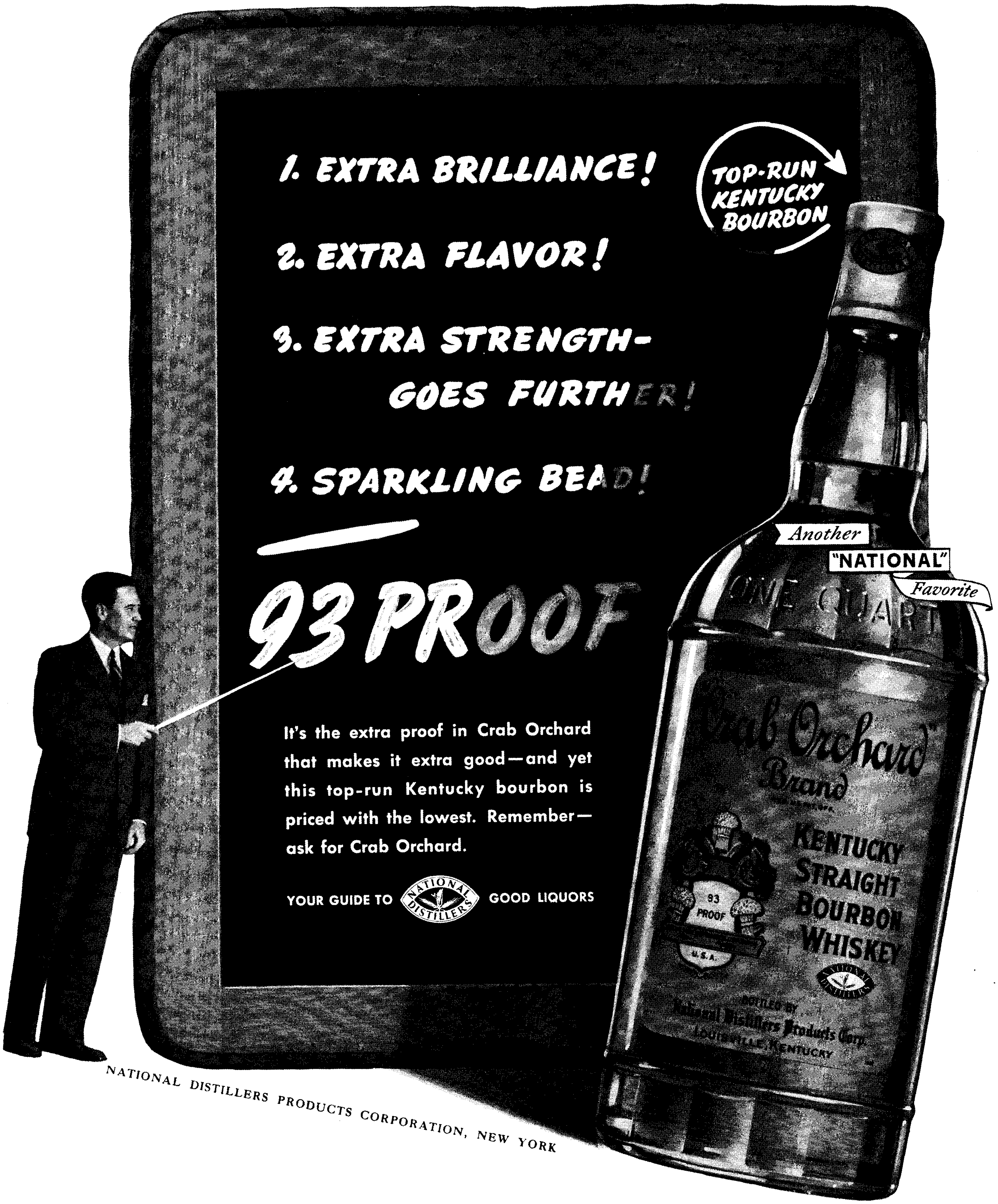
She moved through the entrance, a small, black-eyed woman of twenty-six who looked five years older. All these people, she thought, were here to see the new escalator, and later she would



"There's a bumblebee somewhere inside, Colonel. It fools us every time"

ALAIN

It all adds up—


1. EXTRA BRILLIANCE!
2. EXTRA FLAVOR!
3. EXTRA STRENGTH-GOES FURTHER!
4. SPARKLING BEAD!
93 PROOF
TOP-RUN KENTUCKY BOURBON
Another "NATIONAL" Favorite
ONE QUART
Crab Orchard Brand
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
93 PROOF
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It's the extra proof in Crab Orchard that makes it extra good—and yet this top-run Kentucky bourbon is priced with the lowest. Remember—ask for Crab Orchard.

YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK sit on a stage while her husband made a speech (she'd heard that speech twice now. . . . "Yes, Brian, quite clever") and women would stare at her and whisper, "That coat cost a thousand dollars. Look at that diamond. I heard she lives on Beekman Hill."

If she went up to one of those women and said, "Here is the coat with the sables because I would rather have a tweed coat that cost twenty-two fifty, and here is the penthouse and give me a stucco home with a porch and the gay noise of a child in the garden; and yes, here is the six-carat diamond and let me have, instead, a plain gold ring with a man's initials on it, a man you may possibly find in Europe somewhere—"

Of course, Paul never went to Europe. It was all a planned lie. She knew it a month after her marriage. She knew it when she forced her mother to admit that she had stolen Paul's ring from her and given it to Brian. But she never told Brian that, because she preferred to make him pay for it, every week, every month. Had he heard from Paul? Yes, he was in Rome. He was in Vienna; he sent regards. He is not coming home yet; he may go to the Orient. She had really expected Brian Harris to lie better than that.

But where was Paul? Was he dead? Had Brian killed him? No, that was silly. For one thing, she could not have that feeling that he was here somewhere, so close that she could reach out and touch him. . . . "Stop it," she murmured. "Stop it."

The fat little man who fell in step with her smiled and waggled a finger in fatherly reproval. "Ah, Mrs. Harris. You are late."

"How do you do?" said Lorna. "How is Mrs. Seeger?"

"Fine, thank you," said Herman Seeger. "She is home listening on the radio. What do you think of the crowds? And the escalator—isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes, wonderful," said Lorna.

"I think I will go up with you," said Herman. "There is still twenty minutes until the ceremonies." He handed her into an elevator. "A minute earlier, Mrs. Harris, and you would have seen your husband. We were together but he had to go upstairs to the telephone." He winked slyly. "Maybe I shouldn't tell you. A very important call. From Boston."

"Boston," repeated Lorna.

"From a secret lady friend, I'll bet you."

Boston, thought Lorna. A very important call.

Boston. Some day she would face Brian and demand point-blank where Paul was.

Boston, thought Lorna, and left Herman and walked swiftly to her husband's office.

"WHAT do you mean," demanded Brian Harris, "he's gone? When did it happen?" It happened, the resident told him, at nine o'clock this morning. The patient was walking through the grounds after his breakfast. It was a chilly morning and he had put on his overcoat. . . . Yes, he was alone. Yes, of course they'd searched for him everywhere; they'd searched for him all day and finally decided to notify Brian.

Yes, they had questioned everyone. And they had gone through his room. The money he kept in a drawer was missing and he seemed to have removed the contents of a small wooden box. . . . Yes, there had been some change in his condition during the past few days—you could call it a slight relapse. . . . Well, they hadn't wanted to worry Brian unnecessarily, but now that this had happened did he perhaps have an idea where the patient was?

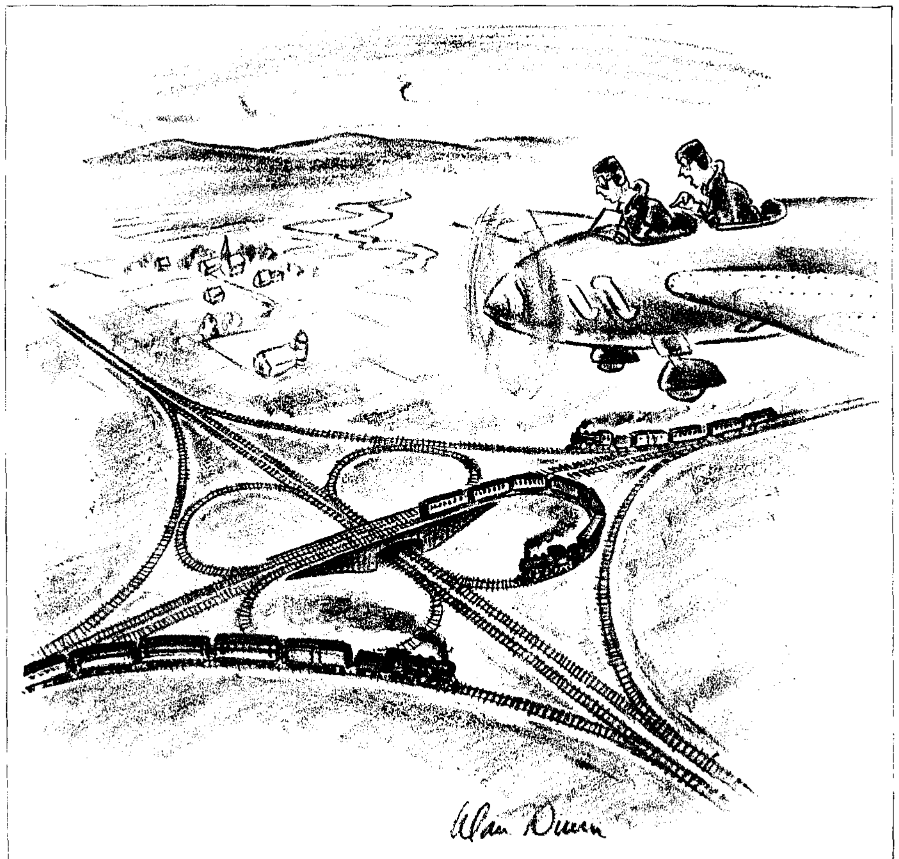
Sweat broke out on Brian's face. "How should I know? Well, why don't you do something? Notify the police, send out his description, find him! But no publicity—" Brian Harris felt someone standing over him and turned and saw his wife's face. She had walked in and closed the door and there she was.

"Keep in touch with me," said Brian into the telephone, and put the receiver back in its pronged cradle and wiped his face. What had she heard? What could she guess? He stood up. "There you are, Lorna. I lit the fireplace and it's rather warm. Were you delayed by traffic? It's a quarter to four and I suppose we'd better be going down—"

BUT she just looked at him out of black, suspicious eyes, and she said, "Who was that?"

"Why, Lorna, I'm surprised at you. An employee, you see, ran off with some money and I was just talking to the police—" Why, why hadn't he the presence of mind to realize that Lorna might walk in any minute? "I was just telling them to head him off."

She said, "Don't lie, Brian. You were talking to Boston. I want the truth. Was it about Paul? Is he in prison?"



"It's the railroad's new accident-proof crossing" ALAN DUNN

"In prison? Why, that's absurd. Lorna, we haven't the time to stand here—"

She demanded, "Where is Paul?"

Why was he afraid of this woman? Suppose, even suppose, she did know the exact truth? It was still nonsense to be afraid of her. "Look here, Lorna, I don't intend to go into that now. Either you come with me or I'll go downstairs alone." Brian looked on the desk for his speech. Perhaps he'd just read it, after all. It really made no difference. How did this crumpled piece of paper come into his hand? Some message, probably, he forgot to look at. Brian opened it—and stood there rooted, unable to move.

On the paper was written, "Paul Harris." No, not written—Paul's signature!

In heaven's name, what did this mean? What devil's magic had put this in his hand? Brian Harris felt the sensation of heat, wet heat pouring down his body and over his chest and all over him, and then his senses came back to him a little but it was too late, because Lorna was standing there and she, too, had seen what was written on that paper.

And in the awful, hot silence she said, "Paul was here. Where is he?"

"I tell you, he was not here! I have no idea what this means. Some old slip of paper in my desk—" Or was it all a hallucination? And this woman with the terrible black eyes standing there and demanding an explanation of something unexplainable—was that a hallucination too?

"Lorna, this is beyond me. I can't—it's a forgery of some kind. And I refuse to talk about it any more. It's nearly four o'clock—they'll be starting any minute and I won't be there." Into the fire with this thing, the big, roaring fire across the room, and then his head would stop aching and he could breathe and feel cool again.

"Brian, give me that paper!"

No, he wouldn't give her that paper and she had better not struggle for it. This paper would go into the big, yawning fire so that he, Brian Harris, maker of fate and ruler of little men, could draw breath again and go downstairs and make a speech about an escalator, and then he would attend to this woman, too, this woman who dared to stand in his way; he, Brian Harris, would show her that he was afraid of her no longer. Across the room with this thing, he must hurry, hurry. . . . This collar was choking his throat and the doctors had said that he must never excite himself or smoke or overeat but the important thing was not to let too much time elapse between one breath and the next one. . . . Now the woman wasn't struggling with him any more but why was someone pushing a big black wall in front of him and all around him and why was this carpet so close to him and where was the distant echo of his name coming from—

"Brian!" screamed Lorna. "Brian!" Miss Leeds rushed in and she, too, screamed and ran out, but by the time a doctor was brought in it was too late.

THE confused man in the gray overcoat was very glad indeed to have the man in the derby hat come up to him and speak to him, because in this vast labyrinth of scramble and disorder he was the only one without indifference and he seemed a very competent and kindly man besides. He took Paul's arm and led him to the side a little, explaining that he was employed by the railroad to help any travelers who might be in difficulties. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

Perhaps there was, said Paul; and told him his name and about this trip. He was on his way to Chicago, he explained, and everything had gone well until he got into a crush of people, but he managed to get away from them and then a man on the street gave him further directions. And then a peculiar thing happened. He was standing and watching a red sign that said Chicago when he started to think that perhaps he was making a mistake in taking this trip, and while he was trying to make up his mind whether to go through the gate the sign disappeared and wasn't there any more.

"I thought maybe you were confused," said the man. "Now, don't worry. We'll see if we can't help you. But maybe we'd better go some place and sit down."

So they went to a private office and sat down; and the man said his name was Jim and asked Paul a lot of questions about himself; what city he came from and the name of the hospital and when he started on this trip. Then Jim said, "Do you mind if I leave you a minute? I've got to make a telephone call. Just make yourself at home and I'll be back."

It really was very comfortable here, thought Paul, relaxing; so much pleasanter than being lost in the streets and bumped by people you didn't know. Then Jim came back and said, "I think I've got everything straight now, but before we talk about that I want to ask you something. Have you had anything to eat today?"

"Why, no," said Paul. "You see, I was so busy—"

"Of course," said Jim heartily. "You were so busy that it slipped your mind. Now, don't you think the first thing on the program is to get you something to eat?"

SO THEY went to a restaurant and had something to eat, and then Jim said, "Now, Paul, about this trip of yours to Chicago. I suppose you know that you missed your train, so don't you think your best plan would be to go back to Boston?"

"Why, yes," said Paul. "I really believe that would be best."

"Another thing," said Jim. "Do you mind if I go along with you?"

"Not at all," said Paul; and so it was arranged.

Later, on a train, Paul sat near a window with Jim alongside of him, and then Jim gave him his paper to read and dozed off. There was quite a big headline, STORE EXECUTIVE DIES OF STROKE, and farther on Paul read that it was Brian Harris. That was Brian's picture in the next column. It happened at four o'clock, continued the story, a few moments before Brian was to dedicate an escalator; the deceased was survived by his widow, Lorna Harris, and the funeral would take place two days later from their address on Beekman Hill.

Paul put down the paper. Brian was dead! Brian, whom he remembered as a boy, who had carried him on his shoulders in their Boston house and pulled him on a sled in winter . . . but he must not let the shock overcome him, because this would put certain responsibilities upon him and there were things he had to do. First he must explain at the hospital that he could not stay there any longer, and then he would go to the funeral, but the most important thing was Lorna. At a time like this she would need help and sympathy and it was his duty to supply those things to her. Yes, without question these duties and responsibilities devolved on him, and then Paul had the feeling that he was not on a train at all, but on a silver coach gliding out of some bad dream, out from a fog into an active world where everything was open and there would always be enough air to breathe.

FREE! $1000⁰⁰ A DAY FOR 30 DAY

A NEW CONTEST and a NEW CHANCE to WIN $1,000 EACH DAY for 30 DAYS!

Contests Open August 9 and Continue Every Week Day, Except Saturdays And Sundays, Through September 17

HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE: *"I Like OXYDOL For Washing Clothes Because ...."*

(in 25 additional words or less)

The Purpose of this Contest is to Introduce to Your Home this Amazing "15 Minute Soaking" Laundry Soap—OXYDOL

Here's the most amazing contest of all time . . . because you have a *new chance each day to win $1,000 cash!*

30 daily contests in all! And a brand-new $1,000 bill given away each day!

And the requirement for the contest is so simple, so easy, that even a child can win! All you do is finish the sentence shown on the entry blank . . . "I like OXYDOL for washing clothes because . . ." (in 25 additional words or less).

For instance, one simple answer would be as follows: "I like OXYDOL for washing clothes because it gets them 4 to 5 shades whiter without scrubbing or boiling."

What Oxydol Is

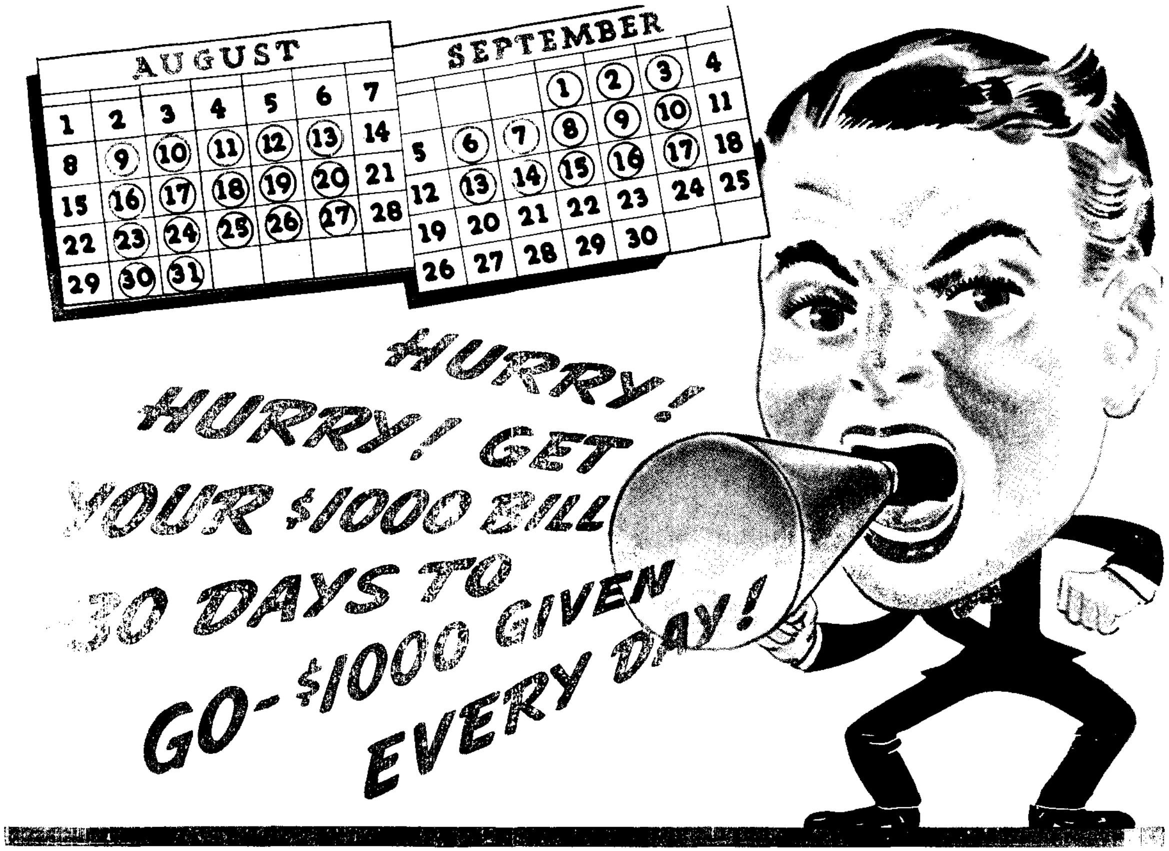
OXYDOL is science's newest and most amazing laundry soap, developed by the makers of gentle Ivory. Combining speed and safety in an utterly new way, it does these 4 amazing things: (1) Soaks the dirt loose in 15 minutes, without scrubbing or boiling. Even the grimy spots come snowy white with a few quick rubs. (2) Gets white clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter, proved by scientific Tintometer tests. (3) Cuts washing time 25% to 40% in tub or machine. (4) Yet so safe that every washable color comes out sparkling, brilliant, fresh! And hands stay soft and lovely!

Women by millions are discarding old-fashioned soaps and switching to OXYDOL . . . to save backaches on washday . . . to get whiter, cleaner clothes.

Don't Wait! Enter Now... Enter Each Day

Remember, there's a new contest each day. A new chance to win a brand-new $1,000 bill. Start now! The contests begin August 9. All entries received by Procter & Gamble on any contest day will be entered in that day's contest. It's the most wonderful contest ever held. It's the greatest chance you've ever had to win $1,000 cash. The quicker you get started the better—so don't delay. Get OXYDOL from your dealer today.

TESTED AND APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE


AUGUST
SEPTEMBER
HURRY! HURRY! GET YOUR $1000 BILL
30 DAYS TO GO—$1000 GIVEN EVERY DAY!

HOORAY! THE WESTERN UNION BROUGHT ME A BRAND-NEW $1000 BILL FROM THE MAKERS OF OXYDOL
JUST THINK! WHAT THAT WILL BUY! A NEW RADIO! A NEW CAR—SETTIN' ON TOP OF THE WORLD!
$1000

HINTS ON HOW TO WIN

Read carefully *every word* of this advertisement. In the description of OXYDOL, and what it does, you will find many excellent ideas for completing your simple statements in 25 words or less.

Try OXYDOL for washing clothes, and see for yourself what it does. Note that you can get *thick, billowy* suds in any water—hard or soft. Note how quickly these suds *soak the dirt loose from clothes.*

Remember that the judges will be impressed more by simple and sincere phrases concerning what you think of OXYDOL, than by fancy words. What is most important, is your own honest reaction to the product.

CONTEST RULES—READ CAREFULLY

1 Simply finish the sentence "I like OXYDOL for washing clothes because . . ." (writing 25 additional words or less). Write your entry on the blank at the right, or on a separate sheet of plain paper. Sign your name and address. Also be sure to give the name and address of the dealer who sells you OXYDOL

2 Send in as many entries as you wish, *provided each one is accompanied by an OXYDOL box-top, any size* (or *facsimile*). Mail your entries to OXYDOL, Box 735, Cincinnati, Ohio.

3 There are 30 separate contests—a new contest each day (except. Saturdays and Sundays) from August 9th to September 17th, inclusive. All entries received by Procter & Gamble on any contest day will be entered in that day's contest. Entries received any time before August 9th will be entered in the August 9th contest. All entries received on Saturdays and Sundays will automatically be entered in the contest for the following Monday. The final (30th) contest on September 17th will include all entries received on that day *and* all entries *postmarked* not later than midnight of that day.

4 The winners of each day's contest will receive $1,000. All winners will be notified by Western Union and their names announced daily, beginning Monday, Aug. 16th, over the OXYDOL-Ma Perkins radio program.

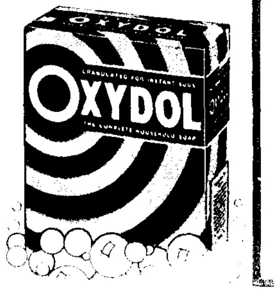
5 All entries will be judged on the basis of sincerity, clearness, and particularly originality. Penmanship and fancy entries do not count extra. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. All entries, ideas and contents thereof, become the property of Procter & Gamble.

6 Anyone may enter these contests except employees of Procter & Gamble and of their advertising agencies, and the families of these employees. These contests apply only to the United States, Canada and Hawaii and are subject to all Federal, state and local laws and regulations.

Final (30th) Contest Closes at 12 Midnight. Sept. 17, 1937

★ *Tune In* **MA PERKINS** for further details regarding this amazing contest. Ma Perkins can be heard Coast-to-Coast in the U. S. and Canada. See your newspaper for local time announcements.

Trade Mark
Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off.



ENTRY BLANK– Mail This Now! It May Win You A Crisp, New $1,000 Bill

"I like Oxydol for washing clothes because . . . .

....

...."

(Finish the above sentence in 25 additional words or less)

PROCTER & GAMBLE, Box 735
Cincinnati, Ohio

Gentlemen: I have completed on this entry blank the sentence which begins "I like OXYDOL for washing clothes because . . ." Also enclosed is a box-top (or facsimile) from a package of OXYDOL.

Name..

Address..

City.. *State*..............

Name and address of dealer from whom you purchased OXYDOL:

....

....

PLEASE SEND OVER A DOZEN EGGS RIGHT AWAY

EGGS
BY THE DOZEN
OIL
BY THE TANK

RUSH US 2000 GALLONS OF FUEL OIL BY NOON

HENRY FORD believes what business men need is a good low-cost delivery unit. And because he believes it, he builds it!

People used to expect quick service. Now, they demand it!

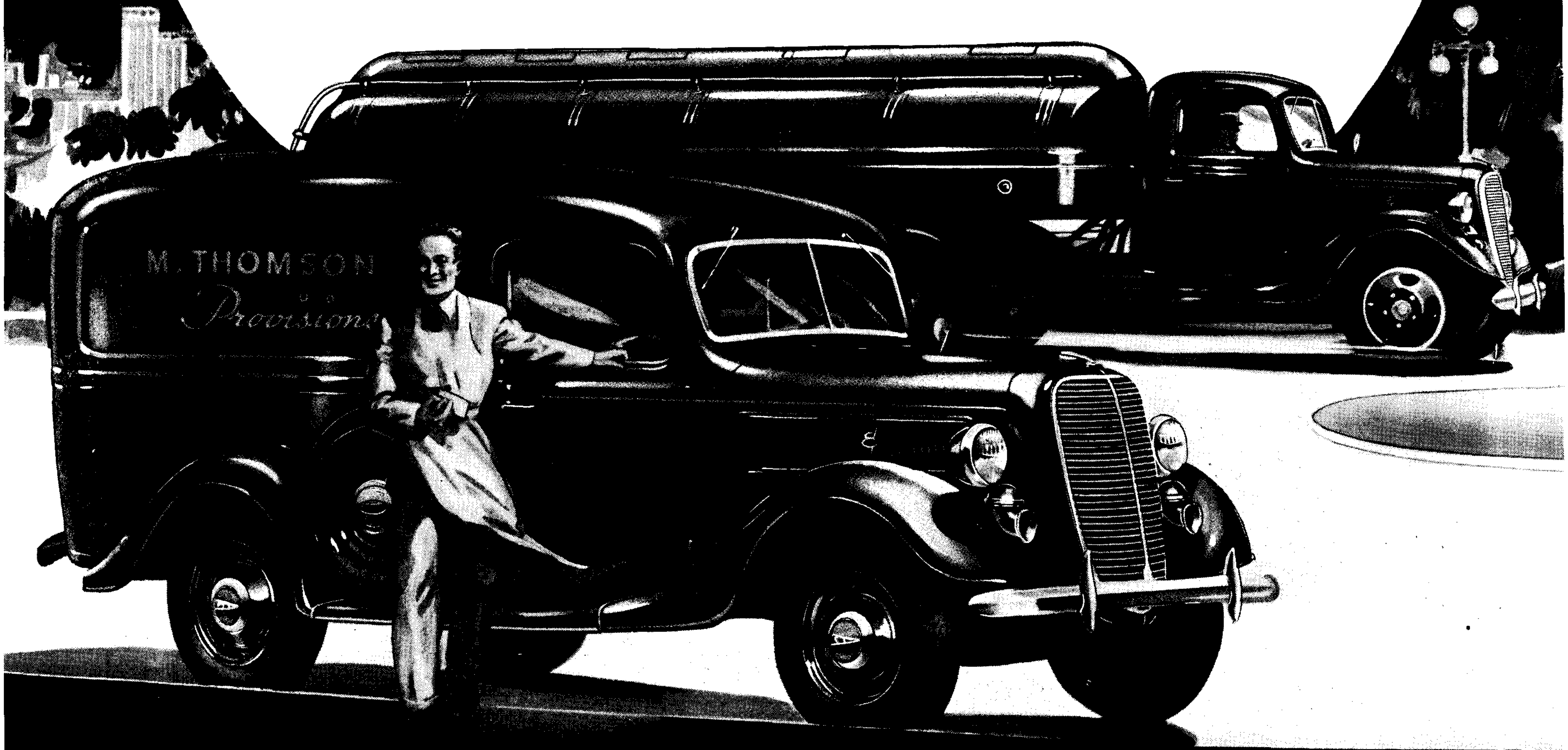
When Mrs. Jones orders a dozen eggs right away . . . she means right away . . . not when her grocer gets enough more orders to make up an efficient load. If Mr. Smith needs 2000 gallons of fuel oil by noon . . . he means 12 o'clock . . . not whenever the tank truck happens to be in the neighborhood.

To meet the demands for fast service at low cost, Ford now offers a choice of two engine sizes. With the 85-horsepower V-8, you can deliver a heavy load right on time . . . yet the cost is low, considering the weight of the load and the speed of the truck. With the thrifty new 60-horsepower V-8, you can deliver a light load and still have a good chance of making a profit!

Every type in the Ford V-8 Truck and Commercial Car line is available with the 85-horsepower V-8 engine. Those types commonly used for light delivery work are available also with the 60-horsepower engine. Your Ford dealer will be glad to talk with you about your needs and arrange an "on-the-job" test without cost or obligation. Call him today and set a date to try a Ford V-8 Truck or Commercial Car under your own operating conditions.

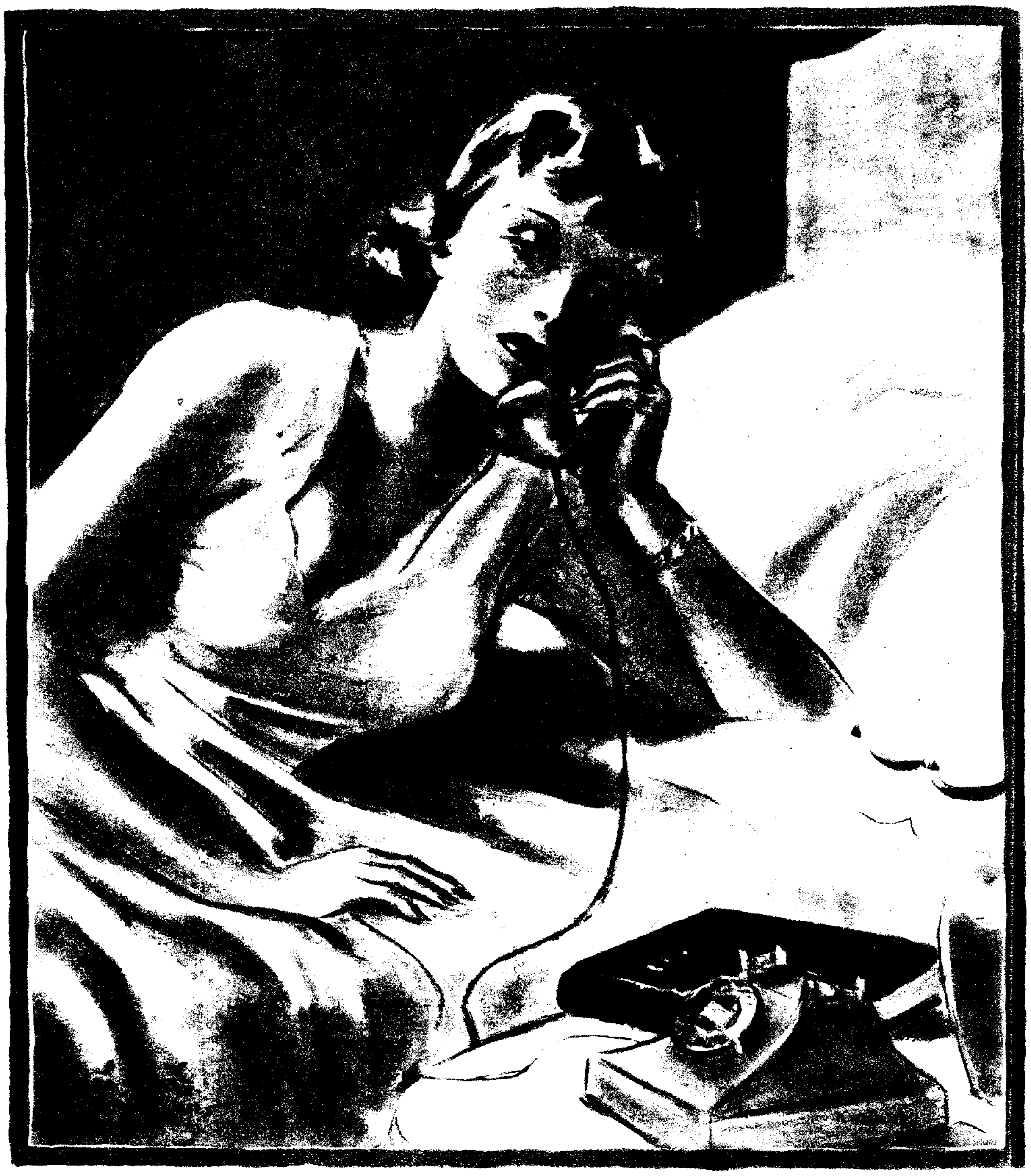
- *Convenient, economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.*

Ford



FORD V·8 TRUCKS
AND COMMERCIAL CARS

"Look here, Mr. Banyard," Franziska said, "I've been trying to nap since five o'clock. I'm dead. There isn't anything you can say that won't keep"



The Story Thus Far:

FRANZISKA RILLING, a New York society girl, becomes involved in a blackmail plot aimed at Jane Griffin, a wealthy debutante. A young man from Nevada, Peter Banyard, saves Jane. But Franziska becomes the "mystery woman" in the murder of one of the gang: Frankie Fife.

Known only to a few members of the underworld, Peter Banyard—who is living with his valet, Oliver Hooper, in a Park Avenue apartment—has a double. This double's name (assumed) is "Charlie Dunkin." Dunkin is an international crook, a thoroughgoing scoundrel. He is also Peter Banyard's twin brother!

Peter is in love with Franziska Rilling. But the girl—after various ugly experiences with Dunkin, posing as Peter—avoids him, snubs him at every opportunity. Nevertheless, as time goes on, she begins to wonder if, after all, she really loves Roger Van Tyle (whom she always thought she loved); in spite of herself, she finds herself growing interested in Peter Banyard!

Peter learns of Dunkin's presence in New York; but he feels it advisable to say nothing of his brother. And Dunkin, working with Steve Tetlow and several other racketeers, gives him some very unpleasant moments. For a time Roger Van Tyle (a powerful man in New York) suspects him of being a crook; Van Tyle, however, finally accepts him as a friend—after Peter saves his life when, together, they are attacked by gunmen.

Grateful to him, admiring his courage, Jane Griffin presently falls in love with Peter. Accustomed to having what she wants, she is incensed when Peter shows her, quite clearly, that he much prefers Franziska Rilling. To express her rage and resentment, she goes to Peter's apartment (when he is dining with Roger Van Tyle's charming mother) and wrecks it! . . . A pleasant little girl, Jane!

Fearful of what may happen if "Charlie Dunkin" remains in New York, Peter offers him a hundred thousand dollars, through Steve Tetlow, to get out. Tetlow reports that Dunkin wants *three* hundred thousand! . . . Through a dozen exciting adventures, Peter thinks of Franziska. He tells her that he loves her. He receives no encouragement. But, returning home after a party, she lies in bed, sleepless, wondering why Roger is losing his attraction. Does she still love him? She does not know!

Dangerous Young Man

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

IX

CHARLIE DUNKIN also spent a sleepless night. He smoked cigarettes and drank black coffee and gave his imagination a free rein, sometimes lying back in a chair and staring at the ceiling, sometimes pacing up and down the living room, or wandering into the kitchen to make more coffee.

His plan for obtaining the Unger bracelet was shaping up very nicely.

Sometime before dawn, a girl screamed in the street. It was a thin, long-drawn sound of terror. He went to the window, pulled back the shade a little and looked down. He saw the girl running toward Fifth, with a man in pursuit.

They vanished, but the scream lingered in his thoughts. He dropped the shade into place and saw birds with salmon-pink plumage on a lagoon as smooth as polished sapphire. He saw horses being led from the paddock, he saw the betting booths, and he recalled his sense of numb confusion when the girl behind him had screamed.

"SHOOT holes in it if you can," Charlie said. "That's just what I want. I think I haven't overlooked anything. I think it's bulletproof. But I want you to be ruthless."

Steve Tetlow looked thoughtful. He was wondering if he had been followed here. He had taken unusual pains, but he had had the definite feeling of a shadow that he could not lose.

Egypt's greedy little eyes were attentive and alert, but his smile was one of fondness and pride. He admired Charlie Dunkin more than any man on earth.

"All right," Tetlow said. "If it's bulletproof, I'll admit it."

"Immediately after lunch," Charlie said, "you're to go to Lazarre's, register and get a room no higher than the fourth floor. Take your evening clothes with you, of course. Egypt, you're to spend the day watching Banyard, making a final report to me at nine o'clock. Have your dinner jacket pressed. You won't have much to do, but you must be presentable. Is it clear so far?"

"What do I do in that room?" Tetlow asked.

"Stay there. Out of sight. Have your dinner served there. Understand, Egypt?"

"I'm right wit' you, Charlie."

"The party won't really get under way until around eleven. I'll come to your room shortly after ten, dressed. Banyard and Mrs. Van Tyle will come at eleven or a little before. Immediately after he's checked his things, we will call Banyard to the room, make him a prisoner, and I will go down and take his place on the stag line."

"As easy as that?" Tetlow said.

"Getting him up there will be no problem at all. My taking his place will be even less of a problem."

"Then what?"

"Miss Rilling will be there in her pale blue evening gown."

"The one she wore at the Griffin party?" Tetlow's voice was alert.

(Continued on page 56)

Glenmore
90 PROOF
ONE QUART
KENTUCKY
Straight
Bourbon
Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
Glenmore Distilleries Co.
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

A word on the Q T

Serve this great Kentucky Straight to your friends. It gives the impression of at least double its cost —with its *full* flavor, *full* body. A sensible and luxurious economy!

Glenmore now comes in both 100 proof (Gold Label) and 90 proof (Silver Label)

Glenmore's
Glenmore
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

"Yes. Because I want her to carry the little blue evening bag that goes with it. It's absolutely necessary."

"It's too risky. Someone might recognize her."

"Who, for example? There will be at least a dozen pale blue evening gowns being worn. Don't begin confusing guilty consciences with material evidence."

Tetlow smiled. "She will. She won't wear it, Charlie."

"She will do just what I tell her to do. Are there any more objections?"

"Go ahead," Egypt said. "You're doin' swell, Charlie."

"When I am on the stag line, I will dance with Franziska and give her her instructions. Those instructions are that she will scream at the top of her lungs when I am dancing with Mrs. Van Tyle and give her a signal. She will be behind Mrs. Van Tyle, and only a few feet away, when she screams.

"There will be a few seconds when Mrs. Van Tyle will be so shocked by the scream that she will be literally numb to sensations. In those few moments I will undo the safety catches on the bracelet and slip it off her wrist. I've studied the drawings of the bracelet, and I can work those catches in an instant. She always wears it on her right wrist."

He stopped. Steve Tetlow was nodding. "I recognize that one. That's what happened to you last winter at Hialeah."

AND it worked perfectly, didn't it, Steve? When that girl screamed behind me, I went numb to sensations. That pickpocket had to unbutton the flap of my hip pocket to get at my billfold. He could have pinched me and I wouldn't have known it."

"This is different."

"Why is it?"

"How much does that bracelet weigh? A woman's wrist is a delicate thing. And don't forget that when a woman wears a piece of jewelry as valuable as that she's conscious of it every second."

"But you're forgetting the scream. It will be absolutely unexpected. For a few seconds she will be numb with shock. It's a chance I have to take."

Egypt said judicially, "I think Charlie's right. If any girl started screamin' behind me like that, you could stick pins into me and I wouldn't feel it, and I'm sensitive. Look at the trouble I have with my teeth."

"When Miss Rilling screams, she falls to the floor in a faint. No one but me is expecting the scream, and no one but me is expecting her to faint. It gives me several seconds' advantage."

"Wait a minute," Tetlow said. "Suppose Mrs. Van Tyle misses that bracelet immediately?"

"I'll answer that in a moment. I'm assuming that she won't. Miss Rilling will faint practically at my feet. I will bend over her, place the bracelet in her evening bag, and pick her up in my arms. I will carry her into the lobby. If Mrs. Van Tyle misses her bracelet at any moment along here, it isn't in my possession. I will demand that I be searched immediately. You will be waiting in the lobby for us. You will be sitting on one of the full-length settees there. Even if Mrs. Van Tyle has missed her bracelet and is screaming herself, we will be covered by the confusion."

"Just how?"

"I WILL pick up Miss Rilling and move so rapidly that Mrs. Van Tyle will have to push her way through the crowd. It's all logical, Steve. The confusion, the crowd holding her back—everything. I will carry Miss Rilling to the settee where you are. I will place her on it, and I will say to you, 'I think Miss Rilling has had a heart attack.' You will bend over her to feel her pulse. You will extract the bracelet from her evening bag and pocket it, and you will say, 'I'll get the house doctor at once.' "

"Wait a minute. It isn't logical for you to carry a fainting girl into the lobby. She should be taken to the ladies' room."

"Not at all. I think she has had a heart attack, and I want her as near the house doctor as possible. After you have said, 'I will get the house doctor at once,' you slip out of Lazarre's and take a taxicab here and wait."

Egypt's eyes were glistening. "Boy, it's perfect. It's a sweetheart!"

Steve Tetlow was still skeptical. "What happens to you?"

"I presume I am searched for the bracelet. I presume everyone will be searched. I may even be taken to headquarters. I'm counting on that. I'm counting on everything. I am Peter Banyard, the popular hero, the young millionaire from Nevada, and I saved Mrs. Van Tyle's son from gangsters. Do you think they will suspect me?"

Tetlow grudgingly said, "Well, no."

"Very well. In the meantime, Egypt has been standing guard over Banyard in the room. He will stand guard over him until I can conveniently return. Then he will go free."

"I begin to see," Tetlow said, but Egypt shook his head.

"Why don't he tell all about it to the first cop he sees?"

Charlie Dunkin smiled slowly and shook his head. "Not at all. You see, I've taken him into my confidence. I tell him precisely what my plans are immediately we've made him a prisoner. Why? To protect myself, to protect him, and to protect Miss Rilling. If he tells the police, Miss Rilling will be involved. She can't afford to be involved. And I don't want him suspected of the slightest complicity, or it would eventually involve me."

"Wait a minute," Tetlow said. "It seems to me that you're staking everything on the fact that Miss Rilling doesn't know you have a brother."

"In a way I am. I'll have to phone her to tell her to wear that blue gown. If Banyard has convinced her that he has a brother, she'll get in touch with him immediately and tell him I'm planning something."

"So what?" Egypt said.

"I'll be able to tell when I talk to her on the phone. If she knows, we'll have to alter our plans. If she doesn't, we'll go ahead, getting hold of him as soon as he enters Lazarre's and starts dancing with Mrs. Van Tyle, so that Miss Rilling won't have a chance to dance with him and mention the evening gown. Is that clear?"

Egypt said, "Well, it's gettin' clearer. Is that all?"

"Not quite. I told you I intended to get the Unger bracelet—and three hundred thousand dollars from my brother. I will get both. When he realizes—as he will tonight—that Miss Rilling is helpless, that she must do anything I tell her to, don't you think he'll consider three hundred thousand dollars a cheap price to be rid of me?"

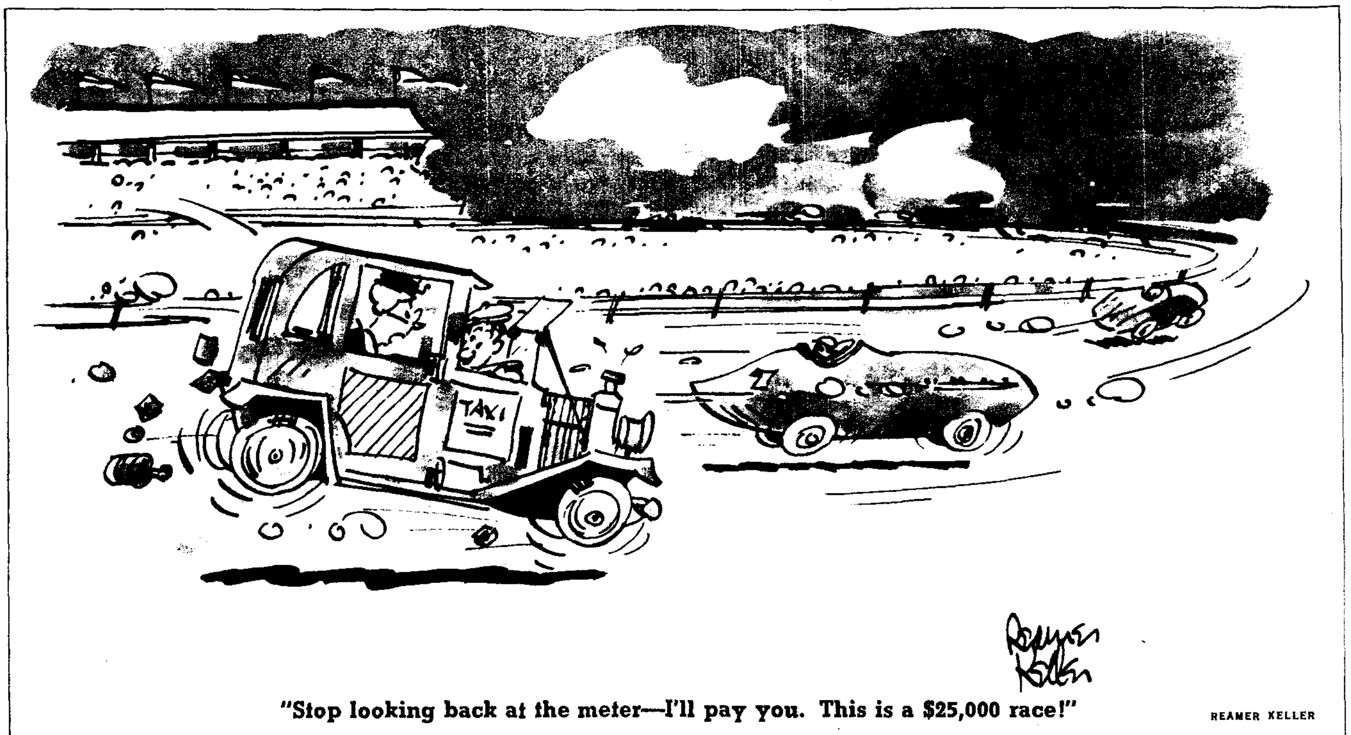
"Boy!" Egypt said admiringly. "This idea has everything!"

But Charlie was looking at Steve Tetlow. "Let's see how bulletproof the idea is. Start shooting, Steve."

PETER spent the day in his apartment, declining invitations to luncheon, a cocktail party and a dinner party and waiting for telephone calls from Tick Murphy, Phineas O'Dane, Steve Tetlow and Brunetti.

His bank phoned him a little before noon to advise him that funds totaling three hundred thousand dollars had been transferred to his account by telegraph from Las Vegas, Reno, Salt Lake City and Los Angeles.

At a little after one, Murdock phoned. He said, "Mr. Banyard, he slipped away from me again this morning. He pulled the old subway gag. I thought I was too old for that one, but he got away with it."



"Stop looking back at the meter—I'll pay you. This is a $25,000 race!"

REAMER KELLER

Peter said wearily, "What did he do?"

"He got on a downtown local at Times Square, and I got on the other end of the car. Just as the door was closing he slipped out, and left me on the train. He's slippery as an eel, Mr. Banyard. He's at his apartment now. I'm phoning from just across the street. I'll ring you as soon as I have anything."

"It's worth five thousand if you find Dunkin before six tonight."

He heard Tick Murdock gasp. "I'll certainly work on it, Mr. Banyard."

Peter had said nothing to Oliver about Charlie Dunkin's counterproposal. If it was necessary to pay his brother three hundred thousand dollars to get rid of him, he wanted Oliver to know nothing about it. Oliver was discreet, but Oliver liked to gossip. He hoped it wouldn't be necessary to surrender to Charlie. For Franziska's sake, he would if he had to.

Phineas O'Dane telephoned. He had, he said, made a little progress, but it would take three days, at least, before he would be justified in notifying Miss Rilling of her legacy.

Peter was finishing his luncheon when Oliver came into the dining room and said in a throaty voice, "Mr. Brunetti is here, sir."

Peter put down his cup slowly. "Alone?"

"No, sir. A fellow who looks every inch a killer is with him."

Peter went into the living room. The two men were standing with their backs to the terrace door. One was a short, powerfully built man, looking shorter than he was because he was so broad-shouldered. The other was slim and a little taller, with a chalky face, squint eyes and a sagging lower lip.

The short one was close-shaven, blue-jowled. From the nose down, he looked amiable. His eyes were black, hypnotic and lethal. There was no question where Peter had seen these eyes before.

He said, "You're Mr. Brunetti?"

The lower part of Brunetti's square, firm-looking face remained amiable. His eyes retained the characteristics of twin machine-gun muzzles. He chuckled and stared.

"I look enough like him to be his twin, don't I?" Peter said.

"Yeah," Brunetti said. "You sure do."

"I know you're after him, of course. I was wondering how much money it would take to soothe your injured feelings."

The gangster hadn't stopped smiling. His companion was still staring at Peter from eyes which evidently never opened farther than an eighth of an inch.

"I hear," Brunetti said, "you wanted to make me a proposition. This is my secretary. What I know, he knows."

PETER felt a little uneasy. He would never see Brunetti's black eyes, or eyes remotely like them, without hearing the swiftly paced detonations of a machine gun.

"You're after Charlie Dunkin," Peter said. "So am I. But I want him alive. I thought you might be the man to do it."

Brunetti chuckled softly. "A snatch, eh?"

"That's right. I don't know where he is. I can't find him. It's worth fifty thousand cash to have him brought to this apartment, alive and unhurt."

Brunetti took a black cigar out of his vest pocket and bit off the end. The other man produced a pocket lighter which he snapped into flame and held up without widening his eyes or removing them from Peter.

The gangster puffed and said, "You want to pay me fifty grand to bring Charlie Dunkin up here?"

"Alive and unhurt."

"Yeah. I heard you. Any time limit?"

"Forty-eight hours. The sooner the better. The money will be here."

Brunetti rolled the cigar about in his large, humorous mouth. "All right," he said.

Peter flattened his eyebrows and smiled slowly. He knew that the smile looked dangerous when Brunetti's smile stopped.

"I said alive, you know. How about this grudge?"

"I never had a grudge I wouldn't sell for fifty grand."

"I don't want you to kidnap me. I'll use a code word. 'Park Avenue.' "

The gangster chuckled. "Okay, Mr. Banyard."

"If I'm not here when you bring him, wait. I'll always leave word here where I can be reached. How can I get in touch with you, if I should want to, in a hurry?"

"Write down the private number for him, Tony," Brunetti said.

Tony wrote it on a scrap of paper which he gave to Peter.

Brunetti put out his hand quickly and Peter shook it. Peter supposed it was, among gangsters, the way a gentleman's agreement was sealed.

Brunetti walked out of the room. The man with the squint backed all the way to the door.

JANE telephoned shortly after the gangsters had gone. Oliver said anxiously, "It's Miss Griffin, sir. She seems to be in a very sweet mood this afternoon, and I trust, Mr. Banyard—"

"It's all right, Oliver. If you want to take a postgraduate course in diplomacy, just stand there and listen to Anthony Eden, Jr. If you listen closely, you'll hear the honey trickling through my teeth."

He picked up the phone. "Hello, you vandal!"

"Peter." Her voice was soft and husky and sweet. "Peter, I've decided to forgive you. You must admit you were awful. You were simply horrible."

"Jane, you are a terror. Why did you wreck my apartment?"

"I'll pay for it. Oh, Peter, you're so sweet when you're nice. It just kills me to quarrel with you."

"Jane Griffin, you'd rather fight than eat."

Oliver sighed sharply.

"Oh, you're wrong, Peter. I don't ever want to quarrel with you again—as long as we live. Do you want to know something?" Jane's voice had become softer and huskier and sweeter. "I've changed. You don't know what an awful lesson this has been for me. You're the first person who ever called a Griffin a goat and got away with it. Peter?"

"Yes?"

"Do you like me?"

"Certainly not."

"Much?"

"What do you think?"

"Well?"

"Well?"

"You're not revolted because I had that tantrum?"

"Of course not. That was just your high spirits."

"Oh, that's smooth." She laughed softly. "Do you know what I've decided's the best thing we can do?"

"What?"

"Do some more looping. You can call for me at ten. Grandfather wants to see you."

"But I can't, Jane. I've got a date for tonight."

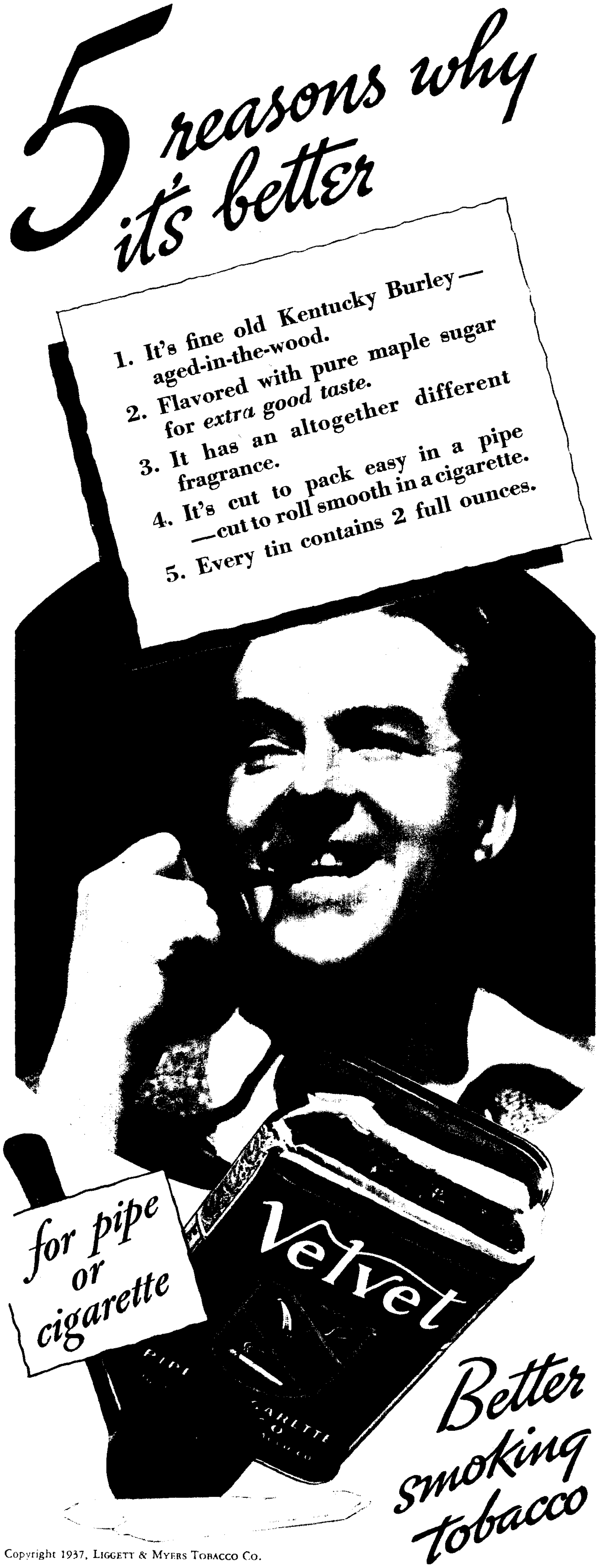
"With Franziska?"

"No. I've promised to go to the Rawlston party."

"Peter! You're breaking your date and we're going looping."

"Not tonight, Jane. Tomorrow night, but not tonight. But I'll see you right now anywhere you say, or for cocktails, or I'll take you to dinner."

"I see! Oh, you don't like me. I'm sorry I wrecked your damned bar. I'm going to pay for it. Just because I had


5 reasons why it's better
1. It's fine old Kentucky Burley—aged-in-the-wood.
2. Flavored with pure maple sugar for *extra good taste.*
3. It has an altogether different fragrance.
4. It's cut to pack easy in a pipe—cut to roll smooth in a cigarette.
5. Every tin contains 2 full ounces.
for pipe or cigarette
Velvet
Better smoking tobacco

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

a little tantrum, you think you're going to punish me. Are you going to break that date, or aren't you?"

"Jane, I would if I could."

"Very well. I meant everything I said last night. You're a climber and a common fortune hunter. You can go to hell."

She hung up.

Peter looked at Oliver. Oliver said defiantly, "I can't stand by, Mr. Banyard, and see you throw away this golden *chance!*"

Peter looked at him soberly. "What do you mean, Oliver?"

"Just what I say, sir—that you could marry Miss Griffin tomorrow. She's never been in love like this before, and think what it would mean."

"Go on."

"She is the old man's only grandchild. Her father is a weak person, Mr. Banyard. You could walk into that family, fight it out with the old man for a while, and with your brains and your velocity you could rule the Griffin empire—and tame that young lady with one hand while you were doing it."

"This is pretty strong meat, Oliver."

"Every word of it is true, sir. I've been making inquiries today. The old man is tremendously interested in you. He was amazed at the way you talked to him yesterday—utterly flabbergasted were the words my informant used. He is excited about you. And you're throwing it all away with this independent way of yours."

"Oliver, hold on. Does it mean anything to you that I'm not in love with Jane Griffin?"

"What has love got to do with it?"

"But I'm in love with Franziska."

"Oh, love, love, love, sir! Oh, what of it, sir? You'll have to pardon me for being so outspoken. That was all very well and good—as a romantic interlude. But I've been checking up on Miss Rilling. I think she's headed for serious trouble, sir. I don't see how she can possibly escape a newspaper scandal, Mr. Banyard."

"Oliver, you're too fast for me. Until now, you've been Miss Rilling's stanchest defender."

"MISS GRIFFIN'S and her grandfather's interest in you alters everything, sir. I have got to speak plainly. This is your chance. It's a chance that doesn't come once in the lifetimes of a million young men—a chance to become one of the financial leaders of America—the ruler of an empire!"

"But I don't want to be a financial leader or the ruler of an empire. I have plenty of money. Mike's just made another big strike. I love the kind of life I'm carving out for myself. I don't want any other."

"But you don't understand, sir. If you don't marry Miss Griffin, Mr. Van Tyle will. It's inevitable."

"All right. Let him rule the empire with one hand and tame her with the other."

Oliver said bleakly, "I wish to tender my resignation, sir. As I told you, I'm too old for emotional excitement. I would like to go as soon as you can find someone to replace me."

Peter put his arm around Oliver's shoulders. "Then you'll stay forever. Oliver, this emotional excitement isn't going to last much longer. Don't desert the ship. Let's have another talk about it tomorrow."

"Very well, sir."

A small, sealed package came for Peter from Ackerman's a half hour later. It contained a platinum cigarette case and a card on which was written, in a violent scrawl:

"Try to forgive me. Jane."

The telephone continued to ring. Charlie Dunkin counted the rings. At the twelfth ring, it stopped. When, a few seconds later, it began to ring again, he answered it.

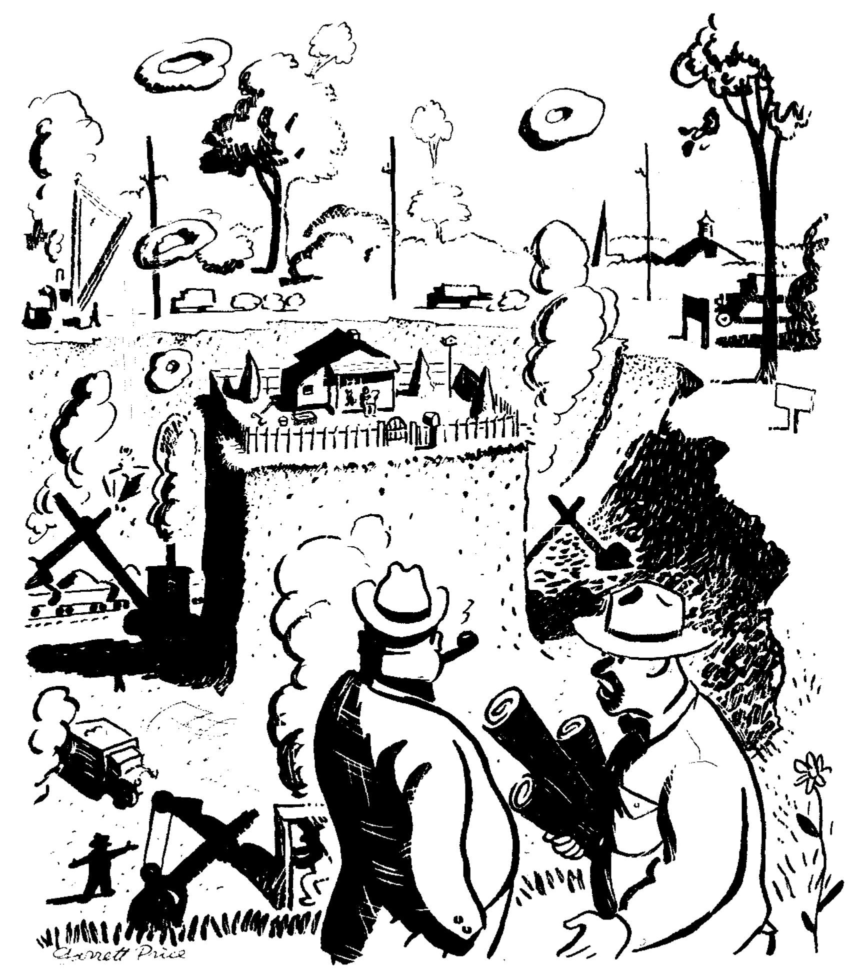
Egypt's voice said: "He was in the house all day until just now. He went out and took a walk. He walked down Park to Fifty-seventh, then turned around and walked back. He stopped at the florist's in his building and ordered some flowers. When he went out, I went in and bought a carnation and saw the cards. Two cards. Orchids for Mrs. Van Tyle. Orchids for tonight. And a dozen American Beauty roses for Miss Rilling. Just his card with 'Hope I'll see you at Lazarre's tonight.'"

"Where is he now?"

"Home."

"All right. It's Room 311 at Lazarre's. Be there by nine. Everything is the same."

Charlie looked at his watch. It was one minute after six. He picked up the phone and called Franziska Rilling's number.



"Passmore still refuses to sell"

GARRETT PRICE

The girl groaned and flung herself over on her back and half across the bed without waking up as the maid called her.

"Miss Rilling!"

Franziska opened blurred eyes. Her skin was colorless. Her mouth looked swollen.

"Oh, what is it, Sonja?"

"It's Mr. Banyard, Miss Rilling. On the phone. He said it was extremely important. He said I should wake you up."

"Tell him to call later."

"I did, Miss Rilling. He said it was so important that I should wake you up."

"What time is it?"

"Just a minute or two after six."

"And I didn't get to sleep until after five! Oh, I can't talk to him. I won't talk to him. Tell him so!"

Sonja had the phone in her hand. "Mr. Banyard, Miss Rilling can't talk to you now. Kindly call her later. Just a moment, sir." She looked imploringly at Franziska. "He says it's too important."

"Give me that phone. Hello. Hello, Mr. Banyard."

"Good evening, Franziska."

She said indignantly: "Look here, Mr. Banyard. I didn't get to sleep until after nine this morning, and I was up at eleven. I've been trying to nap since five. I'm dead. There isn't anything you can say that won't keep."

She had attended an unavoidable luncheon and a bridge party and canceled a cocktail date. She could not refuse the Delabarre dinner or the Rawlston party.

"Just a moment. This is business. Please wake up and listen. Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure no one is listening on an extension?"

"Just a moment. Sonja, go out and hang up that extension, then come back."

When Sonja came back, Franziska said: "All right. Now, what is it?"

"You're going to the Rawlston party tonight at Lazarre's."

"You mean with you?"

"No, not with me; with anybody. I'm taking Mrs. Van Tyle. I just want you to be there."

"How touching, Mr. Banyard!"

"You're wearing the blue gown you wore the other night—the one with the little gold stars in it."

She gasped. "I won't."

"Franziska, I'm not arguing with you. I'm telling you what to do. The police would—"

"Be careful what you say!"

"Then be careful to do what I say. You're to wear the blue gown with the little gold stars in it, and you're to carry the little blue evening bag that goes with it on your wrist. There's something else you're to do, but that will keep until I see you tonight."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing difficult. You'll receive five thousand dollars. If I should phone you again between now and when you leave, don't mention this conversation, as I will be calling you in the presence of someone else to make a definite impression. Be natural. My conversation will be just—well, red herring."

"Yes," Franziska said wearily.

"I've sent you some American Beauties."

"More red herring?"

He laughed. "In a way."

"I hope you realize what this will expose me to."

"I'm very sorry that I disturbed your sleep."

Franziska put the phone back. She ran one hand in a weak gesture into her hair.

"Sonja, is that blue dress which I wore at the Griffin party fit to wear tonight?"

"I can press it and freshen it up, Miss Rilling." Sonja was staring at her. "Is anything wrong, Miss Rilling?"

"No. No, nothing's wrong, but I don't think there's any use my trying to nap. I seem to be jittery. You'd better start the tub, Sonja."

CHARLIE DUNKIN stood before a pier glass giving himself a critical last-minute inspection. His eyes were brighter and a deeper blue than usual, his face was uniformly flushed, and when he stepped back, he moved as if his muscles were springy. He was like a nervous fighter about to enter the ring.

Tension affected Steve Tetlow differently. It made him pale but it seemed to steady him. He looked calm. He looked bland. He lounged against the bathroom doorjamb. He likewise was in white tie and tails. He wore them well, with an air. Because his clothes fitted him so well, and because Charlie Dunkin had refused to let him brush his hair so glossy, Steve Tetlow looked less Broadway than usual. He looked interesting and sophisticated.

"In case of a slip-up?" he drawled.

Charlie paced to the windows and back to the hall door, settling his coat on his shoulders.

"You merely walk out. There won't be a slip-up. Tear up that drawing."

Tetlow tore it up.

There was a discreet tapping at the door, three light taps, a pause, four more taps.

Charlie unlocked and opened the door. Egypt came in. He was as presentable as it had been possible to make him. In a dinner jacket, with his rust-colored hair brushed back and slicked down, he still looked like a waiter.

He said wheezily: "He just this minute come in with her, Charlie. He was at the checkroom when I started up. And Miss Rilling was just ahead of 'em, with a big blond guy. She's got on the blue gown, and she's carryin' the little blue bag on her wrist."

Charlie went to the telephone.

PETER danced with Mrs. Van Tyle until someone cut in, then went to the stag line and looked about for Franziska. He had caught a glimpse of her when he and Mrs. Van Tyle had come in, and she was wearing the blue gown she had worn at the Griffin party and carrying the little blue evening bag.

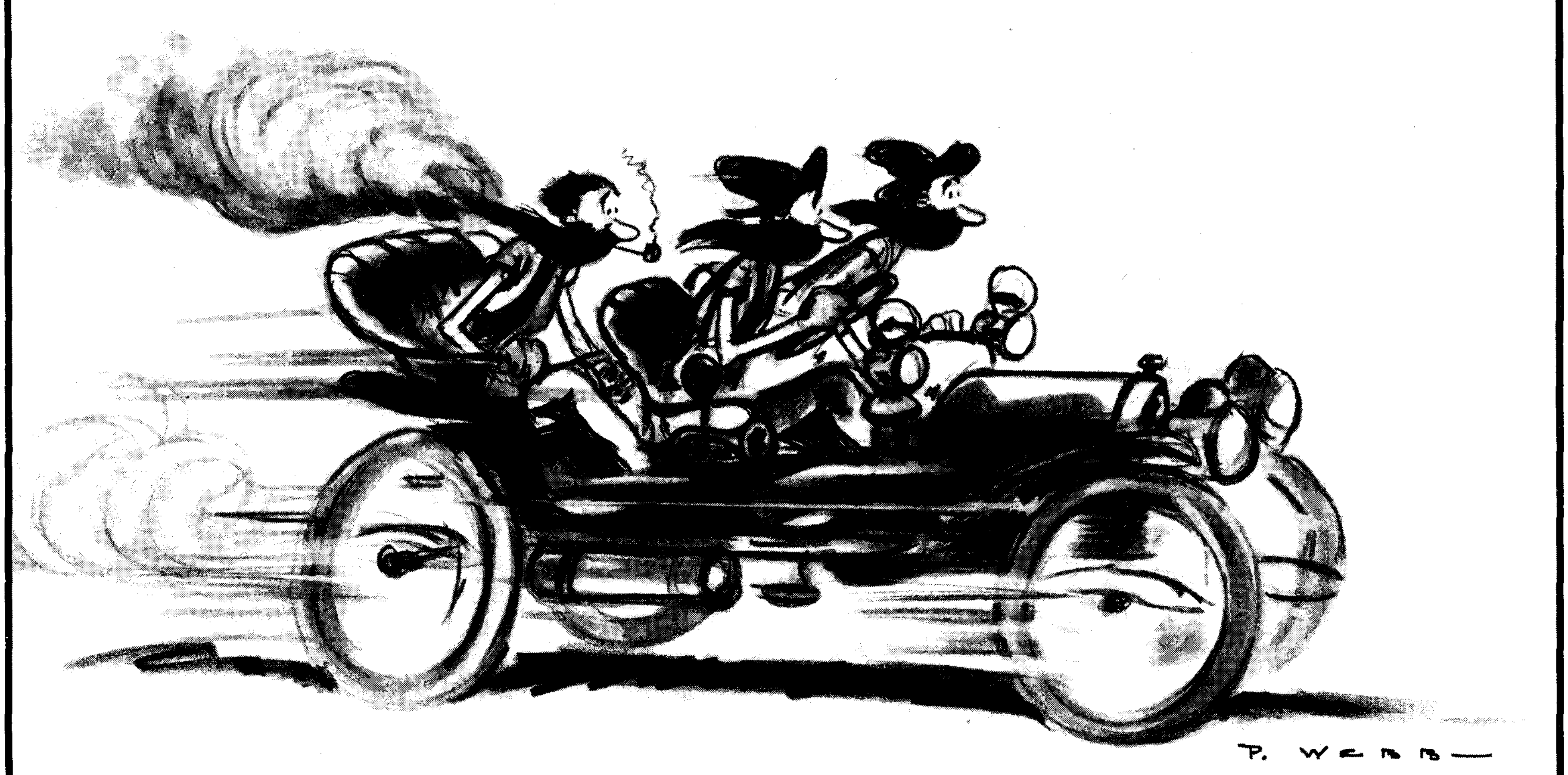
He was puzzled and alarmed. She must know that the police were still looking for the girl who had killed Frankie Fife, for there had been further references to the mystery girl in the blue evening gown in both the morning and the evening papers. He wondered why she was deliberately taking this risk.

He saw her across the floor, dancing with the tall, blond man she had come with. As he started toward her, a waiter said, "Pardon me, sir; aren't you Mr. Banyard?"

"Yes."

"A gentleman named Murdock wants to know if you'll come to Room 311 right away. He says it's very important."

Peter's pulses began to race again. If



"Cain't be the brakes a-burnin'... must be Willy's whiskers!"

IT'S GREAT to have supreme confidence in the brakes on your car—but it's mighty dangerous if your confidence is misplaced. Most people don't even dream of the terrific heat generated in brakes under present-day speed and traffic conditions. Some brake linings "burn out" under this searing heat, and some do not. But you won't have to do any guessing about this when you have your brakes relined. Simply ask for American Brakeblok, the *burn-proofed* brake lining.

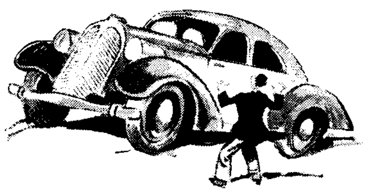
WHY SOME FAMILIES HAVE TROUBLE

In two-car families, the newer car generally steals the show. The "old jalloppy" does the dirty work (such as taking father downtown) and doesn't get much attention as long as it keeps running. Its brakes are usually neglected—even though it has to stop just as often and just as fast as the new car. Sooner or later somebody in the family has a smash-up.

Safety Suggestion: Have the brakes of your "second car" inspected. If they need relining, you'll do well to specify *burn-proofed* American Brakeblok.

WHAT IS A BIG CAR, ANYWAY?

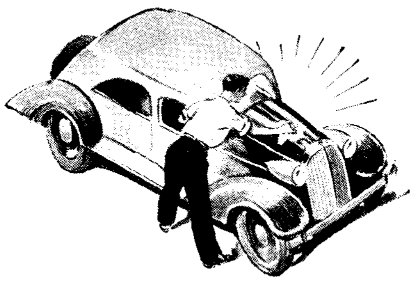
Lots of folks who go places in Plymouths, Chevrolets and Fords still have the idea *that they drive a "small car."* That's wrong. They are big, fast cars now, with big-car braking jobs. They need as good brake lining as any car on the road—a brake lining that won't "burn out." Take heed, you "big three" owners. Have your brakes relined with the *burn-proofed* brake lining—American Brakeblok.



WHY YOU SHOULD INSIST ON BURN-PROOFED BRAKE LINING

COP: What's going on here? Are you crazy?

EGG-FRYER: Not at all, officer. I'm just frying *this egg to show how hot* brake drums get when you make a quick stop. This scorching heat "burns out" ordinary brake lining—bakes the life right out of it. Before you know it the lining is all shot. It fails you in a pinch—and then you have an accident



HAVE YOU EVER HAD BRAKES RELINED?

If you've never had your brakes relined, and have to do it this year, you'll be surprised to find how many different kinds of brake lining there are on the market, and how many different prices may be quoted on the job. In brake lining, as in everything else, the cheap job is generally the most expensive in the end. Go to a good brake service man—allow him the time he needs for careful inspection—and if the brakes need relining tell him you want American Brakeblok—the *burn-proofed* brake lining.

[BRAKE SERVICE MEN—Enlargements of this advertisement for display in your establishment will be mailed to you FREE on request]

THE SAFETY BRAKE LINING

American Brakeblok

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK

SAFEST BECAUSE IT'S BURN-PROOFED

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN • A Division of American Brake Shoe and Foundry Company

"Wrap up a billion

Last year's purchases by the American railroads covered 70,000 different items and totaled more than one billion dollars!

DO YOU KNOW

—that the railroad purchases for 1936 represent an expenditure equal to $36 for every family in the United States?

—that, in addition, the employes of the American railroads spend another billion and a half dollars a year for the needs of their families?

—that no other industry buys and uses such a tremendous variety of supplies—more than 70,000 separate kinds and sizes of things?

—that over the past 14 years the railroads used more iron and steel than any other industry—18.7% of the total U. S. production?

—that they own and must keep up some 370,000 buildings, from watchmen's "shanties" to huge, modern terminals; and nearly 200,000 bridges that must be maintained to carry the thundering traffic of the trains?

Every year the railroads use
One-fifth of all the timber cut

Every year the railroads use
More steel than any other industry

Every year the railroads use
More than one-fifth of all coal and fuel oil

dollars' worth!"

THERE'S a big story in the stupendous shopping list of the world's finest transportation system . . . a yearly bill of goods so huge it makes the American railroads one of the largest and steadiest customers the people of this country have.

This star customer buys in practically every manufacturing city and agricultural county throughout the land—enormous orders of almost everything we as a nation produce.

Imagine, for instance, what it takes to cook and serve twenty-five million meals—meals remembered among the finest a traveler anywhere eats.

Consider the single item of choice meats—more than fifteen million pounds! Or eggs—two million dozen! Or potatoes—nine million pounds of them, purchased by the railroads every year.

Bread and butter? Thirty million crisp rolls—thirty-five million slices of new bread—two million pounds of butter.

And, just to touch on desserts, enough ice cream to treat every child in the country, in the first, second and third grades, with a nice big ice cream cone!

But even the whole great grocery bill, fabulous as the figures are, is only a minor part of what the railroads need and buy.

Last year they bought more than $800,000,000 worth of fuel, materials and supplies for their operations. And put another $300,000,000 into new equipment and improved facilities.

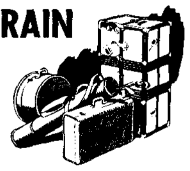
Altogether these purchases were more than *one billion dollars* in 1936! That was one-third greater than total railroad buying the year before; almost twice as great as in 1933.

It is plain that such huge-scale buying benefits business in general and, directly or indirectly, the whole country. But that is only incidental to the really *big* benefit the railroads give America: the transportation upon which American agriculture and business are based—always safe, swift, dependable.

These are interesting figures to everyone in America. For the benefits of this buying spread into almost every county of the land. As the railroads go ahead, business goes ahead.

The railroads have been doing a good job. To do a better job, all they ask is a fair opportunity to get business—and handle business—on an equal basis with other forms of transportation. That's fair to all.

VACATION THIS SUMMER BY TRAIN



Rates are low—Safety, Speed and Comfort greater than ever before!

No other transportation in the world can match the American railroads for speed with safety. And every modern convenience contributes to your comfort when you go by rail. Practically all through trains are air-conditioned —cleaner, quieter, healthier. You have modern lighting, excellent food, restful seats, comfortable beds, plenty of room to move around, and you get there on schedule. Yet with all the improvements railroads offer today, fares have been steadily lowered both in coaches and Pullmans.

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

Every year the railroads use
65 million rolls and slices of bread
Every year the railroads use
Two million dozen eggs
Every year the railroads use
730 tons of pins and clips

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D.C.

MORNING-AFTER
starts the
night before...

Nip it in the bud this *BEFORE* and *AFTER* way

BEFORE YOU GO TO BED

Tests show morning-after can be avoided. Take Bromo-Seltzer at bedtime. While you sleep it counteracts the causes of morning-after.

AFTER YOU WAKE UP

To relieve effects of fatigue due to a late bedtime—take another Bromo-Seltzer. It will refresh you, leave you more alert, ready for the job!

● NOBODY likes a morning-after head. People unlucky enough to get one know that Bromo-Seltzer stops it *faster*.

But here's news. Bromo-Seltzer taken at bedtime helps you *avoid* morning-after.

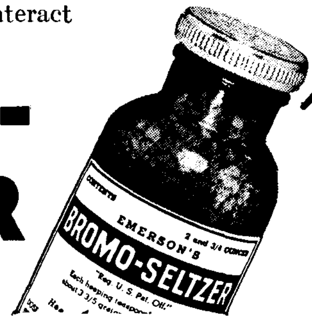
It settles an upset stomach. Soothes and relaxes highly keyed-up nerves. ALKALIZES—protects against the extra acidity caused by overindulgence.

Next morning—to counteract the effects of fatigue—another Bromo-Seltzer. It refreshes you, leaves you more alert.

Unlike many remedies, Bromo-Seltzer is more than a pain reliever. That's why it helps you PREVENT—as well as STOP—morning-after.

At drugstore soda fountains everywhere. Keep it at home, too!

BROMO-SELTZER



Makes you feel fit FASTER

Tick Murdock had gone to all this trouble, it must be very important.

Egypt opened the door. "Come right in, Mr. Banyard."

Peter did not identify him until the door was closed behind him. Then he recalled him: the funny-looking little man in the shiny clothes who had stared at him so hard the other afternoon outside Lari's.

It was too late then. It was too late, anyway. Steve Tetlow was standing behind a chair with an automatic pistol in his hand, and beside him stood Charlie Dunkin, smiling a little, and looking Peter over from head to foot with quick, blue eyes.

Tetlow said quietly, "We don't want to kill you, Mr. Banyard, but we intend to if you make any trouble. Walk over to the bed, please."

Peter went limp inside, then tense. He was too disappointed to be angry. It was still confusing; still hard to believe that that message hadn't really come from Tick Murdock.

"Put your hands behind you."

Peter did as he was told. The funny-looking little man tied his wrists together behind him with lengths of torn toweling.

"You will be more comfortable lying down," Tetlow said. "Lie on your back."

Peter looked at his brother. He felt sick and whipped. He lay down on the bed.

"Tie his feet together and then tie them to the footboard. Don't forget he's an athlete."

Working rapidly with strips of toweling, Egypt said, "Okay, okay."

When his feet were made fast to the footboard, Peter's brother came over and looked down at him. His eyes were bright and steady. He was still smiling faintly.

"We are planning to get Mrs. Van Tyle's bracelet," he said. "Nobody will know I took it, and no one will know that Miss Rilling helped us. When I have the bracelet, you will be freed and you will return to the party, and no one will know there's been a substitution. When I return, I will tell you in detail what happened so you will be posted."

Egypt pulled up a chair beside the bed and sat down. Charlie and Tetlow went out.

CHARLIE walked slowly past the table at which the watchdogs sat. He smiled at the two women, and they smiled at him. He was prepared for them, but they did not question him.

He went into the ballroom, smiling. He would cut in on some girl and pretend to know her. That would give him the chance to size things up. Some man would cut in on him promptly, and he would then proceed with his plan.

A brown-eyed girl took the first part of the problem off his hands. She was a plain girl, but she would do. She came up smiling, "Why! Hello, Mr. Banyard! You've become quite a celebrity, haven't you?"

"Haven't I? Will you dance?"

"I'd love to."

She danced stiffly and badly, without a sense of rhythm.

Charlie saw Mrs. Van Tyle dancing with a stout young man. He saw the bracelet. He saw Franziska. He was ready. It occurred to him that he had danced almost halfway around the floor and no one had cut in. He ran his eyes along the stag line.

They danced on. No one cut in. No one seemed to want the girl he was dancing with.

He began to feel uneasy. The girl had stopped talking, and he had nothing to say to her. He danced around the floor again, this time close to the stag line. It seemed to him the girl's dancing grew stiffer. He wondered how he could get rid of her. He had heard of such things—a man getting stuck with a girl and having her on his hands all evening.

He couldn't walk away and leave her. He danced closer to the stag line, almost colliding with several of the stags. Their eyes brushed past his. It dawned on Charlie that he had unerringly picked the lug of the evening.

THE strange-looking man with rust-colored hair whom Tetlow had addressed as Egypt had explained with gusto what the plan was, and when he had finished explaining, Peter asked no questions. No questions were needed.

He lay on the bed looking up angrily at the ceiling, and feeling more and more depressed. He had thought this afternoon that his affairs had reached their lowest ebb, and he realized now how optimistic he had been. He saw clearly how clever Charlie's plan was. It placed Franziska completely at his mercy, and Peter would be compelled to accept such terms as Charlie dictated.

And he realized that it was his lack of courage, of a fighting spirit, that had brought all this about. If he had been brave, it wouldn't have happened. If he had been courageous, Charlie would never have got the upper hand.

There was only one solution, and that was hopeless. If he could escape from this room before Charlie stole the bracelet, before Franziska screamed, he could ruin their plan. Ruin it before Charlie put the bracelet in Franziska's evening bag.

That was what made him frantic—the possibility that the plan might go wrong, that the bracelet would be found in Franziska's possession. Charlie had protected himself so shrewdly!

A courageous man might have found some way, but there was nothing for a coward to do but to accept his fate. If he were only a brave man—

He was looking at Egypt's face. He stopped thinking how cowardly he was, and began to think of this strange-looking man's character, as displayed in his eyes. It was a greedy character.

From that, Peter's thoughts jumped to another consideration. His feet, tied to the foot of the bed, placed him supposedly at a disadvantage in any kind of attempt to escape. Yet if he were to sit up, he could do it much more swiftly than if his feet weren't tied to the footboard. He reasoned that it is almost impossible to sit up suddenly, that is, with any force, when you are lying down ordinarily. But with your feet tied to the bed, giving you leverage, it should be possible for strong stomach muscles and the long muscles of the torso and legs, to bring you up with considerable snap.

If his guard's chin happened to be in the right place, at the right angle, just as he snapped himself into a sitting position, and if the top of Peter's head struck him with enough force in the chin, this strange-looking man with the greedy eyes might be knocked unconscious.

And if he were knocked unconscious, it should be a comparatively simple matter to extricate his hands from the strip of toweling and escape. The strip of toweling was not tight. It was, in fact, rather loose. Yes, it should be a simple matter to free his hands if he were not so closely guarded—if those greedy little eyes were not watching him so steadily.

A man of courage would probably try such a maneuver. If it failed, he had little to lose. But the very consideration of it brought on those old familiar sensations—the quickening of his heart, the loud pulse in his throat, the tension across his stomach, the feeling of frenzy in his chest.

Peter Banyard knew something was going to happen—soon.

(To be concluded next week)

Heartbroken Melody

Continued from page 11

the quickness with which all this has come up," Hugh said then. "We've waited so long! Why, it's two years ago, Honor, that we decided we wouldn't talk marriage plans; we'd just take every day for every day, and wait. Mother's illness—so many months when you and I used to go into her room and sit there, talking about movies and books and things, and then her hospital bills which set me back about fifteen hundred—"

"Poor old fellow," she said as he paused. And she rubbed her soft mop of hair against his chin.

"I don't mean that, but it *was* pretty stiff! And then, while Addy was finishing her library course—well, it just seemed as if our marriage was put off into dim distance! I knew that I was damn' lucky to have you look at me, and to be able to come in and out of here as if it was home, and I just had to let it go at that."

"But now—" she said, and paused.

"NOW, here's Mother better, and gone off to stay with Martha—and by the way, Martha's husband dying was a break for us too, for Mother never would have stayed with her otherwise!" Hugh diverged to say.

"It seems a cold-blooded reflection," Honor protested, with a shocked little laugh. But there was agreement in her voice.

"Well, anyway. And then to have Arnheim come into the office this morning with Foulke—Foulke's the foreman up there at the Walburga, you know—" Her widened eyes were turned to his.

"But I thought you were to be the foreman, Hugh!"

"I'm the superintendent, darling."

"Ah!" She was satisfied; her gaze went back to the fire.

"Arnheim came in," Hugh resumed, "and Mr. Torrey from Los Angeles. Torrey's the big shot, you know; I'd never met him before. We all went into Arnheim's office, and Mr. Torrey asked me what I thought of Macy for the L. A. plant. I looked at Arnheim and said, 'Why, I sort of thought he was slated for the Walburga,' and Mr. Torrey said —he's a little fellow, you know, very crisp and quiet in the way he talks—and he said, 'No, Braintree. Costa is leaving us in June to go to the General Electric, and we're sending you up there. Now, about Macy—'

"Well, Honor," Hugh said, with a laugh of pure joy, "that was being picked out of the ranks! I couldn't speak. They talked about Macy for a while, and then Mr. Torrey got up—he was taking the noon plane back—and shook hands with me, and said, 'I hope you'll find everything in shape at the Walburga, Mr. Braintree. Mrs. Torrey and I will be up there some time in July; I'll see you then,' and out he walked, and I looked at Arnheim. 'Sure,' Arnheim said, 'I've known it for a week. You'd better plan on getting up there in March. How about Miss Brownell? Will you get married first?' "

Hugh laughed joyfully, confidently, again. Honor tightened her fingers on his. Her thoughts flashed to Paul Cartwright, were back again.

"So now, my dear," Hugh said, "it's plans at last. Honor, we can talk curtains and dining-room table at last. When will it be, sweetheart?"

"Well—when do you go up, Hugh? And if you do, how soon would you want me to go? March—do you go up in March? And then come down in June; shall we say June?"

He kissed the top of her hair.

"Shall we say February?" he amended it.

"Oh, maniac! This is January. Next *month?*"

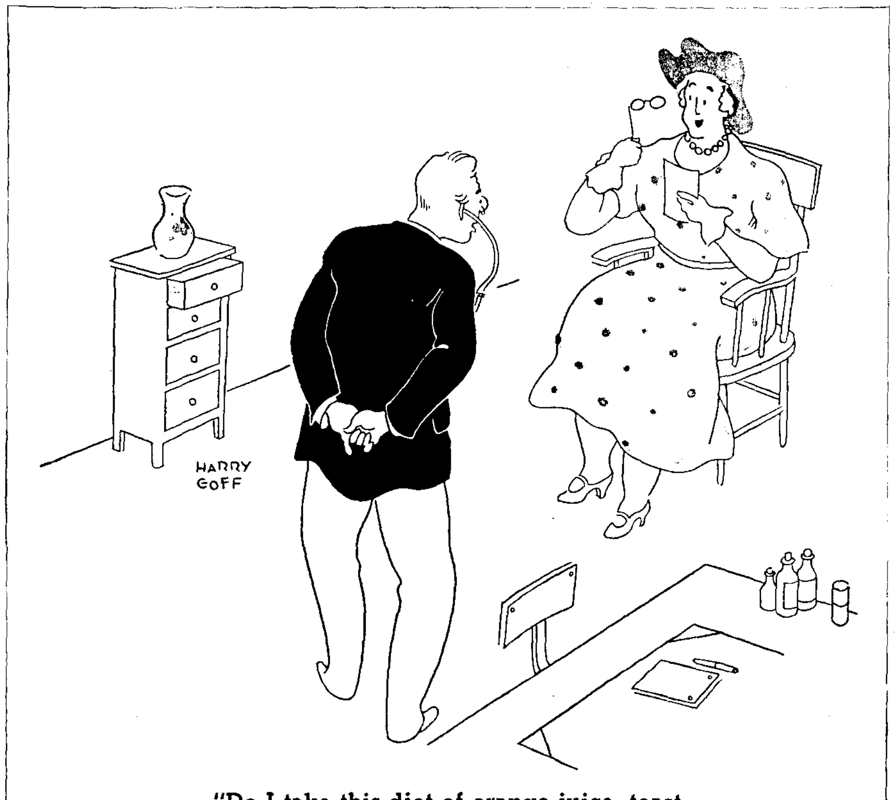
"Why not? Honeymoon in the old blue car, and winding up at the Walburga."

She reflected.

"Well, why not?" she said dubiously. "I suppose I'll need slacks and sweaters and walking boots—one day's shopping gets those. And I can be married in something summery, to wear on hot days, when the Torreys come up."

Hugh slid from the seat and was kneeling before her, big arms locked about her, adoring eyes on hers.

"Honor, sweetheart! Do you realize that we're talking of getting married—that you and I are actually going to get



"Do I take this diet of orange juice, toast and coffee before or after meals, Doctor?"

HARRY GOFF

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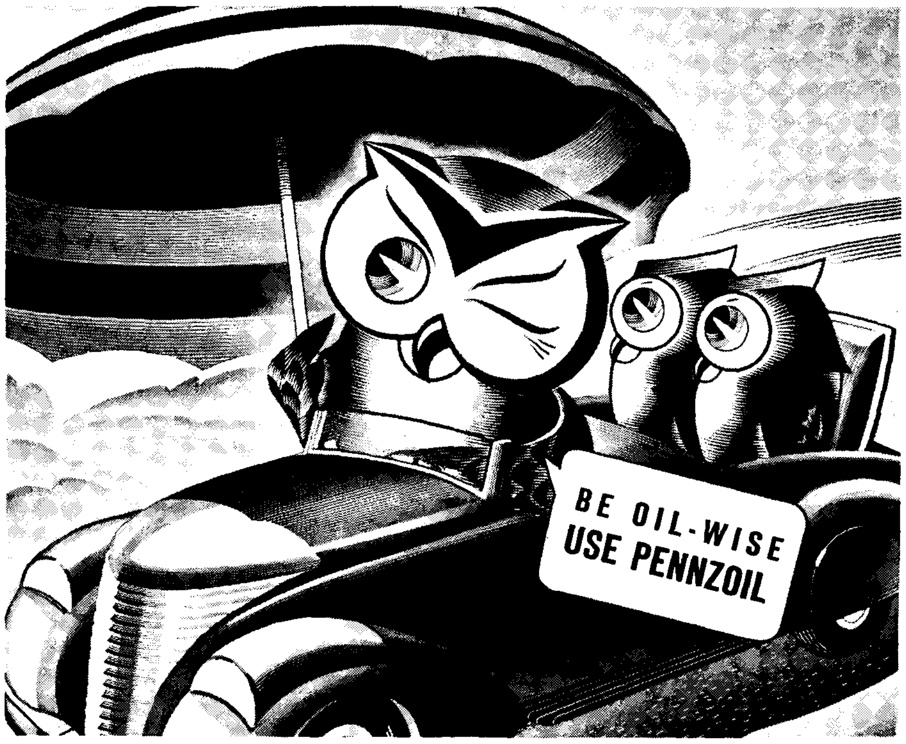

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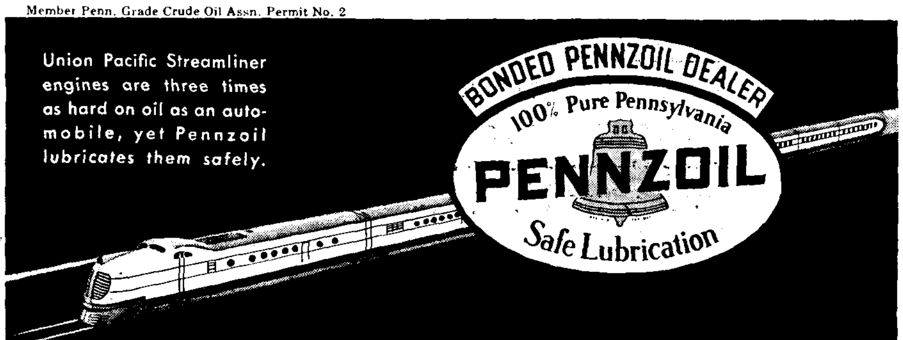

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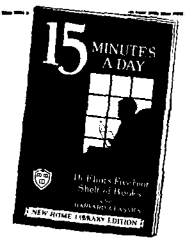


into the car and go off together, *married?*" He smiled. "Honor, there never was a woman loved the way you are, never in this world. There never was a woman who's going to be so cared for, kept so happy."

Her serious eyes were close to his own.

"D'you suppose I don't know that, Hugh?"

"Ah, we're lucky, darling! To have found each other, and to have things break this way! And you'll not live in a mine all your life long, Honor; don't you worry! We'll be big people; we'll travel; we'll have to go and see other plants, in Mexico and South Africa—everywhere."

She was thinking.

"This is the ninth," he went on, "and you should go up in March—late in March. Suppose we say February—well, twenty-second. That's six weeks, seven weeks? Twenty-one and twenty-two are forty-three—that's six weeks. And then we can always remember our anniversary, Honor, by Washington's birthday. We'll be married in the little chapel and come here for lunch; we can get Mrs. Apron, and have a sort of breakfast party—"

HER aunt came in in a neatly belted wrapper on her way to the kitchen for cat food. Ostensibly this was what brought Miss Brownell into the sitting room every evening that Hugh was there, at about eleven o'clock. Lucie Brownell had faithfully maintained the guardianship that her brother and his wife had kept over the girls since early childhood. Girls were girls and men were men and youth was youth, and there was to be no modern recklessness where Adeline and Honor were concerned. They could go out to dance with cousins, and with the sons of old friends of course, but they must be in by midnight, and they must be home sober and tidy; tumbled hair and cocktail breath and touseled clothing had no part in their amusements.

Adeline and Honor accepted these regulations. Indeed, they liked them. They came of a bookish, quiet clan that for many generations had regarded the social excesses of the always-present smart set with calm indifference. Their friends had been friends for generations; their young people found tremendous amusement among themselves.

The rushing, feverish world of dancing and petting was not their world, and they knew it. They regarded its inhabitants as they might regard exotic animals in a zoo. There were dull folk in their own circle, of course, and girls who were silly, and boys who made their mothers anxious; there was poverty in some places, and the discomfort of altered financial standing. But there were companionship and amusement and laughter and safety too, and Adeline and Tom and Honor had never dreamed of any other environment; theirs—with the old friends and the old books and the old ways—was the best of all possible worlds.

And when Honor was with Hugh, and especially as they talked together tonight, her heart seemed only too full of gratitude that her lines should have fallen in such pleasant places. She had always been protected, praised, beloved. Hugh would go on protecting, praising and loving her. And why not? For she meant to make him the best wife that any man ever had in the world.

But sometimes, just of late, when he had not been present, her thoughts, or rather her senses—she was quite clever enough to recognize the difference between them—had had a way of wandering, of thrilling to strange chords that had nothing to do with the even pattern of her life's music. There was another man in her life now besides Hugh; the mere thought of him always brought her a strange excitement.

She loved the sensation, and over and over again she drew her feeling deliberately to the memory of that afternoon in late November now six weeks in the past when Paul Cartwright and she had chanced to be alone in old Judge Cooper's office. Mr. Cartwright had been discussing a case with her, dictating letters about it, rain had been steadily falling outside the magnificent big windows of the magnificent warm office. It had all started when she had said regretfully, politely, "You're going to New York for Christmas, Mr. Cartwright?"

"I'm going immediately," he had said, in that quick, cultured way of his. He had been looking down at papers, shuffling them with his fine hands. "I'm leaving tomorrow night," he had said.

"Oh? So soon?"

"Yes, my dear. The sooner I get out of the sound of that voice of yours the better for me," he had gone on quietly. "It's—that way—with me, and I've got to get over it."

She had sat at her desk stupefied, unable to take in the significance of the words—much less reply. Paul Cartwright, junior member of the firm, rich, handsome, groomed, thirty-seven, married to dashing Marion Pendleton, father of two nice little boys—she had never thought of him as anything but one of the most charming and well-mannered and clever men she had ever known, an interesting superior with whom to work, a man who did not belong in her own personal scheme at all.

So she had not answered him, and he had gone away immediately, not to return until today. But in the meantime everything that those few quick businesslike phrases had meant had been returning to her memory, repeating themselves, changing their positions like the tiny colored triangles in a kaleidoscope. "The better for me—the better for me—the sooner I get out of the sound of your voice—that voice of yours—I've got to get over it. It's—that way, with me. It's—that way with me. I've got to get over it."

Intoxicating recollections. She let them go and drew them nearer again like bright balloons, and when any one of the other office girls spoke casually of Mr. Cartwright, how clever he was and how nice he was and how rich he was, she thought to herself that on that rainy, shadowy afternoon in Judge Cooper's office he had said those things to her. He had meant them, for that moment, no matter how soon or how completely his common sense had lessened their value.

TODAY he had come back. Quite suddenly she had heard his voice in the reception hallway speaking to Jud White, and then he had been in the office, coated and travel-stained, with his hat in his hand, greeting Miss Morrisey, the judge's secretary, saying a casual "How do you do, Miss Brownell? Everyone seems to look very fit—I don't seem to be necessary here—"

He had gone out of the room, returned brushed and better groomed, if still a little weary and chilled-looking, and had said at once, abstractedly and simply, that he would like to go over that Gregory case; would Miss Brownell mind if he and Ferguson had a cup of coffee while they discussed it; he hadn't had anything since breakfast—

During the hour in a quiet corner of the Hotel Fairlees' Circus Room, when they had spread papers about and made penciled notes, he had not given her a glance or said a word, or even signified by the nuance of a tone that he remembered the November afternoon when he and she had last been together. And yet, in her heart, she knew that he was thinking of it just as she was; she knew that the quiet room, and its leather seats and glittering bar, its noiseless waiters and the slits of afternoon sunlight coming in through Venetian blinds at its high windows, was for him as enchanted a realm for the moment as it was to her. Even thinking about it tonight, in her quiet room, as she slowly and dreamily prepared for bed, made her heart soften with a strange happiness, and her pulse beat faster.

"What sort of a woman are you?" Honor asked herself, brushing her hair with the heavy whalebone brush, watching the dressing-table lights turn it to soft gold, tossing her head about to give the brush a more thorough chance at the waves. "What sort of woman are you? You're engaged to Hugh—you're engaged to Hugh—"

Her reflection looked back at her with parted red lips and mysterious eyes. Honor laughed in sheer excitement.

"But what sort of a woman *are* you?" she repeated, half aloud.

WELL, she had always been very good as a little girl, and as an older girl, with all the surety of a nature that had liked goodness, liked to be self-disciplined and strong even in childhood. Her mother had said to her once that she had appeared to have the great gifts of the Spirit, and had named them to her tenderly, amusedly, proudly: wisdom, understanding, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, piety and fear of the Lord. And Honor, fifteen years old, had listened seriously to her mother, had thought it a great thing to possess the gifts of the Spirit.

But where, she asked her smiling, flushed, heavy-eyed replica in the mirror, where was that good little girl now? In her half-lowered lashes, in the smile that tugged at her mouth, there was no suggestion of the gifts of the Spirit. In this girl of tonight there was not much of the dignified, absorbed Miss Brownell who had worked so conscientiously in Judge Cooper's office these three years, who had planned all her holidays to include Hugh Braintree, who ran in next door to report to Aunt Natalie and gossip with the younger Natalie twice a week, and saw all the aunts and uncles and cousins continually, for affectionate gatherings and conferences. There was a wildness hammering in her blood tonight; a lawlessness that she knew was lawless, a thrill that all her twenty-three years had never known before.

Adeline came in, rain-spattered and talkative.

"Honor, it's almost midnight! I thought you'd be sound asleep. Oh, we've had such a good time! Aunt Natalie simply couldn't make us go home. We played Lotto; it was more fun!"

"Lotto?" Honor's eyes widened a little. "Sure it wasn't Puss in the Corner?"

"I'll bet you Puss in the Corner would be loads of fun, if the right people were playing it," Adeline said, unabashed. "Peter got an enormous Lotto for Christmas, and we all played. Everyone put up a quarter, in chips, you know, and Caroline began to be perfectly idiotic, and she'd say, 'If I win this time I'll marry Kane,' and Kane would say, 'Not if I know it, you won't,' and we all got—well, simply into *hysterics*. And then we ate up practically all of Aunt Julia's honey cakes. Oh, she told us to! Hand me my cold cream, Honor; thanks. And we had malted milk, and it was fun! Honor, they're all excited about you and Hugh, and you ought to hear Grandma Borrow deciding the details of the wedding. She and Cousin Mag—"

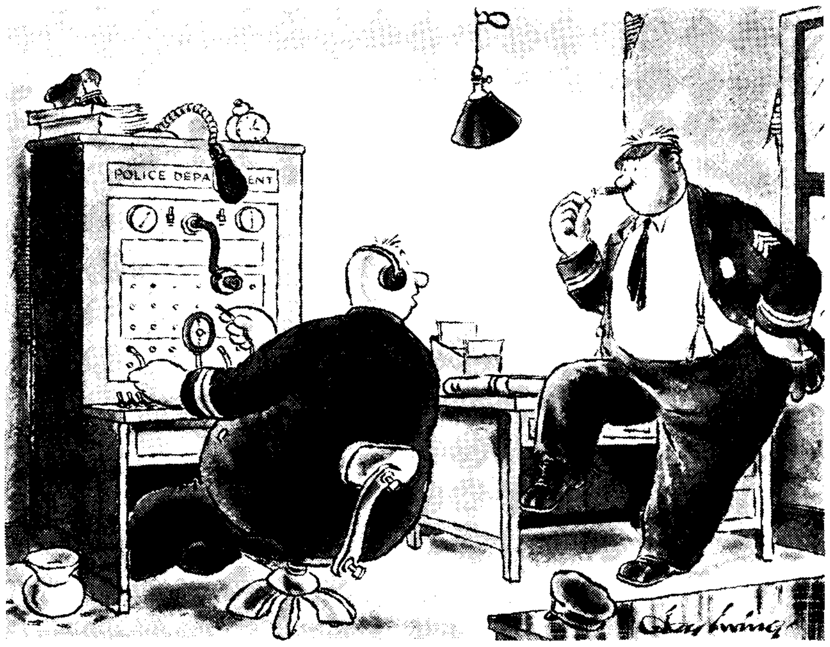
"Was Cousin Mag there? And Margot? How's Margot?"

"Margot's going to have an operation Tuesday—" Adeline was launched on a stream of family gossip. Honor got into bed and listened with apparently interested eyes, with appropriate interjections and questions now and then. But all the time her hand was tight upon a crumpled oblong of yellow paper, and all the time her thoughts were of Monday morning and herself in the office and a quick familiar step coming through the reception hall and a quick incisive voice saying her name.

And long after Adeline was peacefully asleep and when the rain had simmered down to reminiscent spattering and dripping from the cottage eaves and a watery moon was riding the clouds, sending eerie lights across the carpet and the foot of the bed and striking odd glints from the silver and glass on the dressing table, Honor lay wide awake, staring into space vaguely, her arms locked behind her head, and the telegram crumpled in her palm.

"What kind of a woman *are* you?" she asked herself, over and over again. And the quiet trickle of the last drops of rain from the roof seemed to echo it with a malicious chuckle: "What kind of a woman *are* you?"

IN THE fresh winter coolness of Monday morning a saner mood took possession of Honor. Any girl who deluded herself with the fond idea that the boss was mad about her, misunderstood at home, lonely for real companionship,



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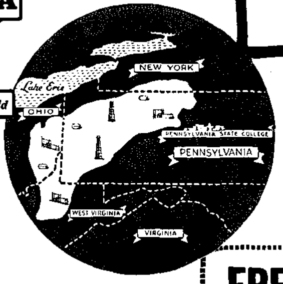

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was simply a fool. Propinquity worked strange deceptions between a commonplace girl clerk and a handsome employer, the girl only too ready to believe what she wanted to believe, the man tempted by forbidden fruit just because it was forbidden.

Honor arose strengthened and decided, her heroic mood further enhanced by a bath into which she poured a few precious drops of her Christmas bath oil, a few grains of her Christmas bath salts, and to which she added delicious lather from a new cake of violet soap.

There was not much hot water; it ran in a maddening lukewarm trickle, for Tom had first rights at half past six and Adeline had to be at her kindergarten at eight, and so both preceded Honor in the bathroom, but it was all the more bracing for that, she decided, and orange juice and coffee and brown toast were bracing too, and the ride downtown on the Hyde Street cable car filled her lungs with clear fresh air and seemed to blow away last night's mood of foolishness and dreams.

Mr. Cartwright was a very fine man—everyone knew that—upright and clever and quite unspoiled by the accident of inherited wealth. He had a nice wife and two children, he played polo and golf and bridge and tennis, and he loved fishing and shooting and duck-hunting, and he knew everyone and went everywhere, and—well, altogether, he was hardly the sort of man to enter upon an office affair with any zest.

WHAT he had said to her had represented a passing mood of affection and whimsicality. Of course he liked Honor; everyone in the office did, and she took great pains that everyone should. A part of Miss Smith's careful training in the secretarial school from which she had graduated had been manner in office deportment. Girls must be always neat and smiling and willing, and not gossipy idlers who sat buffing their nails all day. And Honor had a natural gracious dignity as well; she was sure of herself. She had not come into the offices of Cooper and Cartwright as most of the girls had, just a chance business-school graduate, looking for a job. She had been introduced by Judge Cooper himself as the daughter of an old friend, and because of her very advantages, because of the advantage she had quite inadvertently been given over the other girls, she had felt herself obliged to live up to a high standard of conduct during these three years. Besides, there was her engagement to consider, to steady her.

And now, she reflected, going into the dignified big place, nodding and smiling as she went through the outer offices, hanging up her hat and coat and beginning on the great pile of mail that awaited her, now there was marriage to consider. If she were really to be married within a short six weeks' time, then she must give them some warning here, begin to train Lucile Bates for the work—for the responsibility, rather, for Lucile knew the routine well enough.

Honor worked along placidly in the warm office. The early morning's bracing winds had brought clouds across the blue winter sky, the day had turned dark and sullen and cold. But in here the polished eucalyptus paneling, the heavy carpet, the thick curtains with their dull figures of dull green on dull green, all conspired for comfort and richness and security. Old Judge Cooper came in at about eleven, with his fine, keen, white-whiskered face nipped scarlet from the cold, and sank gratefully into his chair.

"Mr. Cartwright got back on Saturday?"

"Yes; he came in at about ten. He looked rather tired from the trip, but he went right at the Gregory case. We sent off twenty night letters that afternoon."

"Extraordinary energy!" the old man said. "Ah, Paul, home again?"

Quite suddenly Paul Cartwright was with them, giving his usual friendly smile to each, laying down some papers, extending a hand to the senior partner.

"Good to see you again, Judge. We ran down to Del Monte yesterday to take a look at the finals or I'd have come over. How's Mrs. Cooper? And Dorothy's boy? That's fine. Miss Brownell, I tried to telephone you yesterday but couldn't get you. I was going to ask you if you could get hold of that witness—what was her name? Fiorella? Woman out on Shotwell Street, was it?"

"Oh, yes. The damages case. I can get her, I think; she lives with her mother. But they haven't a telephone—"

They were talking away as naturally as if the calendar had been set back three months; as if no dynamic words had ever lived between their glances and their quiet phrases. And that was as it should be. But there was an extraordinary singing in the air, none the less, and the dark winter sky outside the high windows was tender, brooding, beautiful with a secrecy that hid spring grass and the scent of lilac trees in flower. Honor snapped up a light, was busy with notes.

Paul Cartwright came across the office and sat lightly against the edge of her desk, and she began to tremble.

"Will you help me out with something?" he said, groping in pockets, bringing forth a rumpled piece of paper. "I've got to give a lunch tomorrow to the Nunnallys—Dick and Dolly Nunnally. We'll be—oh, ten or twelve, I imagine. I've got to seat 'em somehow."

"You've got the list?" The blue eyes looked up, and the gray eyes looked down into them, and there was a moment's break that silenced both man and woman.

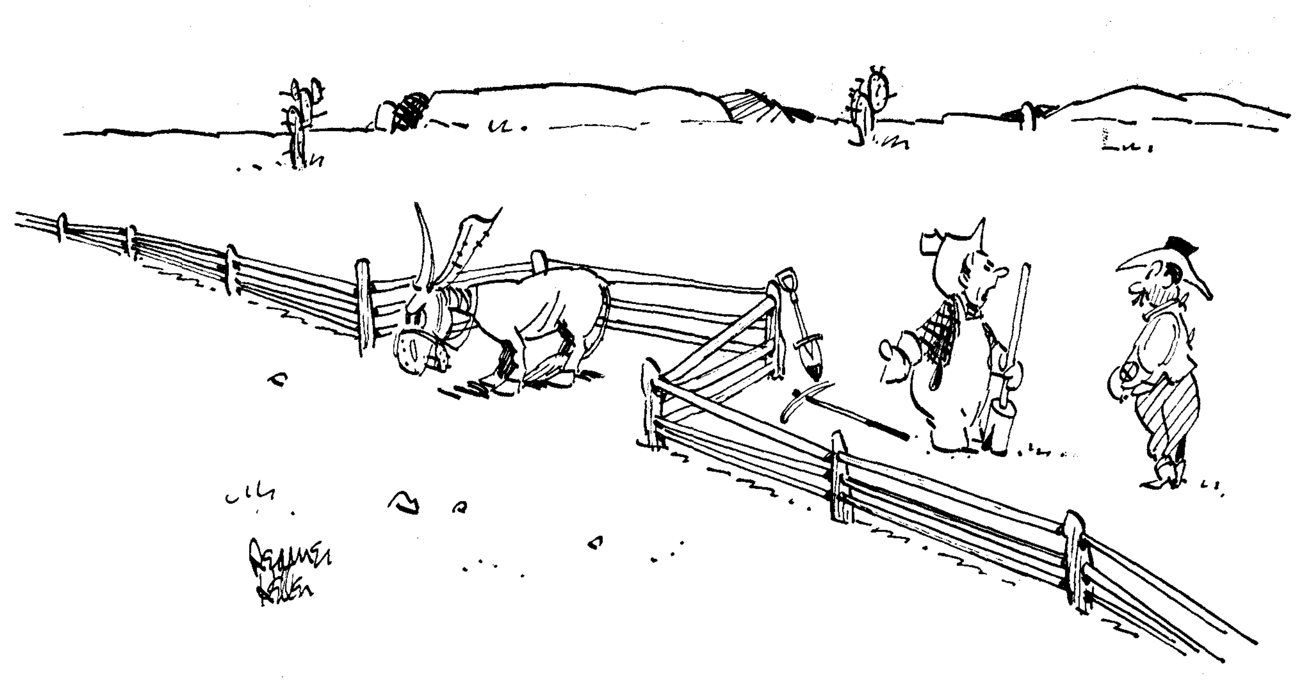
"ISN'T this hell!" Paul said then in an undertone, with an impatient laugh; and immediately Honor was working on the names. He was gone again, but her face was burning and she dared not look up. When he came back she said:

"You're short on women. Only four women and seven men?"

"Yep. I'm asking the Morrows to clear off an obligation; my wife can't stand 'em, so I never can have them at the house. And old Betsey Tubbs, she'll pull her weight. Miss Tighe is Lady Nunnally's companion, nice quiet girl with glasses. But I thought maybe you'd come. Marion—my wife—isn't here, and I've no one to take charge of Dolly Nunnally and the other women, run 'em around. Miss Tighe was saying yesterday that she wants to buy some souvenirs and things, and Dolly wants to see Chinatown. I thought perhaps you'd take them down there after lunch—or before lunch would be better, maybe? They sail on Wednesday; they're going up to Victoria to take a boat. You know who Dolly Nunnally is, don't you? She was Dolly Casterbrook, the tin-mine Casterbrook's daughter—one of the richest girls in England. She's only about twenty-two—"

Put in this way, it sounded harmless enough, the luncheon party, and as if it might be fun. But Honor, for reasons she did not define, did not mention the prospect at home that night. She and Hugh went over to her cousin Elizabeth Chamberlain's tiny new apartment on Sacramento Street for a housewarming—Elizabeth and Harry had been married only a few weeks—and on the way home they talked of their own marriage, and of the persons who must get announcements. She did not once mention Paul Cartwright.

(To be continued next week)



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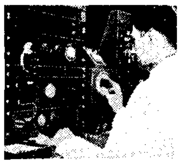

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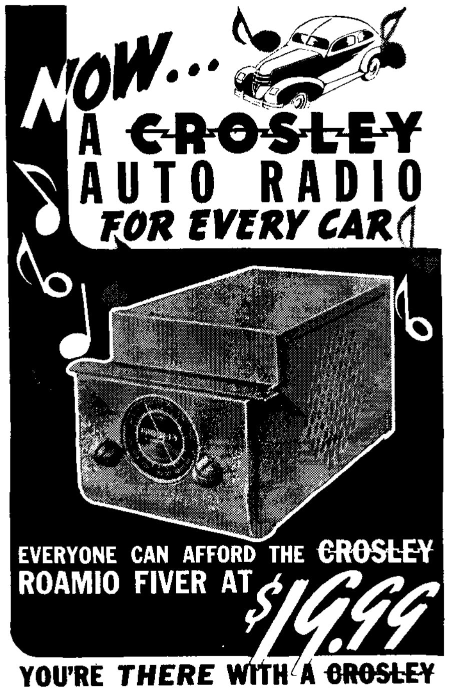
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Marked Money

Continued from page 15

about?" O'Malley asked the one called Manners.

They seemed surprised.

"There wasn't any trouble. It wasn't exactly a party," Manners explained. "We two had a few drinks and then we wanted company. We went around the halls, and wherever a light showed someone was awake, we knocked on the door and give them an invitation. A taxi driver and his wife and a baker and his wife came—they live on the second floor; and the Reden dame came off the third, and a guy named Outland and his wife from across the hall, and the guy Nesselt came off of the fourth. We sat around and talked a couple of hours and then they all went home."

"Yeah? Who went first?"

"The people from across the hall. Then the ones from the second floor all left together. Then after a while Nesselt and the girl went up the stairs together."

"Then what?"

"We went to bed."

WE INTERVIEWED the other tenants. They all were there because the police hadn't let anybody go to work. In the apartment across from Nesselt's an immoderately fat woman was baking cookies and three children on the floor were playing with a ouija board.

"You know what time last night the guy across the hall from you went to bed?" O'Malley asked the woman.

"How would I? I was asleep like other decent people."

"Your ouija?" O'Malley asked the kids.

"It's mine," the woman said.

"I guess it didn't tell you there was going to be no murder."

"Listen! I don't believe in that thing. Some people around here do."

"Say, lady, if the ouija should tell you anything about this murder, will you let me know?"

She stared at him. "You sound like a crazy cop to me!"

None of the tenants could tell us anything.

"Well, O'Malley," I asked, "what about it?"

"It looks to me like this killing was done by a thickhead guy that thinks he's smart."

"Why?"

"It's just a hunch. Them cops say the medical office figures the girl was knocked off about three o'clock this morning. A cop on post was around here about that time and he didn't see no one go in or out of this building; so I guess the thickhead guy was someone in the building."

"You're a marvelous detective!" I declared sarcastically. "Of course it was someone in the building. It was Nesselt. Everything points to him, and he acts like a guilty man and talks like one. If they find Nesselt's fingerprints on the milk bottle, will that convince you?"

"It might. But I'd still like to find that dead dame's rings."

He was going to the police laboratory and I didn't go along. I couldn't find anything about the murder in the newspapers—then I found a few lines at the bottom of a column. They gave merely the fact of the murder and that Nesselt had been arrested.

"I see you've arrested the right man," I said the next time I met O'Malley.

"Sure, we had to pinch somebody. It was a guy knocked that lady off; a woman wouldn't have been strong enough. Well, all the other guys in the building except Nesselt have got their wives or somebody to say where they was at three o'clock. There wasn't no prints on that milk bottle. Only the girl's prints was on the cups and plates. Both of them cups had coffee in the bottom of 'em but only one cup had been drunk out of. Them two pieces of toast I took to the laboratory fit together and make one slice. Nesselt lied when he said he didn't know that girl, because we found people that seen 'em at a dance place together."

"Of course he lied," I asserted.

"An innocent guy lies sometimes when he's scared. Well, that's all—except I seen that fat lady a few times since, and I and she been trying to find out with her ouija if Nesselt done the murder."

I was astonished. "I'm inclined to agree with her then," I stated, "that you're not right in the head."

"I guess I wouldn't know about that. Anyway, I got so many cops laughing at me now that I can't go near headquarters. The ouija didn't tell us nothing—but all the tenants showed a lot of interest. I hear them ouijas work better with some people than with others, and I told them tenants if I could get the right person doing it, I figured it might give the answer to the murder."

He was going to the building. A uniformed officer in the hall grinned when he saw O'Malley.

"How are the spirits treating you, detective?" he inquired.

"Why, not so good."

"I got them people here for you."

"You hear 'em say anything?"

"I don't like to tell you. Some of 'em asked me how a guy as dumb as you could get to be a cop."

We went into the room where the party had been held. It seemed to me that half of the tenants in the building had crowded in there.

"I brought a guy along to write this down," O'Malley told them.

HE GAVE me some sheets of paper. Then the fat woman put her fingers on the pointer and it moved around and I wrote down the letters that it pointed at. It didn't make any sense. Then the young man Manners tried it. Then the wife of the taxi-man who lived on the second floor tried it, and the baker, and a kid about eight years old, and the man Outland, who lived across the hall, and his wife, and the young fellow Willing, and a number of other people. It was a tedious business and took a long time and none of it seemed to mean anything. I got tired of writing it down and I was glad when O'Malley said we'd done enough, and the uniformed cop came in and drove all the people out.

"Well, what?" O'Malley said to me.

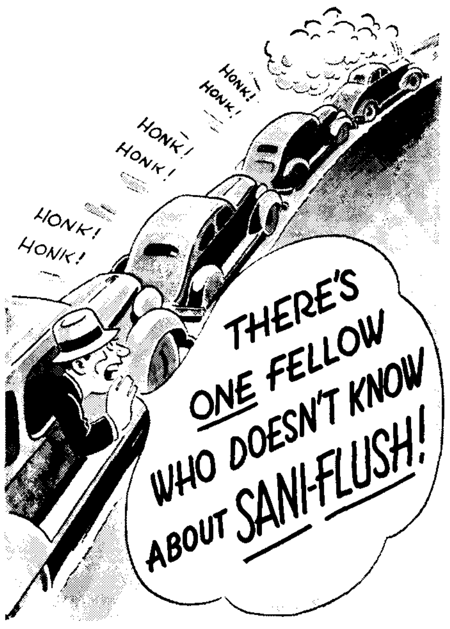
"This is the most ridiculous performance," I exclaimed, "that I've ever had part in!"

I read a page aloud.

"X. M. Go north. 1. 2. 6. 9. 4. 7. She died. We see moon. A. B. A. B. On. He push the perambulalater. O. Y. O. Y. The cow. Mother. Yes. No. Y. P. 4. 3. 6. M. N. The cellar is underneath. Decesed August 14. P. Y. M. N. O. Goodby. Wound up in string. Go find them. 4. 7. 6. 2. 1. String. Tring. Ring. L. M. A. P. U. M. Michael. N. No. A. No. B. The saints. Paint on the bureau. The kop is dum. Y. 4. A. 2. 7. I. P. He say. What. What. Minnie tuk medcin."

"It looks like the ouija can't spell no better than whatever guy uses it," O'Malley commented.

We went upstairs and the cop unlocked the dead girl's door for us and O'Malley looked the whole place over carefully, but he didn't touch anything.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HONK!
HONK!
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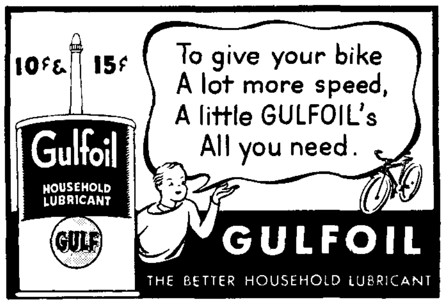


Then the cop unlocked Nesselt's door and he examined that room. There was a ball of string on a little shelf beside the dresser. O'Malley unwound the string and in the center of it were the dead girl's three rings.

"I don't know what's been happening here," I said in amazement, "or what the ouija had to do with it, but you've certainly proved the case against Nesselt."

We went to headquarters. Nothing was going on there. Then some cops came in bringing all the people that had been at the party and they took them into the detectives' room and O'Malley went in there. Then the inspector went in, and some cops brought other people in, and I waited a long while. O'Malley came out finally.

"We made the guy admit it," he informed me.

"Why did Nesselt kill her?" I asked.

"Why, it was Outland killed her. Nesselt didn't do it. Outland and his wife went home from the party and he watched till Reden had went upstairs and then he followed her and bumped her off."

"Why?"

"SAY, this turns out to be a piece of business. You remember a case in St. Louis about three months ago, when an extortion mob got seventy thousand out of a banker and knocked off a guy when they collected it? Them St. Louis cops had the numbers of the bills and they pinched most of the mob for murder, but the guy that done the killing got away with his part of the money. They couldn't get out of the others who he was, but they got evidence he had went to New York, so they sent us the numbers of the bills.

"We give the list to the banks and some of the bills showed up and was traced to where they was passed, but the New York cops couldn't learn who passed 'em. It all was in the newspapers. This Miss Reden worked in a store and a twenty-dollar bill got passed in that store; so some cops took the bill over to the store to try to find who passed it. About a hundred girls work in that store, and there couldn't none of the girls be sure they had took in that particular bill.

"The girls talked it over and wondered which one of 'em had took in the bill and what customer had give it. Miss Reden had took in one twenty that day. She couldn't tell if it was the one the cops showed her. She remembered, though, the woman that give it to her acted nervous and she remembered what the woman looked like. The way it must have been, Miss Reden figured if she ever seen the woman again she'd ask her about the bill. Miss Reden lived in that building a long while but Outland and Mrs. Outland moved in there only recently. The first time they met was at that party.

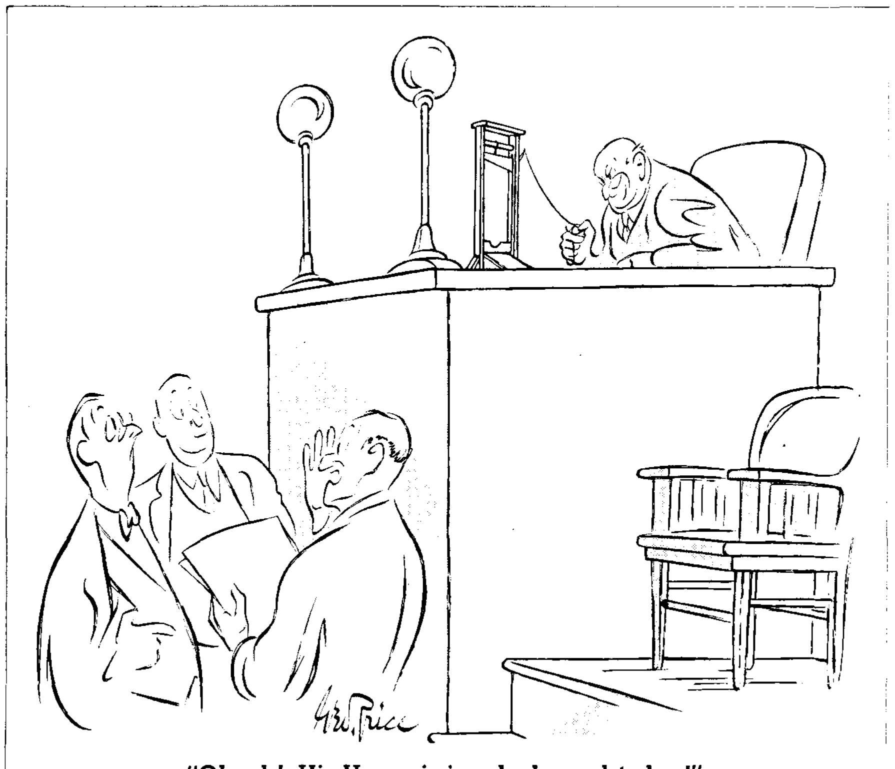
"Miss Reden recognized that Mrs. Outland was the one that give her the bill and asked her about it when nobody was listening. Of course Mrs. Outland denied she ever seen Miss Reden before, or was ever in that store, and Miss Reden got suspicious. She decided to tell about it to the police. After she had went upstairs she waited for the Outlands to go to bed, and while she was waiting she got herself something to eat. But the Outlands hadn't went to bed. As soon as they got to their rooms Mrs. Outland told Outland that Reden had recognized her and was certainly going to the cops. Outland went up and listened outside Miss Reden's door.

"Well, when she opened the door to go to the police, he grabbed her and pushed her back in and knocked her off. I guess he figured if Miss Reden went to the cops, him and his wife would be traced if they tried to get away and it was safer to do another murder."

"I can't see how you found all this out," I declared.

"You seen this case and still it has to be explained to you. Of course I didn't connect Miss Reden up with that extortion murder. Different New York cops was working on that case than on this one and so many people had been questioned about them extortion bills that it didn't mean nothing that Miss Reden worked in a store where one of 'em had been passed. I didn't even know that. I and you went to Miss Reden's room and it looked like someone had been having supper with her—two cups with coffee in the bottom of 'em, two plates with egg, two toasts. The first thing I seen was that the two toasts would fit together and make one piece.

"Well, that might not mean nothing. But it might mean it was a plant. I asked at the laboratory had both cups been drunk out of and they said only one. So then I knew it was a plant. Well, if it was a plant to make us think Nesselt done the murder, then Nesselt wasn't guilty; it was just luck for the killer that Nesselt was scared and de-



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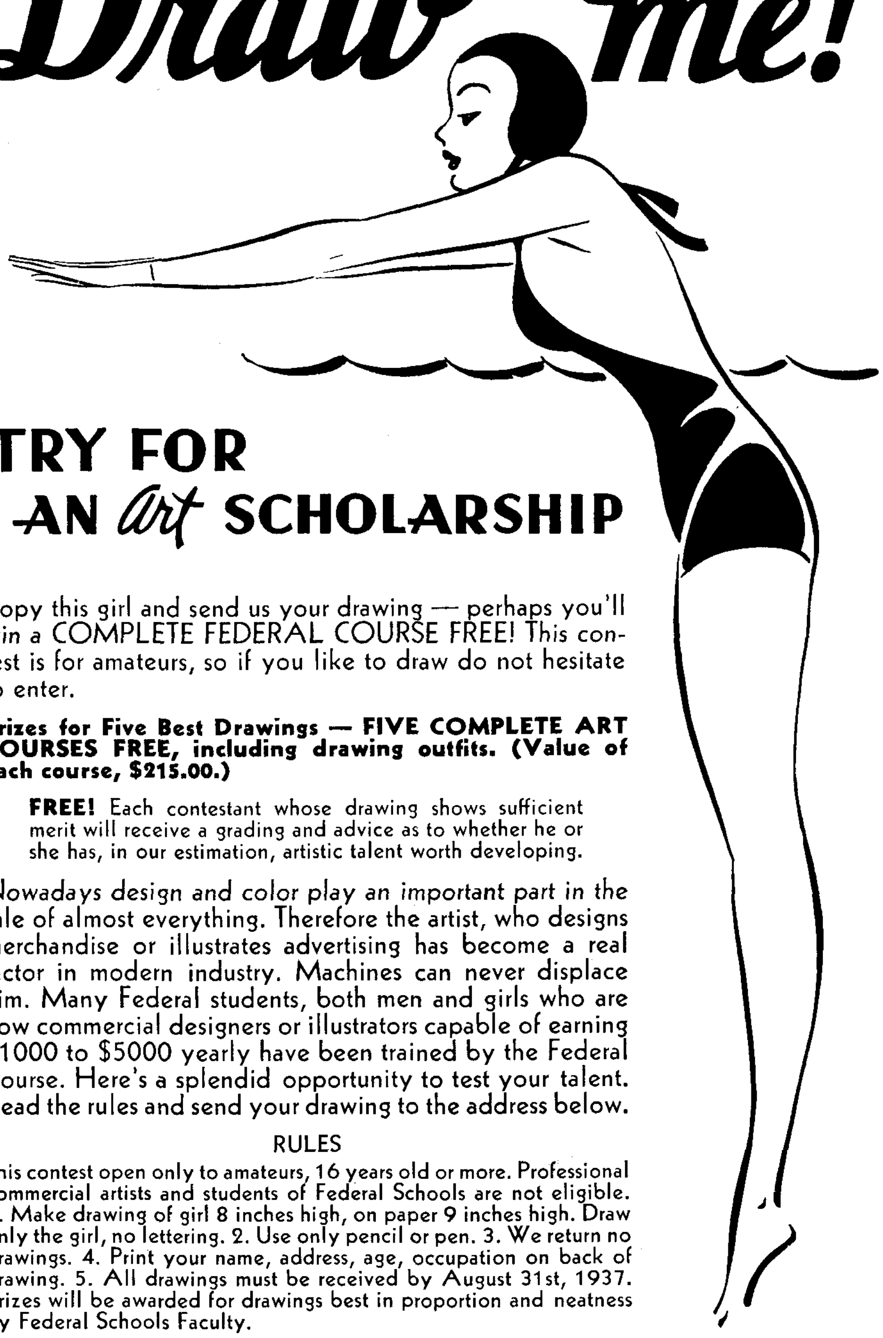

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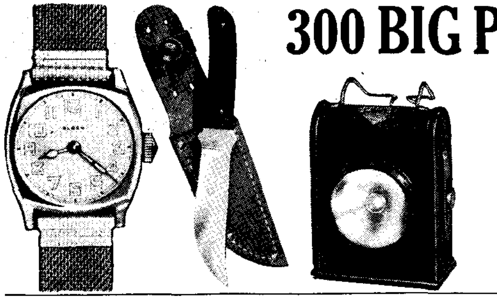

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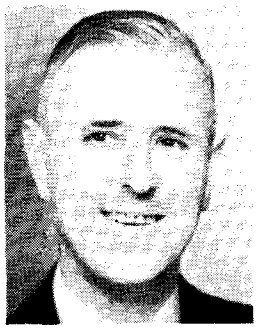

Eugene S. Cloney, Co-partner and Manager, Red Cross Pharmacy, Eureka, California

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nied knowing the girl, though he really had. After this homicide knocked the girl off, he fixed her place to look like two people had been eating there and he carried her up the stairs and dripped some blood up toward Nesselt's door, and then he took her back and put her down lower on the stairs.

"Smart guy—he thought he was! Well, who was he? Anybody in the building could have seen Nesselt and the girl go upstairs after the party; or he might be someone that had seen 'em together somewheres else. There hadn't been no trouble at the party, and we couldn't find no reason the girl should get killed, and I couldn't suspect nobody more than nobody else."

"So what?" I asked.

"You seen what. I figured a guy that would think he could fool people with a plant like that must be one that thought he was very smart but really was very dumb. It looked to me that it ought to be easy to trap a guy like that, and I schemed out a way it maybe could be done.

"A guy that makes a plant is always wondering if some way he can make it better. First, I give out that we was sure Nesselt killed the girl but we needed more proof. Well, then I went and seen that fat lady. She's a smart woman. I and her worked the ouija, pretending we was trying to find out about the murder with it, and I had her tell the other tenants we was doing that. I had her tell 'em I thought maybe somebody else would have better luck than we did, and I had the cop on post there invite 'em all to try it. I figured this dumb killer would think this was a chance to give us the proof we needed.

"Well, Outland fell for it. Whoever killed the girl had took her rings, and that couldn't be for robbery because the rings wasn't worth nothing. Outland had took the rings, thinking to use 'em in his plant, and he hadn't been able to, but now he seen a way he could. Nesselt was locked up, and them cops on this case was using his room for questioning people. Outland went up there like he had information for 'em, and he told 'em some unimportant thing and watched his chance when they didn't see him to put down the rings wound up in a ball of string. He figured we'd think they had been there all the time and we had missed 'em. I had them different people work the ouija and you wrote down what it said, and I watched what people it was it said them things for.

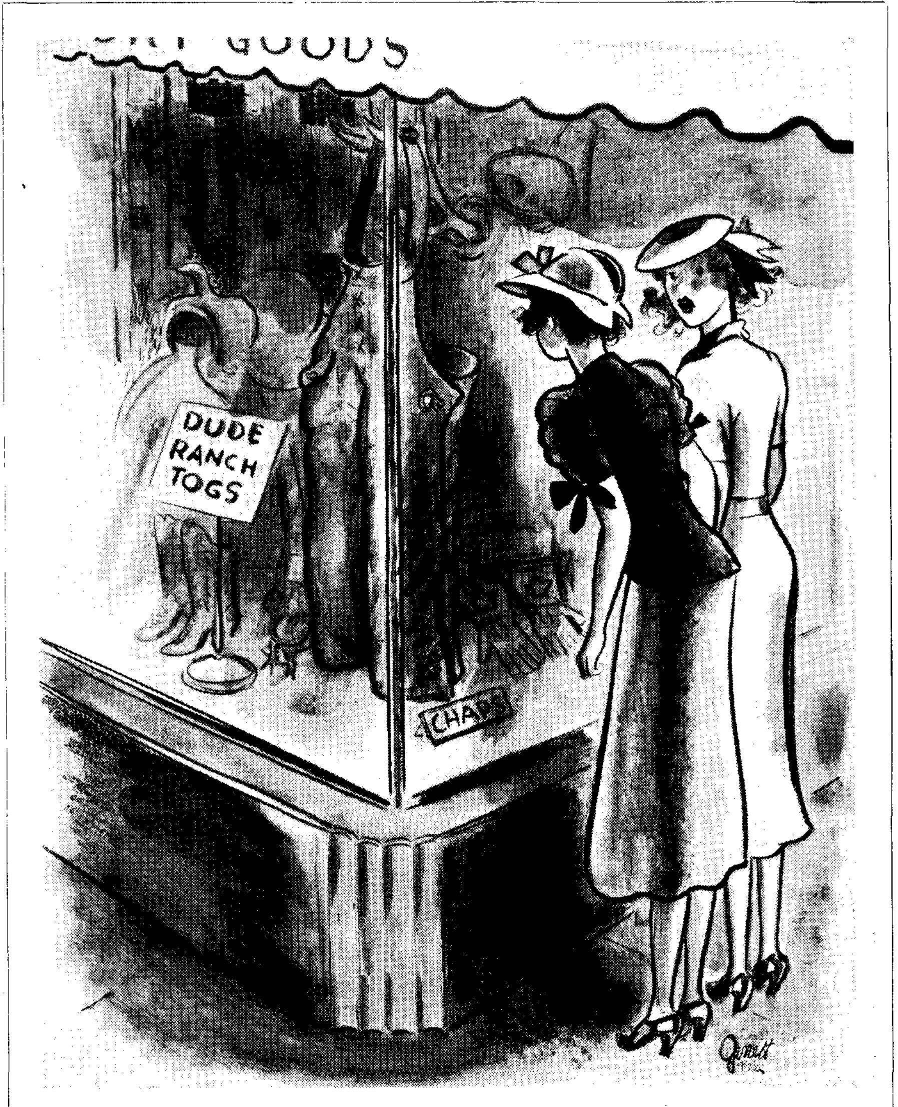
"It said quite a few things I thought had ought to be investigated, but Mrs. Outland was the best one. Outland figured to be smart and not have it say nothing when he used it, but for Mrs. Outland it said: Wound up in string—go find them—string—tring—ring."

"He was a sap!" I said.

"SURE. Any guy that thinks he's smarter than everybody else always is. Well, we pinched them Outlands and brought 'em to headquarters, but we still couldn't figure no reason why Outland should kill the girl. We took his fingerprints and it turned out he had a St. Louis record. Then some smart cop said, Could this be our St. Louis killer? We hadn't found none of them listed bills when we arrested 'em, but we got some people that they'd passed bills on, and they identified Mrs. Outland as the one that passed 'em. So then she folded up and told us how it was."

"Some case!" I commented. "You said this wouldn't be in the newspapers but it will be all over the front pages tomorrow."

"Sure. I hope them papers don't print nothing about the ouija. This case has got so many people wondering am I crazy that if they put that in everybody will be believing I am."



"They surely must wear something under those" GARRETT PRICE

The Seven Skies

Continued from page 17

afire. Ruskin said wars have done just that, to men and to whole nations; and thus have borne some good fruit. At any rate, Juan was never a *mañana* boy thereafter. He went into the naval air service at the beginning of the war, and was an ensign, wings and all, at the end. He returned to Yale and organized the very first collegiate flying club. After he was graduated he tried selling bonds in the immemorial Yale tradition, but propellers were turning in his head. He bought two condemned war Jennies and became president, traffic manager, dispatcher, pilot, mechanic and hangar sweeper of the Long Island Airways, which carried swells here and there among the fashionable Hamptons on the resort land which is a sort of vermiform appendix to New York State. John Hambleton and Sonny Whitney, Yale cronies and fellow war pilots, were taken in by Juan's air talk—which already was in terms of long distances. They organized New York Airways, which merged with Colonial and got the air-mail contract between New York and Boston.

A New Weapon in an Old Fight

Then the Flying Dutchman, Tony Fokker, came over here with his first three-engine plane, and Juan's plans were off around the world—by way of South America. The three sportsman aces withdrew from Colonial (which figured that New England was big and tough enough to fly) and persuaded nine acquaintances to join them in putting up $25,000 each to form a corporation. With $300,000, and Mr. André Priester, they headed south. Mr. Priester was the luckiest first move any such corporation might have made. He was born in the East Indies, so he had a colonial background; he had been operations manager at headquarters in Amsterdam for the great Dutch International air, KLM, and long air hauls were no dream to him—just plain everyday affairs. Under the PAA banner, he has turned out to be a genius, although business terminology reduces him to "Chief Engineer."

Trial flights were made between Cuba and the United States, and soon thereafter air-mail contracts were obtained from both countries; there were involved contracts and mergers with other firms —one called "Pan American Airways" —and a deadline set by the government for the initial flight was met and tamed. Pilot Edwin C. (Uncle Ed) Musick took on the latter job; half a generation later, and with just as little fuss he made the first scheduled flight across the Pacific.

Trippe wove his net in the direction of South America because that was reachable within the limited performance of the day's planes and because fine trade potentialities were indicated; certainly not because it presented a bed of roses. North America's reputation was low, and under skillful attack, in South America. That is a long and mean tale, which can be simplified with reasonable fairness in this way:

Our trade with Latin America lagged before the war because the southern continent was closer to Europe by sea route development, by racial inclinations and inheritances: Europe was her cultural neighbor, whereas the United States was only a geographical neighbor.

The Great War forced a temporary shift in the tides of commerce; that from Europe was cut off, while ours flowed richly. Peace, and Europe hurried back to South America and tipped her hat and said thanks, United States, now you may go home again and we'll take care of this market. The interlude had bitten deeply, however; our trade volume with South America was close to a billion dollars a year, which United States business did not want to relinquish. Also, it had been conducted by decent and honorable firms.

American business elected to fight, and Europe fetched up its big guns of commerce to shoot us out. It improved cable service; sent luxurious and fast liners cutting across the equator; technical men arrived to develop utilities on bargain terms; a huge propaganda barrage was laid down, and then spectacular air flights shortened the leash—Pinedo, Franco, Bonnot, Lombardi and Mazotti, Costes and Le Brix, others. The South Atlantic has a longer roster of heroes than the North Atlantic. French and Germans began air-mail service; the Westphalen was anchored in mid-South Atlantic, the Graf Zeppelin scheduled Rio in three days. European products may or may not have been as worthy as American goods; the point is, they got there first.

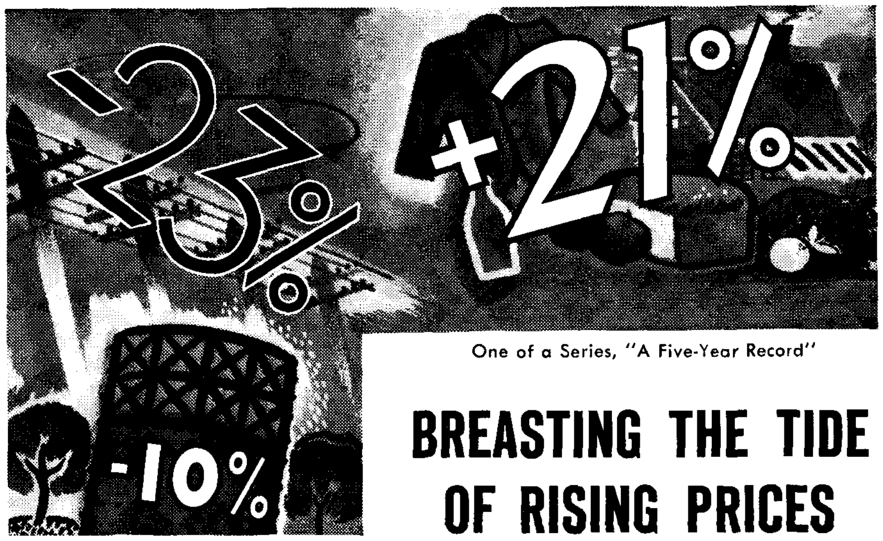
Pan American, therefore, found itself carrying our national banner into a bitter commercial war. The European airmen were official representatives of their governments; directly subsidized. Trippe made capital stock of his line available to American firms which might be interested in trade development in South America; and thus in a sense it became the official institution of American business. Chiefly, it was his own personality—and the kindred spirits of the associates he engaged for ambassadorial work—that won his routes; his charm, his tact, his sympathy and courtesy in relations with people who, in other days, had come to expect rudeness and monkey business.

Good Will on the Wing

Puerto Rico and the Canal Zone had followed Cuba into Trippe's air-mail bag; herein the interest of other Washington bureaus than the Post Office first became apparent. Trippe's vision swept along national advantages which he could not have been thinking of in the beginning. The State Department recognized in his planes good-will couriers; the War and Navy departments saw military values in the Caribbean—and later on in the Pacific—of American commercial air bases that would build up a reservoir of local flight experience and be immediately convertible, at need, to war purposes.

There has been another benefit to American taxpayers, who might never leave the mainland: Pan American's famous "hurricane watch." In sheer necessity the air line set up a series of weather stations around the Carib shore, near the breeding grounds of the big winds. These posts, charting the progress of hurricanes, co-operating with the Weather Bureau, have told you when to button up your shutters and have saved you many a dollar.

Trinidad, Venezuela—a tough nut, on account of suspicious old Gomez, who fell to the smiles of Washington-Pan American's Ambassador Lindbergh—Colombia and Brazil came to the line. The business tactics behind Trippe's vision became visible as country after country signed up; it was founded on the philosophy of old Colonel Mosby, the Confederate, whose aim was to "git thar fustest with the mostest." When you come into a far land, with an eye to exploiting it aeronautically, you generally found Trippe had passed that way



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1934	1,268,000
1935	3,331,000
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Customers Save Annually	$9,842,000

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PULVEX FLEA POWDER

months before, offered advantages you never dreamed of, and got pledges. His approach, most likely, was from any way but the way in which you had expected him to come; it was, shall we say, honest but foresighted.

Before 1930 Trippe had a scheduled bond completely encircling South America; got into China and Alaska (in the latter place, bidding for mail against dog-sled operators), and made incredible gains in express and mail poundage, in passenger miles flown, in the speeding up of schedules.

Meanwhile, the 500-mile flight across the Caribbean from Kingston, Jamaica, to Barranquilla, Colombia, had become known in the aeronautical industry as the "Atlantic Laboratory." Here Trippe was training his personnel, testing equipment, seasoning executives for more spacious years. Then, early in 1935, the ship "North Haven" sailed from California to establish ground bases on the United States' Pacific islands for a 9,000-mile ocean airway to the Orient. Trippe and his associates had known of and planned for this through seven years of study, designing, organizing; now the world had a definite sign.

The Pacific is Scheduled

In April, 1935, test flights began to Hawaii. This first stage of the Pacific Airway is 2,410 miles, the longest overwater jump now scheduled in the world; longer by hundreds of miles than the Atlantic's most watery gap. Midway is 1,380 miles next beyond; gradually, the experimental flights were extended here; then to Wake, 1,252 miles farther on; to Guam, 1,506 miles; the Philippines, 1,560 miles; lastly, to Macao, China, 759 miles.

On July 29, 1936, the whole distance to Manila was scheduled for mail and express, and three months later it was available to anyone who could pay the fare of $950.

You will find modern hotels on coral gems hitherto unknown to wayfarers. You will sleep and dine and play luxuriously, and see firsthand the unspoiled wild life of the atolls. You can swim in turquoise waters; feed land crabs to the gonies, and probably lose a thumb doing it; and, most likely, when you get home you will send a letter to Mr. Trippe saying please can you have a job as caretaker or something on one of those islands. You will be able to keep the missus and your defenseless friends and office help in thrills and stitches for years telling them about the time you flew the Pacific.

Trippe's dream of the clippers restored, translated from sea to sky, is now a commonplace. Indeed, you can even play ping-pong in the great air liner that wings you overseas; how much weight that fact had with the Collier Trophy Committee, I cannot tell.

Since Robert J. Collier, former editor of this magazine and son of its founder, presented the trophy in trust to the Aero Club of America in 1911 it has recorded a veritable history of the progress of aviation science. The United States Air Mail Service, the Army Air Corps, the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce, the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics and the Packard Motor Car Company were honored organizations; Sperry, Burgess, Loening, Reed, Hoffman, Lawrance, Pitcairn, Martin, Caldwell, Hegenberger and Douglas comprised the other individuals. The National Aeronautic Association is the modern custodian of the trophy.

The scheduling of the North Atlantic —most desirable, and most difficult, of international air routes—will be completed soon. Already test flights are under way, led by veterans of Pan American's Pacific adventure and of Imperial Airways' old-timers of the Mediterranean, the Timor Sea and all the outward lanes of its empire routes over Africa, Asia and Australia. Bermuda and Hawaii mean little more to you, nowadays, than a moonlight sail from Chicago across Lake Michigan to Benton Harbor. The main warp of Juan Terry Trippe's dream net has been looped and tied; soon all the little side bays will be patterned; and then, if he is still around, he will no doubt schedule the moon, provided there's a mail contract in it.

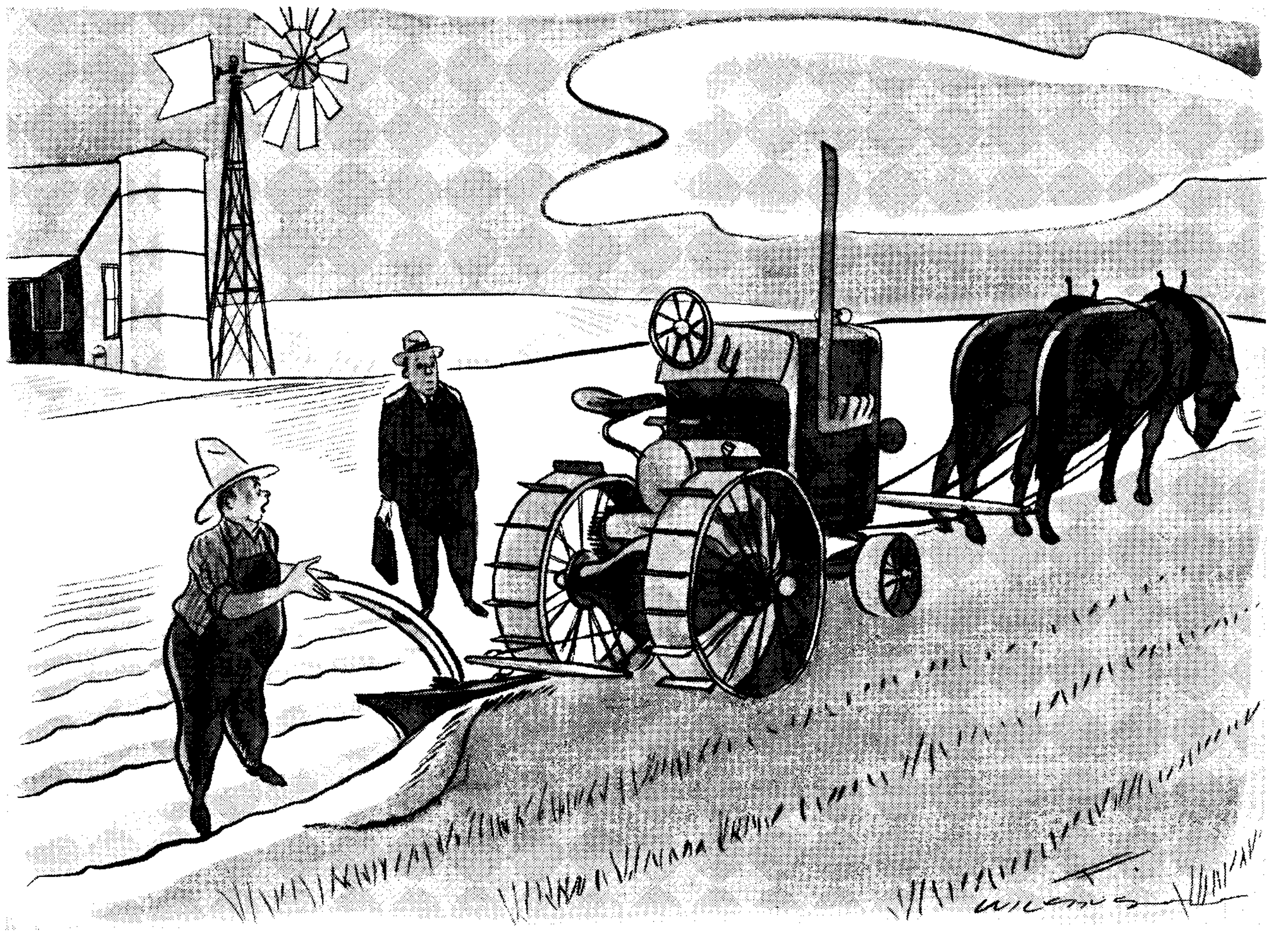
For the present, Juan continues to smile, and gad around the world, and make friends in high places, and sew this nation and that to his farsighted agreements. When he is at home, he continues to be the first man to reach the PAA offices, 60 stories above 42d Street at Lexington Avenue in New York City, and the last man to leave at night. Thus he defeats for another year your correspondent's ambition to meet a successful man who is the last to arrive at his office and the first to dash out.

Polite and Charming

He is plump and boyish, talkative but uncommunicative; and he has a curious rocklike nature beneath his suavity. That is, he doesn't move—when affairs and conferences are popping—but waits until everybody around him has moved; somewhat in the fashion in which Babe Ruth used to play first base at exhibition games.

He keeps up his pilot's license. In summer he flies down to his summer home, at the far end of Long Island, and sometimes he flies his wife and friends on a vacation tour. He gets a great kick out of piloting his own ship, and people who have flown with him say it is an experience.

He is an 80 golfer, very deliberate and very polite on the course. His friends say that he could get around much quicker if he did not spend so much time bowing to the caddies. Probably that is why they keep him in a chair when negotiations are under way and there is need for haste. To be sure, it has not taken Pan American long to spin its web around the earth, when you review the magnitude of the job. But, then, it is difficult to bow when seated in a chair—even for a man as charming as Juan Terry Trippe.


"I like the tractor fine, but it sure wears out the horses!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

These two are on their way to college

YOUR child, like these children, may have yet to scrawl his first three-letter word—but you've dreamed of someday sending him to college.

Have you wondered if you'll have the money "when the time comes?" Have you asked yourself—"*How* will I send him?"

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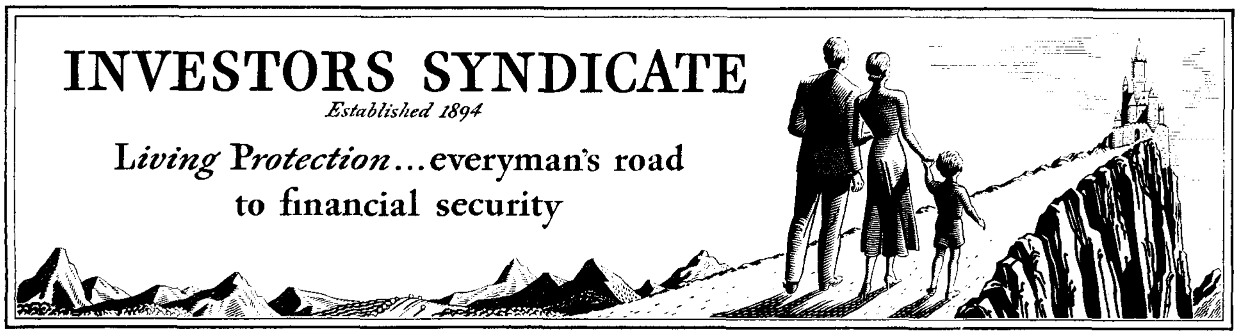

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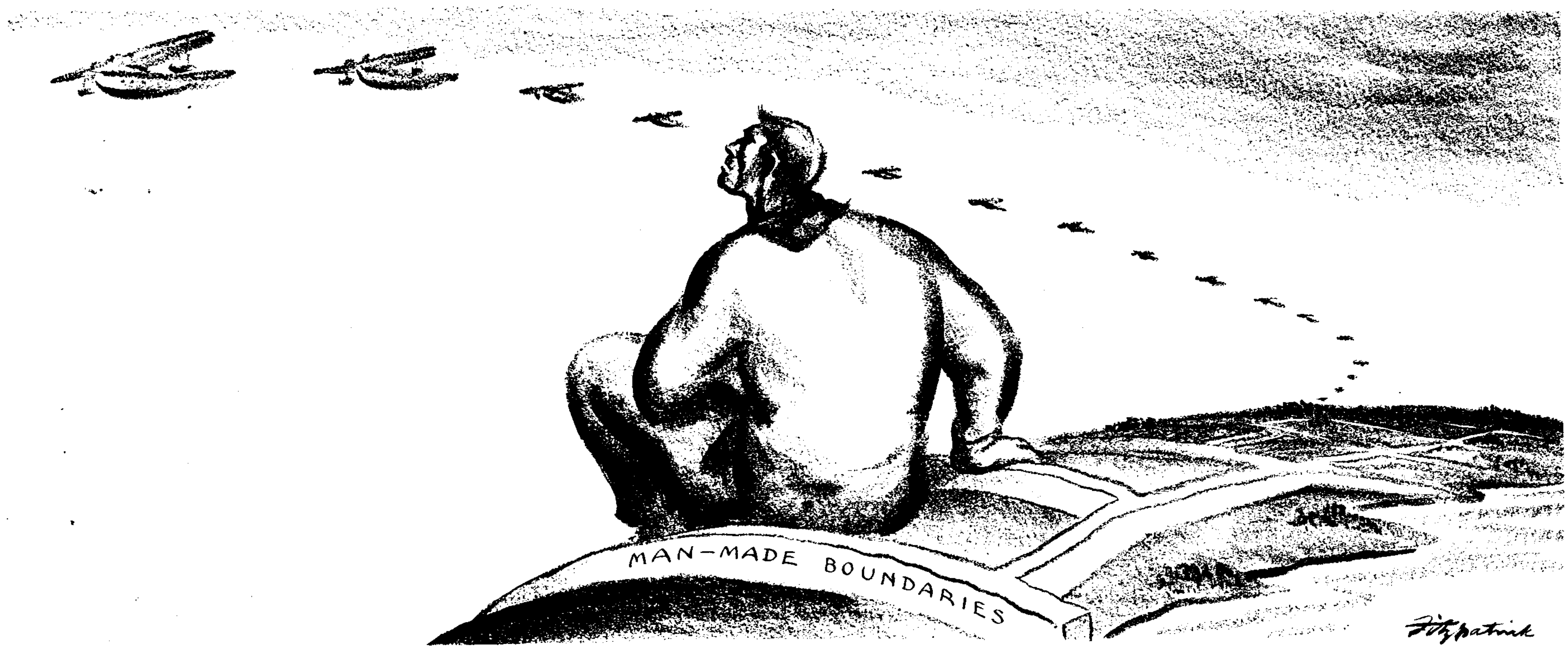

No More Barriers

AIRMEN have conquered the last ocean. Just thirty-four years have elapsed since the Wright brothers made practicable man's immemorial aspiration to fly. This summer marks the real beginnings of commercial flight over the Atlantic. Already air travel across the Pacific and Indian oceans has become a routine experience.

A long road had to be traveled before scheduled commercial flying over vast oceans became safe. Inventors, scientists and flyers had to experiment, observe and gain experience. Their achievements have been prodigious. In no other field has human progress been more spectacular or more valuable.

Airmen attacked the problems of flight as medical scientists approached disease. Governments, universities, industrial corporations, private inventors, all concentrated on devising swifter, more commodious, safer planes. Young men and middle-aged men of many breeds performed incredible feats of skill and of heroism in pioneering the ways of safe travel for long distances over land and sea.

More than any other flyer, Charles Augustus Lindbergh made vivid man's daring in the air. Ten years have passed since the young flyer accomplished his thrilling flight from New York to Paris. Others had flown the Atlantic before the Lone Eagle captured the imagination of the world by his skill, boldness and modest bearing. Many have since successfully braved the hazards of the turbulent ocean. Lindbergh stands out in man's memories. His feat lighted the fires of ambition as in an earlier century Columbus persuaded his generation to investigate a new world.

Most dramatic of the summer's exploits was the flight of the Russians from Moscow over the North Pole to our own Pacific Coast. The Soviet aviators confirmed by their epochal flight the forecasts made twenty years ago by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the arctic explorer, who saw so clearly the opportunities which the shorter distances over the polar regions offered airmen.

Nobody now living, however, is penetrating enough to comprehend fully the meaning of this mastery of flight to the future of mankind.

The World War witnessed the first use of airplanes on a large scale in human conflict. The technical advance in equipment since 1918 has been vastly greater than that which occurred between the Wright brothers' flight at Kitty Hawk and the signing of the Armistice. The possibilities of destruction from the air by present-day planes horrifies the imagination of civilized men and women. In the airplane we possess a mechanism which used without restraint or pity might destroy civilization.

It is impossible to believe that modern men will use flight as a means of self-destruction upon an incalculably vast scale. It is much more reasonable to suppose that air transport will enrich civilization as travel and transport by sea opened men's minds to new ideas and induced them to create better ways of living.

The obvious fact today is that it is practicable at reasonable cost to travel twenty-four hundred miles within eighteen hours. Not everybody can afford to make these long flights. Not everybody wants to undertake them. But the road is open and many will use its facilities.

The desire to go to far places is deep within us. We can't always give reasonable explanations of why we feel impelled to move hither and thither. The simple historic fact is that the wanderlust is in our blood. We obey some age-old instinct which bids us be up and away.

The same instinct in other centuries drove the Danes to Britain and Ireland and left a Scandinavian heritage among the assets of the Irish people. On a vaster scale the same urge impelled the peoples of Europe to move upon the Americas, here to create new worlds.

The consequences of air travel may be hardly less far-reaching. Nationalism with all its brood of troubles and problems won't find an ally in ocean air travel.

During the last twenty years, certainly, most of the self-conscious races have been highly nationalistic. When the World War was over, in every land the spirit of nationalism became more intense. Every people sought to live by and for themselves alone. The Japanese have gone farthest in asserting Japanese rights against the world. Mussolini's nationalism led the Italians to conquer Ethiopia. German nationalism tore up the Treaty of Versailles and menaced the peace of Europe. Our own nationalism expressed itself in an effort to restrict commercial relations and to establish a policy of complete isolation in the event of another important war.

Over any considerable period of time the great increase in international travel and communication which inevitably will follow the natural development of transoceanic air service must cool these fevers of nationalism. Constant communication makes a policy of isolation hard to maintain.

The universal use of automobiles in this country is welding us into a single nation. State lines were much more important when few were able to travel and when transport was both slow and costly.

What the motorcar has done for the United States on an enormous scale, international air travel will tend to accomplish for the world. German airplanes might destroy London or Paris. British airplanes might inflict equal destruction on Berlin. Routine commercial travel between neighboring, as well as between remote, countries will build up ties which strengthen civilization.

When the clouds of war and fear of war have been blown away by the application of common sense and native human good will, this year, which records the actual start of routine transatlantic flight, will be remembered as one of the signposts of history. Man in flight has been able to overcome the barrier of the great seas. What we shall do with the new mobility depends fundamentally upon our character as men. We could destroy. We can also create. The breed which has the wit to fly must also have the wisdom to use safely the fruit of its own ingenuity.

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